THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

Norman Rockwell

George Pattullo—Hugh MacNair Kahler
Sir Philip Gibbs—Will Payne—Sir Basil Thomson
Clarence B. Kelland—Ellis Parker Butler—Norval Richardson

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(Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.)

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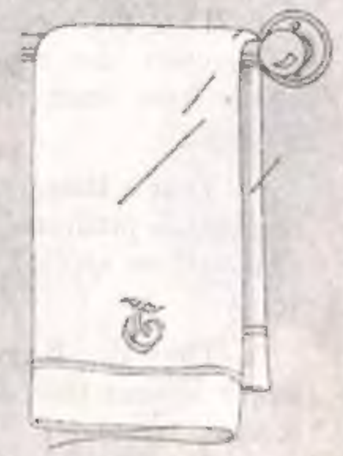

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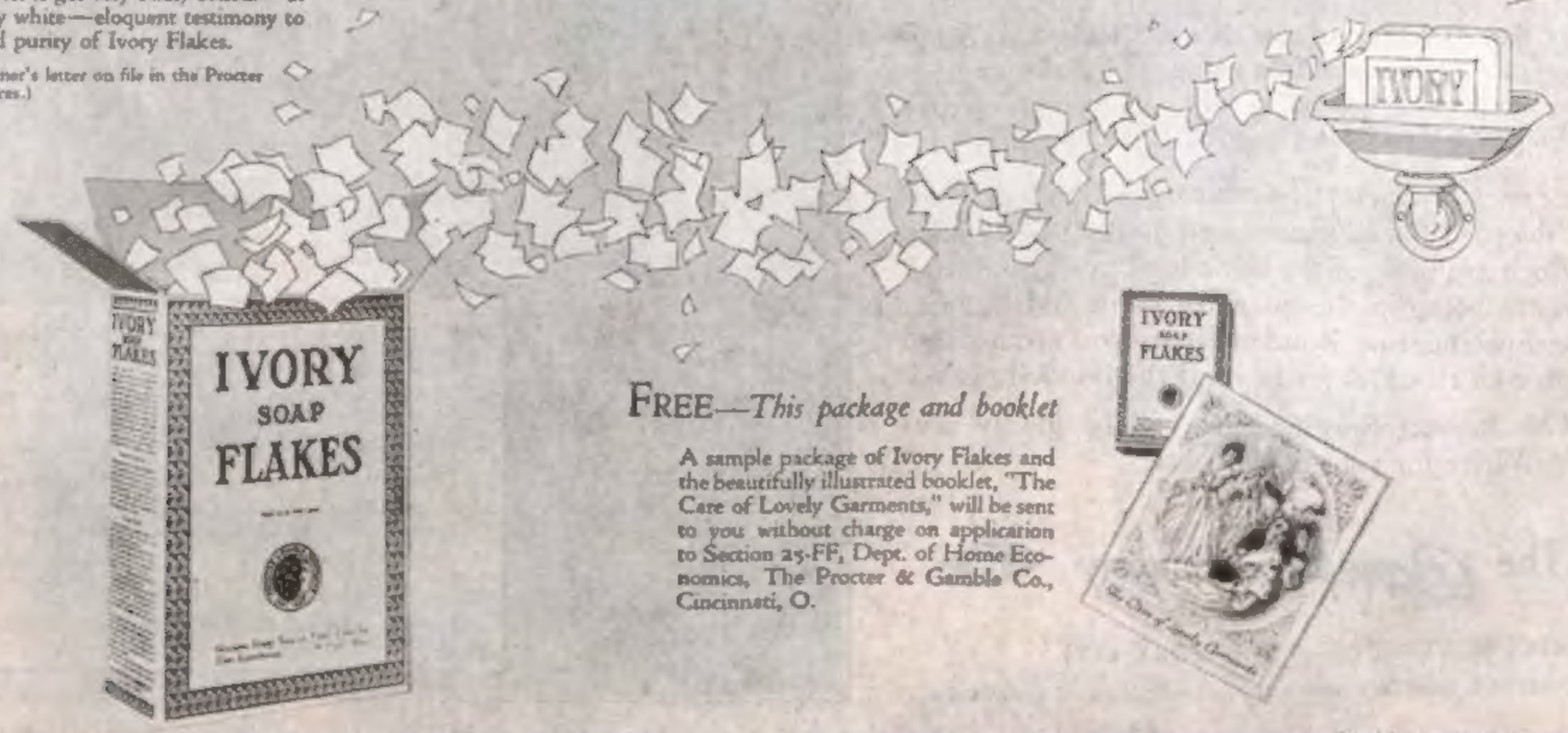

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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THE OTHER SIDE OF REFORM

HIDDEN in the cyclone cellar of anonymity, I am willing to disclose that I have been a prominent reformer myself. Reform began to entice me at an early age. I have belonged to that bangle in American politics which T. R. used to call the lunatic fringe. I still believe in reform, but I have learned during an intimate and sometimes lurid experience in our national political jousts that going over the bumps with reform and reformers is a funny experience. Reformers who can see themselves are all too rare; if they polished up the mirrors the world would not miss so many of those best and healthiest of all laughs—the laugh at one's own expense.

We may as well face the fact that the home of reform is the United States. We produce more good resolutions per acre than any other nation in the world. In nothing are we so generous as in good resolutions. Nine times out of ten our good resolutions are for the other fellow.

Inasmuch as I intend to set forth the sunny side of reform movements, particularly those with which I have been associated in politics, I cannot linger over any profound analysis of the national characteristic which makes us born reformers and sometimes born meddlers at home and abroad. But I feel it is wholly necessary to give here something of the analysis of reform and reformers which has been made over a period of years.

A great many of us Americans come into the world with a natural instinct for being paternal. We feel that something is wrong with the world. We are impatient with those who would draw our attention to the historical record and who would convince us that if humanity has made any progress through the ages it has been painful and slow, and that progress of any permanent kind never comes galloping in all covered with foam. We like to think that we are on the threshold of something we glibly call the New World, and it is to be our own little hands that will bust in the door. I have found that improvement of the individual, if it is self, is less interesting to the natural-born reformer than the improvement of the other fellow; the improvement of the other fellow is less interesting than the improvement of the nation, and the improvement of our own nation is less dramatic and more responsible labor than the improvement of Europe or China.

There has never been a period gladder for the reformer than the one since the war. College presidents and stenographers, vocal teachers and dentists have had an equal running start for the reform of our moral attitude toward Europe. When ever before have we had a parallel opportunity to put our hands, in a benign gesture, on the world's head without giving a bill of particulars?

Not long ago an Englishman of world fame who had been traveling through the United States gave a clew to our instinct. He said: "It's Anglo-Saxon. But your brand of paternalism and ours are quite different. Both we and you have a sense of superiority. We kick anyone who is an inferior downstairs, and if he comes back and licks our boots we think he is a good fellow, worthy of an attempt to make a gentleman of him. But your sense of superiority is expressed in preaching, in telling the supposed inferior how to live; and then if you mess up his life or are bitten on the hand you

NATURE LOVERS

are merely bitterly disappointed. Yet you go on. Your President Wilson had his hand on the world's head, and look at its coiffure now! And yet your country is full of people who can't rest nights because of a desire to get their hands back on Europe's head. They would even be willing to spend a little money, provided it could be taxed out of other citizens, for the privilege of telling the peoples of Europe what to wear and think."

I suppose if other statesmen or thinkers in Europe should really take off their covers and let us see what is inside their souls we would begin to appreciate just how they view some American proposals to forgive the debts Europe owes us in exchange for a promise to take our advice as to the way to run their affairs. Perhaps we might see how any real reform must be based upon allowing other people to decide rightly of their own free will, and cannot be based upon a species of sanctimonious blackmail, or upon forcing our will upon theirs or trading the forgiveness of debts which may never be paid for a right to interfere in other people's business.

I am merely analyzing our spirit of paternalism and reform, and I may as well take the shady side of it first. I remember reading a paragraph somewhere on the subject which said that Cain may have made a wicked answer when he said "Am I my brother's keeper?" but that he might have been a good deal more odious and he might have made virtue quite hideous if he had adopted another slogan and said, "Whether my brother wants it or not, I am his keeper."

Then there is a second shady side of our spirit of reform at which I have hinted already. It is that we go off half cocked; we express, in attractive phrases, our eagerness to do somebody good; we state something which sounds like a plan; but we gasp for breath when any pesky, literal-minded, practical person asks us just what we mean and requests us to declare step by step how it is to be carried out.

I read recently an essay by an ex-president of one of our great universities. He is a very distinguished man, whose heart is full of desire that "America should take her part in the affairs of the world and fulfill her moral responsibility." That is fine! But I could find nothing in the whole essay which said just how we were to fulfill our moral responsibilities. As one of our representatives abroad often says, "There are three things we can give Europe—advice, the promise to make war when war is decided by others than ourselves, or money."

Now what does this distinguished university president tell us about which of these things we ought to give to Europe? Nothing! Does he say anything about the fact that advice is a poor commodity when its supply exceeds demand? Nothing! Does he contribute anything to the question of whether America will wish to enter into military alliance where her action may be decided and her promises of action cashed by other nations? Nothing! If it is to furnish money to Europe, does he say anything as to whether the money is to be raised by adding 2 per cent or 100 per cent or 200 per cent to our income taxes, which already represent the interest payments on other nations' debts? Nothing! If we are to help Europe by voluntary investment, does he say that even the elevator boy knows that for this it is necessary to have bonds and securities which will sell on the street? Not a word! His essay sounds fine, generous, kind, big-hearted, idealistic. Ringing phrases—and no program whatever.

The Stuff of Which Reformers are Made

DON'T believe that I am a cynic about reform and reformers. It is because nothing in America is finer than our sense of responsibility and our instinct for generosity and kindness that I point out that the two things we often forget in our passion for reform are: First, that wise and good and inspiring men, among whom the great prophets of enduring religions may be cited, never have set forth a program to enclave, browbeat or blackmail the free will of men and women, or to steal away, under cover of sanctimony, their right to decide on their own self-development. Second, that when we plan reform let us have a workable plan.

Whenever reformers meet these requirements they have almost graduated from the lunatic fringe.

There is only one more requirement. It is that every man and woman of the lunatic fringe must weigh the good sense of trying to escape punishment in an after life for making wives and husbands miserable, or causing children to kotow to the fraud of the sanctity of parenthood, or foreclosing the widow's mortgage next door by advocating that bananas and arch supporters be sent to flat-footed refugees six thousand miles away. The lunatic fringe likes reform in direct ratio to the distance it is away from itself.

I remember how well the fringe was illustrated by a certain dollar-a-year man who held over after the war. He was an intense but not a rich man. He had one female servant who waited on table. One Sunday morning he gave what he called a forum breakfast. I believe there were some twenty men from the Department of Labor, and other experts interested, including a college president. The meeting was to discuss the new burdens of labor thrown upon women in industry and agriculture.

I watched the single Katie staggering around under trays which bent her slender back. When she failed to appear with the eggs or bring back the bacon, we found her. She had fainted away in the pantry and was dreaming of polar bears and butterflies. I made myself unpopular by saying that we, at least, had solved the problem for one woman. We had been considering the welfare of those a little farther away.

Reform movements and the bangle of the lunatic fringe which always attaches itself to them have half the virtue of our national public life. They represent, I have learned, the vast benefit of the view that things are not right as they are. I have belonged to enough of them to realize that sometimes they represent the things which never will be. But it is a great tribute to the American spirit that it includes a passion for change, and that this passion groups many of us in reform movements—even in the lunatic-fringe class. We act as a kind of balance to those who think things should remain as they are and are often 100 per cent right about it.

If there are some who want to go too slow, thank heaven there are those of us who make fools of ourselves by wanting to go too fast. We may be beaten by our stand-pat brethren, but we rise again to make them anxious and put them on their good behavior, and we irritate them—and each other—and keep the local or national situation from growing stale. After all, the lunatic fringe is the life of the party.

I wish I had kept, during many years of experience, some statistics of the kind of persons who love to dangle on the fringe. I am inclined to trust my impressions of the order in which various classes stand as to their susceptibility to reform. I would place preachers first and teachers second, with college professors at the head of the list of pedagogues.

There is every reason for this, and one of them is explained by professional magicians. Kellar, the great magician, once said to me that whenever he had to ask persons in the audience to come up on the stage and examine the apparatus and see how the trick was done he always gave preference to a clergyman or a college professor.

"And why?" said I.

"Because those fellows always have a theory beforehand," he replied. "A boy of fourteen looks for everything. He is used to learning and not to teaching. But the preachers and the teachers approach a new situation with a set of preconceived convictions as to how I ought to do the trick. They miss the evidence because they are so busy with a theory."

Furthermore, it is natural enough that men who are used to dealing in instruction acquire a hunger for it, and enjoy new fields where they may expand their teaching to telling the general public of things as they ought to be. The passion is so great that a teacher like Wilson rushed so completely out of touch with facts and evidence that in the end one of his colleagues of the big four in Paris said, "What marvelous conclusions his would be if they rested on any premises!"

For some reason doctors are susceptible to becoming bangles on the lunatic fringe. I was told by one good shark, who sold worthless securities and whom I helped to put in jail, that doctors are always numerous on the sucker lists.

I only know that one practical assistant I once had in a political campaign asked, "Who are the doctors in this city?"

I said "Why?"

He answered, "Because if I took a petition into a doctor's office and he said 'What have you got there?' and I said 'I've got a petition here,' and he said 'What's it for?' and I said 'I dunno,' he'd say, 'All right, I'll sign it.'"

I said, "Perhaps the same is true of all professional men."

"Oh, no!" he answered. "Lawyers and veterinaries are very steady; they have to be shown." Then he paused and added, "But you'd better get a list of dentists too. They're even more hungry than the doctors."

The Limousine Ladies in Action

JUST why doctors and dentists make good material for a reform movement is difficult to say, but it is true in nearly every country. Not only do they make good material for reform but they often bring a surprising quality of ability to the realm of the politics of progress. When Russia broke up, the communists assassinated Shingareff—little doctor from the interior who was fast becoming known as the wisest progressive counselor of Russia's political, financial and economic destinies. Baron Goto, often called the Roosevelt of Japan, is a doctor; the new Nationalist Party in Turkey has been greatly influenced by such native medical practitioners as Riza Nour Bey, and Fascismo in Italy has a large quota of medical men in places of local leadership.

It may be explained by the doctor's love of diagnosis and prescription; in the case of dentists by that yes-or-no decisiveness required to decide whether to pull it out or let it ache.

In susceptibility to reform, and certainly in respect to campaign contributions, I will rate very high a certain type of the rich. They comprise society women who are tired of society and business men who are tired of business.

I have no intention of detracting from the earnestness of these two classes. Their appearance in public movements—especially as generous contributors—is a fine thing. But I have learned by experience to understand that process which we are so fond of calling their psychology.

There was a day when the woman who was single and rich, or whose brood had flown, or who was a widow, did not know what to do and did not do it. Now there is an excellent fashion of doing something. Ordinary charity furnishes few thrills. So it is movements which make the limousines purr.

It is the limousine lady who furnishes the best example in the world of intensity combined with diffusion. I knew one whose name is famous among those families who are supposed to be social arbiters of New York and Newport. She has an excellent sense of humor about herself, lacking in many of her sisters. One morning I met her sitting in

(Continued on Page 146)

A Comrade Rides Ahead

To the Memory of Emerson Hough

By Douglas Malloch

TIME brings not death, it brings but changes;
I know he rides, but rides afar,
Today some other planet ranges
And camps tonight upon a star
Where all his other comrades are.

For there were those who rode before him,
As there are these he leaves behind;
Although from us time's changes bore him,
Out there our comrade still will find
The kinship of the comrade mind.

Time brings us change and leaves us fretting;
We weep when ev'ry comrade goes—
Perhaps too much, perhaps forgetting
That over yonder there are those
To whom he comes and whom he knows.

I would not hold our loss too lightly;
God knows, and he, how deep the pain;
But, friends, I see still shining brightly
The brightest link in all our chain
That links us with a new domain.

For this I swear, because believing:
Time breaks no circle such as this.
However hurt, however grieving,
However much a friend we miss,
Between the worlds is no abyss.

For friendship binds the worlds together—
World over there, world over here.
From earth to heaven is the tether
That brings the earth and heaven near
And makes them both a bit more dear.

Not weaker now our chain, but stronger;
In all our loss and all our ill
We now shall look a little longer
At ev'ry star above the hill
And think of him, and have him still.

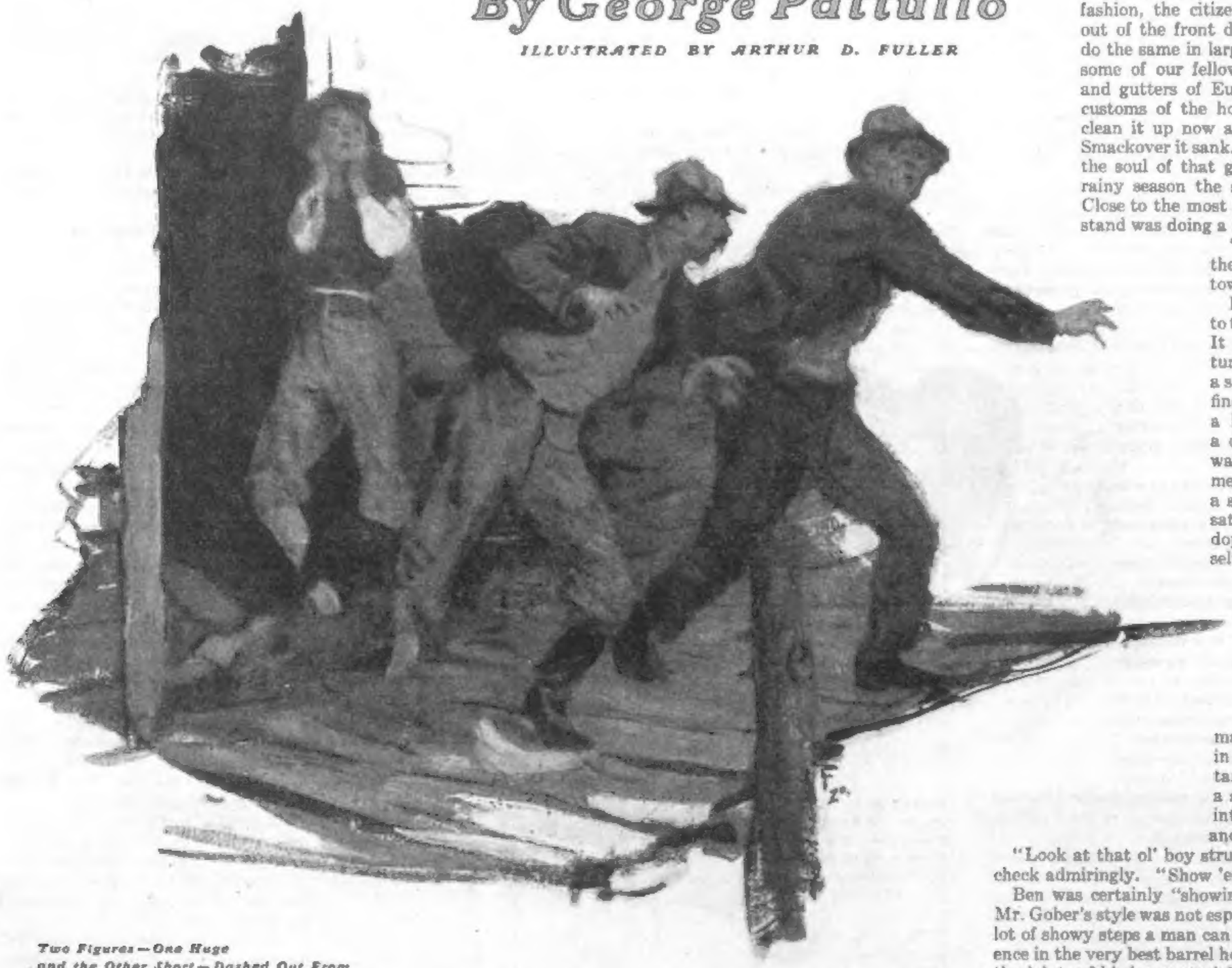
Whatever vales we yet may wander,
What sorrow come, what tempest blow,
We have a friend, a friend out yonder,
To greet us when we have to go—
Out yonder someone that we know.

To all eternity he binds us;
He links the planet and the star;
He rides ahead, the trail he finds us,
And where he is and where we are
Will never seem again so far.

BARREL-HOUSE BEN

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER



Two Figures—One Huge and the Other Short—Dashed Out From the Doorway and Sped Into the Night, Followed Presently by Shriek After Shriek

ON THE flat car ahead, piled high with pipe, a couple of hijackers were frisking a drifter. The victim yelled and fought. In a vivid flash of lightning Ben and the Big Un glimpsed the struggle. Then one of the thugs lost patience with such obstinacy and hit him on the head, and they rolled him off beside the track. He made quite a splash.

"Gee, it's wet," remarked Ben.

Drifters and boll weevils perched precariously on every car of the heavy freight. None of the train crew came near them; after one look they had unanimously decided to leave those guys alone. So the long line of tank cars and flats loaded with boilers and gas engines and supplies went careening through the blackness toward Smackover at twelve miles an hour, with a passenger list inclusive of the choicest scum of oil-field society.

The rain drove down in sheets. Suddenly a dull glare lit up the night, and the sky ahead pulsated with billowing flame—a tank had been struck, and fifty thousand barrels of oil were blazing. They could now dimly make out the ragged rim of the swamp on their right. It took them three hours to go fifteen miles, the engine feeling its way cautiously over the water-soaked roadbed, with many fierce anxious blasts of its whistle and frequent stops for nobody knew what. Just before they reached Smackover the rain eased up momentarily and then they could see dozens of tiny lights gleaming like low stars above the trees—the lights on the crown blocks of the derricks, where the work went doggedly forward night and day.

The freight pulled into the station about ten o'clock and everybody dropped off. As a late passenger train was about due, there was a crowd on the platform, and whom should the Big Un and Ben Gober bump into but Drycheck Charlie.

"Howdy, men," he said cheerfully; then sinking his voice to an earnest whisper: "Listen! I want to do the square thing by you boys, so before you start out to knock 'em over, gimme the name of your next of kin and where you choose to be shipped."

"What's eatin' on you?"

"They lay out the stiffs whose home town is east on this side of the station, and them that goes west lays over there. Some mornin's there's only one or two, and then ag'in there'll be a good night and Ed'll ship three or four, maybe. Pick your spot, gents."

"Let's wrastle with a T-bone steak first," suggested Ben, and they crossed over a sea of mud on a narrow walk to the business section of Smackover.

The place blazed with lights. Blare of jazz orchestras and the thump and swish of dancers in the barrel houses—Louis Mistrot says dance halls earned that name originally because they used to knock 'em on the head and roll 'em out. Barkers for movie shows were yelling at the swarming throngs. Every soft-drink place was jammed. Fortune tellers, sitting at the entrances of their booths, invited them to learn their luck. A troupe of performing dogs had a ring of spectators around them on a platform close to the sidewalk; a carnival with merry-go-round and Ferris wheel was in full blast on a vacant lot; yells and squeals and laughter; half a dozen grimy roughnecks were sternly striving to knock over dolls with balls.

A few women and young girls mingled with the crowds. Nobody spoke to them. Smackover is the wildest and woolliest town in the history of stampedes; gamblers and adventurers and every species of strong-arm gentry abound there; parasitic women appear to number about 80 per cent of the feminine population; yet a woman is seldom treated with disrespect on the streets. Indeed, an unescorted girl is safer from annoyance on the streets of Smackover than in Boston. The explanation probably lies in the fact that a mistake in Boston means nothing more than a rebuff to the masher, whereas the lady's closest male kin is very apt to bump him off with great suddenness in Smackover.

Less than a year previously, Smackover had been merely a wide place on the road. Now it was a roaring, surging camp of ten thousand men. The buildings were mere box shacks; the two main streets rivers of muck through which horses waded. In the fine, free, old pioneer fashion, the citizens swept nearly everything out of the front door. For that matter, they do the same in large areas of New York, where some of our fellow citizens from the ghettos and gutters of Europe still cling to the dear customs of the homeland—but at least they clean it up now and again in New York. In Smackover it sank. The mud swallowed it, but the soul of that garbage did not die. In the rainy season the stench reeked to the skies. Close to the most odorous corner an open chile stand was doing a flourishing business.

"Well," said Ben as soon as they had eaten, "let's go see the town."

Drycheck Charlie led the way to the most popular barrel house. It was a long low frame structure, with a door at either end, a soft-drink bar in one corner, a fine jazz orchestra in another, a lady cashier perched above a desk, and benches along the walls. These were occupied by men and women spectators, with a sprinkling of snowbirds, who sat, with eyes glassy from the dope, and gibbered to themselves. Dancers filled the floor.

"Turn it over," yelled the floorman as the trio entered; "They like it," and another dance started.

Followed by his friends, Ben pushed his way through the groups to the main entrance. A trim little girl in knickerbockers, sweater and tam-o'-shanter picked him for a sure prospect at once, glided into his arms without a word, and away they went.

"Look at that ol' boy strut his stuff!" exclaimed Drycheck admiringly. "Show 'em up, son!"

Ben was certainly "showin' them Arkinsaw guys up." Mr. Gober's style was not especially graceful, but he had a lot of showy steps a man can acquire only by wide experience in the very best barrel houses, and the way he clicked the joints of his knees straight at every step made everybody take notice.

Umph-ah-umph-ah-blah-blah-blah went the orchestra, and stopped. All the men stepped up to the cashier's desk and put down a quarter. Their partners each received from her a check good for ten cents, to be cashed in at the end of the evening, and "Turn it over. They like it," bellowed the lank blond floorman. Once more they were off.

In thirty minutes Ben had spent four dollars and was just beginning to warm up. The Big Un and Drycheck held aloof among the spectators, because Charlie didn't dance and the Big Un was bashful. The Big Un was six feet four, and broad in proportion, with a face like an ox, massive and patient; also, he had warts on his hands; but his soul was shy as a poet's, and he shrank from subjecting a partner to clumsy footwork.

However, Gober's labors provoking a thirst, the three adjourned to a drug store where Drycheck assured them they could obtain right good corn liquor.

"She ain't new, is she, doc?" queried Ben. He was a small, weather-beaten, sandy-haired man of compact build, perhaps thirty years old. His leathery face was freckled; his eyes were steady, humorsome, a glacial gray; when he spoke, his soft voice contrasted oddly with his alert manner. "She ain't new, is she, doc?"

"Hell, no. This is good old stuff. Made her myself day before yesterday," the druggist assured them as he filled a half-pint bottle from a pitcher.

They paid two dollars for it and returned toward the dance hall.

"Let's step up here and take a shot," said Ben, and they followed him into the alley beside the building.

"Here, Big Un—fly at it."

"After you."

"No! I tell you what—let ol' Charlie try it first."

"Give it here—I ain't scared of that stuff," declared Charlie. Nevertheless, he carefully shook the bottle before drinking. "That's to take the fusel oil offn the top," he explained. "Now and agin a feller drinks some of that and it puts his lights out."

When it came Ben's turn he swallowed a mouthful, shuddered, and then listened intently.

"It's O. K. I can hear it drop," he said. "But you need a sody pop for a chaser."

After a hearty swig of corn liquor the barrel-house ball took on a different aspect to the Big Un. Somehow the girls looked younger and prettier, and he began to feel confidence in himself. It was a masquerade, and the majority of the ladies wore ballet skirts and low V-shaped bodices. Some of them had bare legs; some had gone in for elaborate costume effects. Not a few were exceptionally pretty. Their ages ran from seventeen to anybody's guess, but the majority were very young. The Big Un's heart warmed to a tiny girl in green ballet dress, a sprite with bobbed hair and a shy ingénue manner. Her large violet eyes were as innocent as a calf's—wistful, appealing—and when she glanced at him questioningly he tightened his belt and stepped out onto the floor.

"Go to it, Big Un! Atta boy!" whooped Gober.

That was along about half past eleven, and by midnight the Big Un had spent seven dollars and fifty cents without ever changing partners. It seemed to him they barely turned around before the floorman bawled "Turn it over. They like it," which was the signal for another.

"Well, how does she dance?" inquired Ben.

"Swell. But, say, that pore kid hadn't ought to be here!"

"How come?"

"She don't belong in a place like this a-tall, Ben. Honest, she don't. Her father lost all his money in oil and she's tryin' to earn enough to go to college."

"Sure. I suspicioned right away she was a boardin'-school gal just out for a lark. Say, if I was you, big feller, I'd send her some American beauties tomorrow."

"Who're you boys talking about?" queried a spectator standing beside them.

"That gal in green—the right pretty one with short hair."

"Yeh, Myrtle's all right," was the judicial comment; "but her daughter's got her beat a mile."

Just then the floorman bellowed—"Pick your partners for the waltz, gents—the prize waltz. Let everybody dance this one," and there ensued a scramble for the most desirable. The Big Un secured Myrtle. Ben stepped out with the girl in the knickerbockers and sweater. This was to be the final event of the evening, and the orchestra didn't abbreviate it.

They danced and they danced. The judges seemed reluctant to come to a decision. It soon became apparent to all beholders, however, that the contest was narrowing down to Ben Gober and a gentleman from the hinterland of Arkansaw, a rangy youth with long hair and adenoids, who had fortified himself for the struggle with choc beer. Now choc beer is all right up to a certain point, despite its oily taste, but it carries a delayed fuse, and after a few quarts something happens. Not a minute passed but one or the other introduced some new stuff. They simply put all the rest in the shade. True, the Big Un was going strong, but he found difficulty in making the turns, and only overcame this by banging full-tilt with his back into the far wall, which gave him a sufficient start to carry him to the other end again.

Meanwhile the Arkansas youth was tossing back his mane and bending back almost to the floor and doing solo stuff and flinging his legs around in such amazing gyrations that all the spectators were agreed the freckle-faced kid was sure the mustard. Outbursts of applause greeted each new astounding effort. Perhaps Ben divined that he was beaten. At any rate he suddenly quit, paid off and rejoined Drycheck Charlie. And shortly thereafter the dance ended.

"Shucks!" panted Ben as he mopped his face and neck. "Only for these here rubber boots of mine startin' to smoke, I'd of showed that bird up."

"Sure you would!" agreed the Big Un earnestly. "You would of been barrel-house champion, easy; but nobody can't dance good in rubber boots. Let's take another shot. What say?"

They did so, in the dark alley, and then stood near the door, watching the dancers come out. Among the last to emerge was Myrtle, snuggling against a hard-visaged man with a cauliflower ear.

The Big Un's eyes bulged.

"Did you see that, Ben?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Uh-uh."

"Why, that gal of mine give all her money to that big stiff."

"Well, what did you expect? Har, har!" But next moment the laughter died on his lips, for the girl in knickers brushed past him, and he perceived that a pasty-faced kid to whose arm she clung was carrying her purse.

"Come on!" he cried hotly. "Let's go."

"Where you headin', Ben?" they demanded as they followed.

"Stick right close and you'll see."

Arrived at the end of a street he drew them into a dark doorway and said, "Here's where she lives—she done told me so. We'll wait at the foot of the stairs, and when this bird comes in with her—well, leave it to me, that's all."

"What do you aim to do, Ben?"

"Get my money back—that's what I aim to do. Do you think I'm goin' to dance my fool head off all evenin' for that bird? I reckon not!"

"Maybe I can git mine too," suggested the Big Un.

"No-o, we couldn't grab off both. They'd be too many for us. Besides, Myrtle lives in another part of town. You hold 'im for me, Big Un, while I go after the money, and I'll split fifty-fifty."

"Let's see—I done spent eleven dollars and twenty-five cents. Her share of what you spent would be—what would it be, Ben?"

"Sure I Want a Job. My Friend Here Wants One Too. We'll be Glad to Work for You, Mister—What is the Name?"

"It's be a-plenty, I know that much. Sh-h! They'll be along pretty soon."

"Well, so long, you boys," said Drycheck hurriedly.

They urged him to stick around.

"This ain't my funeral," Charlie argued, not without reason, "and I don't aim to be mixed up in it. What's more, if you take my advice, you'll lay offn this bird. Most of these boys is hijackers, too, and all of 'em pack a gun."

"They ain't got nothing on me. Besides, the Big Un will take care of that."

Thereupon Drycheck Charlie departed and the two took up position at the foot of the dark stairs. At last the couple arrived, strolling leisurely. A sharp scuffle, a scream, a grunt, and then perhaps thirty seconds of quiet. Two figures—one huge and the other short—dashed out from the doorway and sped into the night, followed presently by shriek after shriek of "Thief! Thief! Murder!"

The pair came to rest behind some freight cars on a siding and sat down to regain their wind.

"Suppose she sicks the law on us?" said the Big Un.

"How can she? She don't know who it was from Adam. Besides, all I did was get my money back, and he'd of tooken it off of her anyhow. Do you reckon you hurt him much, Big Un?"

"No-o. Just choked him some."

"She tried to bite me when I put that newspaper in her mouth. What d'you know about that?"

"There's a lady for you, ain't it!"

"I'll say so. Well, let's mosey along and find ol' Drycheck. We got to get us a place to sleep soon."

They found Charlie in the drug store where doc dispensed corn liquor.

"What's on your mind now?" he inquired pleasantly.

"How about a game of craps? Anything doin' in this burg, doc?"

"Any sort of game you want," said the druggist. "Stud, red dog—take your pick. The sky's the limit."

"I ain't flyin' high tonight. But I feel lucky, and I crave action. A Christmas tree couldn't hold me down, the way I feel."

He got action. Drycheck conducted them down a side street and a narrow, brightly lighted passage, and there in front of them was an open door. A man stood on either side of the entrance and patted each arrival on the hip as he went in. Anybody with a gun was relieved of it, for the house took no chances. The friends surrendered their artillery without protest and were presently lined up at a crap table.

It was not a large room, but filled to overflowing. Two or three tables of poker were silent and intent, that where the big game was in progress being cut off from the herd by a railing.

"Now play careful, Ben," cautioned the Big Un. "Every time you win, don't shoot the whole works, but cut down. You know your weakness."

"Sure. I got to play careful. All I've got is fourteen dollars. How much you got?"

"Seven or eight maybe."

"Might as well shoot it. We ain't got enough to do any good, and tomorrow we'll be workin' anyhow."

The Big Un didn't take kindly to the theory, and he had no special taste for gambling, but he was as clay in Ben's hands, and stuck to him loyally. Gober was one of these natural-born crap shooters who know the language and can talk to them, but of course never stood the ghost of a chance against a house game. At one period he had more than a hundred dollars stacked up in front of him, and ten minutes later was flat broke. Then he emptied the Big Un's pockets and lost that. Meanwhile Drycheck Charlie wandered around, watching. He did not play. Having been a gambler for years, Drycheck never took part in any game where he had to buck the house. His cold eyes did not miss a play. His swarthy face wore a half-scornful, half-amused expression.

"Say, lend me ten dollars, Drycheck."

"All right. But not here."

"Why not? I can make it back in two shakes."

"It'll go like the rest. Call it a day and go home, and I'll lend you ten."

"All right," grumbled Ben, the glitter still in his eyes. "Let's go. How much've we spent tonight, Big Un?"

"Search me. I had twenty-one dollars when I hit this burg, and now I got a dime."

"That makes near fifty bucks. It's me and you for a job in the morning, boy. Got a bed for us, Charlie?"

"I got some blankets, and you can bed down on the floor, I reckon. Had enough for one night? Then let's drift."

They received back their artillery and went out into Broadway. It was long past midnight, but a few of the restaurants were still open. They turned toward the railroad. Passing a café Ben perceived at the lunch counter several of the girls who had been at the dance, still in costume. All had escorts and he recognized two of them. The group looked tired but content, like business partners who had had a hard but profitable day and could now relax.

It was too much for Gober. He stuck his head inside the door and shouted: "All right. You've got my money. But let me tell you somethin'—a year from now all you gamblers'll be playin' solitaire, and all you wild women a-takin' in washin'." And he slammed the door and went on his way.

"A hophead," they concluded, and laughed. But one of the girls, more exhausted than the rest perhaps, gave a little shiver.

Drycheck Charlie lived in a two-room shack next to a warehouse a few hundred yards from town and they had to walk eastward along the railroad tracks to reach there. Rain was still falling and the night was black. Drycheck snapped on a flashlight.

"Stick close together and keep your eye peeled," he warned. "They got a couple of the Hocot boys along here the other night. If you see anybody snoopin' round, get ready to go to the gat."

Just as they were leaving the tracks to follow a road that ran into the woods, Gober descried a head peering round the end of a flat car.

"Well," he cried, pulling his gun and dropping behind a pile of ties, "what you got on your mind?"

No answer; they heard running feet.

"Unless they get the drop on us before we see 'em, they'll leave us alone," remarked Charlie, as they went along. "I reckon it's safe enough from here on."

Gas torches were flaring amid the trees; the moving figures of men against the light looked like denizens of another world. The air vibrated to thud and thump; gas engines were coughing and fussing as though they had a lot of unfinished business and it was worrying them; a gusher was booming against its flow box; somewhere in the night a gas well roared; and the drills were grinding their way down into the bowels of the earth with irritable rackety-clank of grief joints.

Here was the real Smackover field—not the noisome camp they had left behind. That was merely an excrescence. The muck and squalor, the vice, the crimes of sudden violence—those are phases of every great pioneer effort in the United States when men stampede to sudden riches. Out there in the gaunt, oil-blackened, bedraggled swamps a titanic achievement was going ceaselessly forward. Topping the highest trees were hundreds and hundreds of derricks. The roughnecks and roustabout crews were toiling and sweating and cursing and dying, and getting maimed, and figuring on a little choc beer and a fling with the girls on pay night.

Each day may take its toll of maimed and dead, but the work goes on. A steady stream of horses and mule teams and patient oxen strain through the muck from dawn to dark with supplies. Nothing stops them.

"We need a new boiler on that Murphy lease," declares the gang pusher.

They put it there. It may mean risk of life—it invariably involves struggle and hardship that would daunt an army commander—but they never hesitate. They lay the stuff down where it's needed, in spite of hell and high water. They're tough birds, but there's no job on earth they're afraid to tackle. By just such breeds of men are empires built.

The Smackover field at night is superb, colossal. There in the raw one sees the human race's endless battle against Nature. Perhaps a glimmering of this reached Drycheck Charlie, for he stopped once, and gazing at a group of derricks rising ghostlike above the glare of torches, exclaimed, "And yet there're guys back East who spend good time paintin' A Lady With a Teacup or something!"

His guests slept on the floor and rose early to go to town.

"I got to get me a job right now," Ben announced, but he found it harder than they had anticipated. The heavy rains had halted work on quite a few leases, and all the contractors the pair approached made the same reply—"Not right now. I ain't turning round."

So they bummed around town all day, watching the incoming trains disgorge their hundreds of new arrivals and the puffing freights arrive with supplies. A team of horses bogged down in Broadway and one of the animals nearly drowned before they got him out. They walked over to Griffin and back and contrived to spend on drinks what was left after breakfast from Drycheck's loan.

While idly dangling their legs from the porch of a store in late afternoon, they perceived a tall individual at the edge of the sidewalk gazing fixedly at a spot in the liquid street. He stared so long that the Big Un grew restless.

"What you see there, ol'-timer?"

"A guy on a horse just slipped off and went under in that deep hole yonder."

The Big Un jumped up excitedly, crying, "Then why the Sam Hill don't somebody snake him out?"

"Oh, Ed'll be up directly," was the careless reply.

The Big Un would have pursued the conversation had not Ben nudged him. There fell a silence.

"Many get drownded here?" Gober asked civilly.

"No-o. A span of mules got drownded in Broadway last week, and only yesterday a nigger went under with a sack of oats and never did come up, but I wouldn't say there was many got drownded."

"A nigger ——" the Big Un blurted out, but again Gober's elbow stayed him.

"A nigger with a sack of oats."

Nobody had any comment to offer.

"Yes-sir, a big buck nigger with a sack of oats," repeated the stranger hopefully.

As they steadfastly repressed any interest in the sack of oats he asked, "You boys come from Texas, don't you?"

"Yes, and we're dad-gummed sorry too. But our jobs blowed up on us there, so we up and got passports and come to Arkinsaw."

"Roughneckin'?"

"We aim to."

"Real roughnecks, or just boll weevils?"

"There ain't two better floormen than us in the business. Yes-sir, we learned roughneckin' when it took a man to be a roughneck. You ain't talkin' to any brake weight now, mister," retorted Ben.

"Fine. Well, I'm a contractor."

"The hell you say!"

"Yes-sir. My name's Simmons—Joe Simmons. Used to work for one of the big production companies, and finally got me a horseback job, but shucks, you know how that is—a few years and it'd be a service card and a boiler station for me. So I up and started in contractin'."

"Give us a job?"

"Right now I ain't turnin' round, but maybe I can put you in the way of landing one. Did you ask Sug Carraway?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, let's go find him."

Whilst they were hunting, Mr. Simmons remarked that to look at the mud now you'd never suspicion it was so dusty last summer that automobiles had to keep their lights on in broad daylight in Smackover. He also confided to the pair that the best job he had ever done was a buttermilk well in Oklahoma. As to this, the only remark Ben made was to inquire whether it was a turnkey job; and what was the gravity of that there buttermilk?

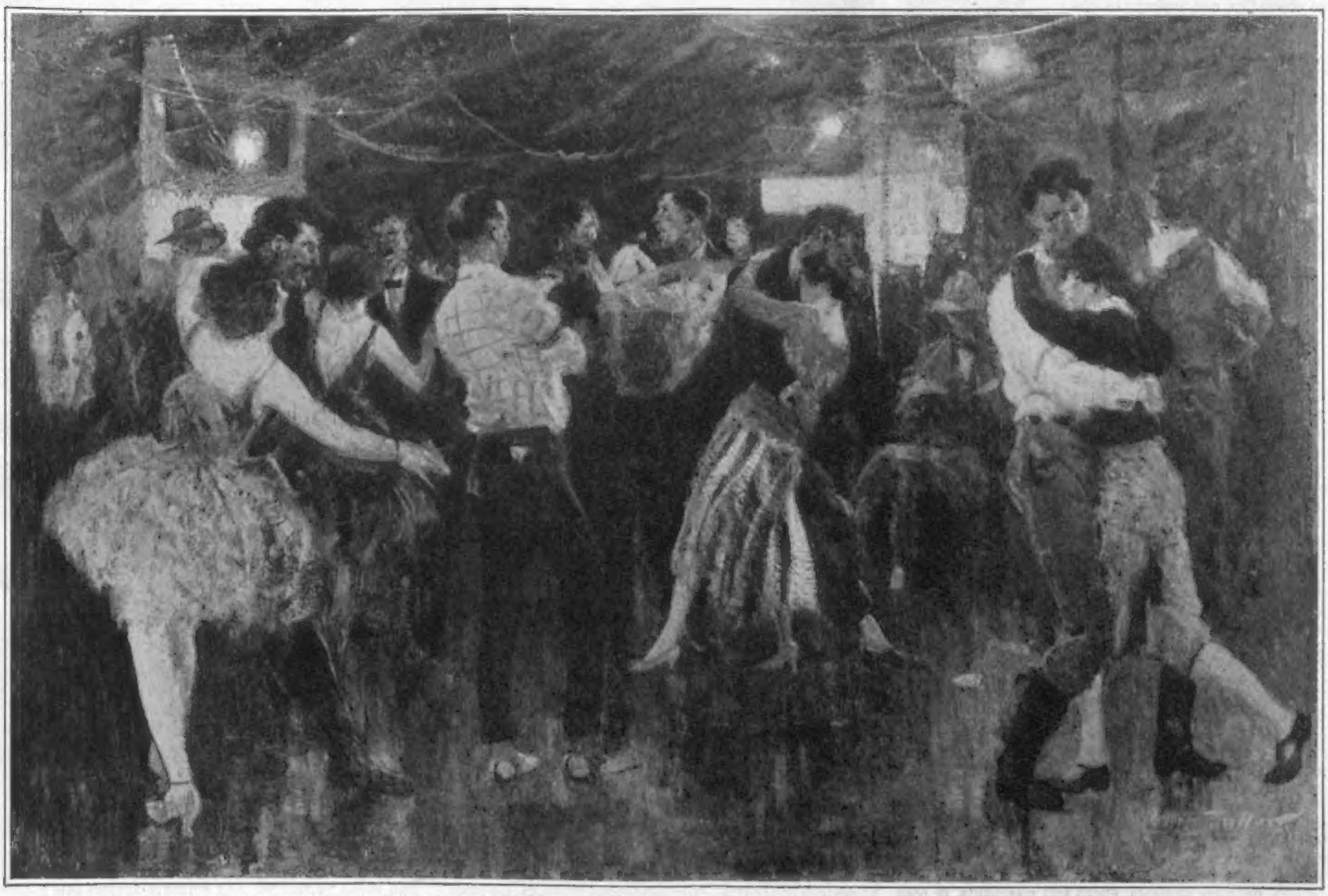
Unable to find Sug Carraway, they parted from Simmons and went down to the carnival to take a whack at the dolls. Somebody had built a derrick back of the lot where the Ferris wheel was located, and had then stopped work. About five o'clock a carnival performer in spangled tights climbed up to the top and, after due preparations and ceremonies to fix the attention of the crowd, made a flying trip down on the guy wire by hanging to a sort of pulley. He scored quite a hit.

"Shucks!" grunted Ben. "I used to could slide down one of them wires standin' up on one foot. Here—hold my coat, Big Un."

Full of scorn and choc beer, he went swarming up the ladder to the crown block. Arrived there in no time at all, he stood on his head in the middle of the gin pole projecting a hundred feet above the ground. Then, before the fascinated gaze of the spectators, he came down the guy wire hand over hand. They cheered him to the echo and raised a hat collection of seven dollars and thirty cents. And—"Say, you want a job?" inquired a fat flabby gentleman in a check suit. He was cock-eyed, there was something wrong with one of his ears, and somebody had apparently patted him in the face with a spade in early youth, but Ben was devoid of prejudices.

"What kind of job?"

(Continued on Page 46)



Ben Stepped Out With the Girl in the Knickerbockers and Sweater. This Was to be the Final Event of the Evening, and the Orchestra Didn't Abbreviate It

A BARGAIN IN THE KREMLIN

By Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

IT IS two years now since the Russian violinist Anton Balakireff became the idol of the music-loving world in London for one brief season, after his first appearance at the Queen's Hall. I suppose most people remember the newspaper accounts of the ovations he received, the storming of the platform by English as well as Russian women, who kissed his hands—with their broken finger nails—while he stood there, shy, sulky, almost sullen, with a lock of black hair flopping over his broad forehead and a queer moody smile in his rather deep-sunken eyes.

"An astonishing performer," said the critics, marvelously unanimous for once. "A genius in technique," wrote one of them. "Surely inspired in his own compositions by that wild, tragic, haunting music which is in the very soul of the Slav race."

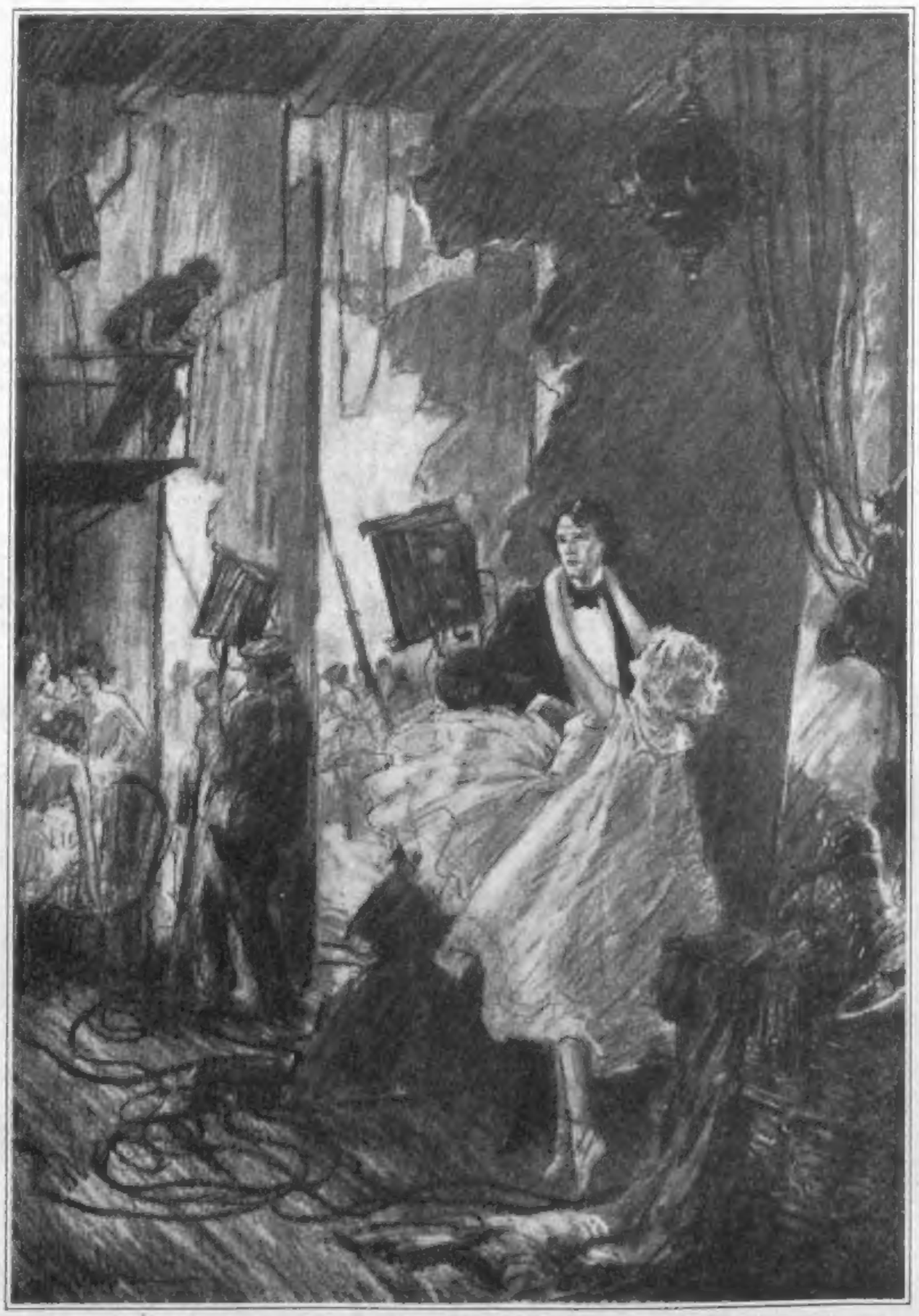
Well, I don't know much about that, not being a musical critic; but I happen to know—as few do—why this young man came to England from Moscow, and the terms of his contract for that season at the Queen's Hall.

The story is worth telling, because it reveals something of the life of Russia under the soviet republic. Also it is the story of the secret agony suffered by this man when he was being feted and hero-worshiped by Russian and English society in London; an agony of temptation which made a coward of him, as I fancy it would have tempted most men, however brave, to cowardice, and perhaps to dishonor.

He told me the whole thing himself, with permission to write it for him as an explanation of his abominable rudeness at times to English friends.

I doubt whether any but a Russian could have been so frank in self-analysis, so deeply interested in his own emotions under stress of fear, racial love and passion for the one woman who meant more to him than music—meant music to him perhaps.

He played first violin in the Moscow Opera House, and occasional pieces of his own, by permission of the soviet committee, at Sunday concerts to school children, trade unionists and others. His reputation as a violinist had saved his life at the time of the terror, when he was arrested with hundreds of other young men and brought before the cheka—the extraordinary commission—on a charge of conspiring against the soviet republic.



"I'm Not Cruel," He Said, Calmly and Coldly. "But I'm Too Busy for Sham Romance"

As a matter of fact, he was at that time, he tells me, utterly innocent of any political act. Intellectually he had favored the Kerensky revolution and the overthrow of czardom, like most young men of liberal ideas in Russia; but while this history was happening he had remained a student of music, shutting out the cruelties of life as far as possible by writing an opera in the bed sitting room of an apartment house in the Sophieskaya, where he had gone to live after the escape of his father and mother from Russia soon after the peace of Brest-Litovski.

"Why didn't you go with them?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and gave me reasons which I thought ridiculous.

"I didn't want to smash my violin in overcrowded trains; and I detested my father, who had never been sympathetic to my fiddler's life and free ideas. He was a cavalry general, you understand."

As the son of General Balakireff, who had commanded the Czar's Imperial Hussars, this young man—twenty-five when Lenine became president of the Soviet Central Committee—had a precious poor chance of life in the days of terror. From his prison men of less notable family, ex-officers, ordinary students, clerks and merchants, or sons of merchants, were taken out in batches, or singly, and shot for no other crime than that of belonging to the hated bourgeoisie. Some of them, it is true, had been involved in counterrevolutionary plots; and others, like most Russians at that time, were politicians with wild theories of freedom and self-government which were not in agreement with Lenine's new system of despotism. But it made very little difference what their views had been. The examining committee of the extraordinary commission—commonly called the cheka—mostly made up of fanatical young communists animated by fear of counterrevolution and by a blind hatred of anybody tainted with the social influence of the old régime, were regardless of evidence and ruthless of human life, at least during that worst period of the terror.

Anton's description of his prison days made my flesh creep. He spared me no details of horror—the lack of sanitary arrangements in his room, where fifty of his fellow prisoners were herded, the agony of those who became stricken with typhus, the despair and delirium which seized those who were terror-stricken by the prospect of being shot like dogs against the red brick wall in the courtyard outside, the religious mania of one man who shrieked at devilish apparitions, the blasphemies of others, the tears of boys younger than Anton, the careless courage of a few who defied death itself with a shrug of the shoulders and scornful words. Terrible!

Anton was sent for at night by the cheka. He tells me that when that summons came fear seized him in so strong a clutch that he could hardly rise from the boards where he had been lying asleep, and his legs seemed paralyzed.

One of the red soldiers hit him a blow with the butt end of his rifle, and that angered him so that he was less frightened, and regained the use of his limbs.

"Rage is a good cure for fear," he told me.

One of the prisoners, an elderly man who had been professor of zoölogy in the University of Moscow, embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks.

"*Dos vidanya!*" he said, meaning "*Au revoir.*" "As a musician you ought to have no fear of death, little brother. On the other side there will be eternal music."

Anton had his violin in the prison, which he sometimes played to his fellow prisoners by permission of his jailers, who grinned and tapped the stone floor with heel and toe when he played little old dance tunes. He grabbed it now and carried it under his arm with his bow, and the two guards who were taking him before the cheka did not forbid him. It was his idea to ask one plea of his executioners—to let him hold this old fiddle of his when he stood before the firing party. It would give him more courage to face death, he thought.

"Courage is mostly pride," he told me when he described the episode. "I've seen a fellow put on a medal to be shot. And others have brushed their clothes and combed their hair. One poor fool killed fear a little by reciting a sonnet he had written—the most miserable trash! It gave him a sense of superiority to the louts who killed him."

The examining committee of the cheka were in a big room which had once been the conference room of an insurance office with polished desks and tables—not at all the sort of place one might expect as the headquarters of the Russian terror.

There were about eight young men seated at a long table, smoking cigarettes and whispering to each other. The president of the committee was a more elderly man—though only middle-aged—with a broad, flat face fringed by a reddish beard, and gold-rimmed spectacles. It was a man named Radeff, commonly called Redbeard, and famous afterwards as chief of revolutionary propaganda in foreign countries.

He spoke first, after a glance at Anton Balakireff, standing between the two red soldiers, with his violin under his arm, his black hair all tousled, his face and hands dirty after three weeks in prison without means of washing, and his clothes covered with the dust from the prison floor boards.

"Who is this young man?" asked Radeff in a voice that was not unkindly.

One of the young men read out his name.

"Anton Balakireff, son of Boris Balakireff, one time general of imperial cavalry and notorious leader of counterrevolution in enemy countries."

"We are trying the son, not the father," said Radeff, with a chuckle as though he spoke a jest.

One of the committee answered him.

"The son has his father's blood, poisoned with the vice of the old bourgeoisie."

"That's true," answered the man with the red beard. "Bad blood, certainly! Any evidence against this young man?"

One of the committee wetted a dirty forefinger and turned over some typewritten sheets

Anton told me that the sound of those sheets being turned over seemed to change his blood to water, though he cannot understand the reason for that psychological effect. He thinks his terror was associated, perhaps, with his school days, when he used to stand before the head master of the high school in Kazan while his weeks' reports were being read.

There was nothing much against him in this secret *dossier*. It gave the details of his parentage, educational career, musical distinctions, and enumerated several of his friends, some of whom had already been shot for counter-revolutionary acts or opinions.

"A bad record," said one member of the committee. He was a young man of the mechanic class, it seemed, and his hands were still begrimed as though by the toil he had now abandoned for the work of terror. "We've heard enough. Why waste time?"

The other men nodded, and one drew forward a printed sheet which Anton guessed was the order for execution. Obviously his two guards thought so, for they straightened themselves up as though making ready to march him out.

The man named Radeff held up a plump white hand and smiled through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"One moment, comrades. I have an amusing idea about this young man. It appears from his record that he won the highest prize for the violin at the Moscow Academy of Music. I confess that softens me towards him. As an amateur ——"

He made a comical gesture as though drawing a bow over a violin and then laughed loudly.

The three young men smiled, but the other members of the committee remained grim and sullen, and one of them said, "We waste time."

"No," said Radeff; "I am thinking of our comrade Rosendorff. He is organizing the orchestra of the opera which he proposes to reopen in order to give the proletariat the advantages of music that were formerly enjoyed by the capitalist classes. An admirable idea. I approve of it most heartily. It occurs to me this young man might be useful in the orchestra—if he can really play. Of course, if he can't ——"

He made a gesture as though raising a rifle to his shoulder, and then laughed again, and beamed at the committee through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

The three young men whispered together and looked at Anton, who had not been asked to speak a single word hitherto, but stood there white and terror-stricken between the two red soldiers.

"Play something," said one of them. "You have heard what our comrade has said? It's a chance for you, perhaps Soviet Russia wishes to encourage the arts."

"Yes," said the red-bearded man unctuously. "We're not in revolt against beauty, young man. On the contrary, we will demonstrate to capitalist countries that the noblest art is born from the soul of a free communistic people. Play!"

He lit a cigarette and sat back in his chair as though preparing to enjoy himself with an amusing and agreeable interlude in the more serious business of the extraordinary commission.

"What shall I play?" asked Anton.

It was the first time he had spoken before his judges, and his voice was weak and hollow.

He told me that in these moments a sense of pride was in conflict with a sense of fear, so that his heart was beating wildly. He would show these fellows that he knew something about the violin! But fear threatened to destroy the power within him, to make him incapable of producing a single note. As he raised the bow it trembled as though he had the palsy.

"As you like," said Redbeard, as he called Radeff. "I warn you I'm a severe critic."

A severe critic! The silly imbecile was probably ignorant of the rudiments of music, with no more ear than an old cow, and less soul than the brass inkpot on the desk in front of him. It was that scorn for his words that gave Anton courage. Pride again, as he said. He drew his bow across the strings with a strong, almost violent stroke, the first note of a piece he had written just before his arrest—a thing he had called Russian History.

It was harsh, ugly stuff at the beginning, with a suggestion of primitive savagery when the early Russians—the Scythians of Greek days—swept into Asia with Darius the Persian on shaggy horses, with wild war cries. That was his idea, though it didn't matter very much, he said, so long as one caught the harshness and brutality of its spirit and the quick, vital rhythm of it. After that he wove in a fantasy on the early folk songs and dances of his race as he had heard them as a boy in Kazan among the Tartars and the Volga peasants. They, too, were coarse and rough, though with a merry, vulgar lilt to them

It was when he was playing that part that he saw Redbeard, as he called him, lolling back in his chair, wagging his head from side to side and tapping the arm of his chair with his plump fingers.

"Oh-ho, my old fellow!" thought Anton. "So you like it, do you? It calls to your peasant soul. You'd look well in sheepskins, dancing to my tune by the old manure heap."

He was not bothered with fear now. His music had got hold of him, and he had a queer idea that he was putting this Redbeard to the test. All very well to wag his head to that folk stuff. But wait a minute! How about the adagio suggesting the story of Russian serfdom, the misery of a great people hungry, enslaved, scraping a bare life out of the soil, seeing their children die? He had put in a kind of song, a woman's lamentation to her dead baby. Nothing pretty in it; no sickly sentiment; just the raw stuff of the human heart wailing out its agony. There were some frightful notes in it, harsh as hell. What about old Redbeard now?

Well, he seemed to understand. He had his mouth open a little and was breathing through it. There was a kind of pity in his eyes. The others were silent and motionless, but Anton did not see them. His eyes were fixed on Redbeard. He did some eighteenth-century stuff, hinting at court life, civilization in ballrooms, silks and satins moving in a minuet. Then he skipped some movements and plunged into war and all its fury. Probably old Redbeard wouldn't understand what he was driving at—all the wild stuff and frenzied bow work—a pyrotechnic display on the fiddle, pretty good as technique, anyhow.

Anton Had His Violin in the Prison, Which He Sometimes Played to His Fellow Prisoners

"Then," said Anton, "I forgot old Redbeard and the cheka and that red wall waiting for me. I played the tragedy of human life—Russia's agony, if you like—or any kind of damned soul crying out to God, who seems deaf. It's the best I've done. That cry of pain rising out of the depths would freeze the blood of a war profiteer. But, of course, it takes a Russian to understand. You English — "

Anyhow, it seemed that Redbeard understood. There were tears in his eyes, trickling down his flabby cheeks. When Anton dropped his bow and stood there trembling in every limb—fear had rushed back after he had played the last note—Redbeard clapped his hands and was strangely excited.

"Prodigious!" he cried in a harsh voice. "This boy plays like a devil or an archangel!"

The three young men nodded and spoke in low tones to one another. They, too, understood music, like all their race. Even the other men looked more human and less like judges. Redbeard whispered to them and Anton heard him speak the name of Rosendorff, the Director of Public Education on the Central Executive Committee. Then he turned to Anton, thrusting his fingers through the hair that fringed his face

"We're not going to shoot you this time, young man! We'll keep you for better things. How would you like to play in the orchestra at the soviet opera?"

Anton was speechless. This reprieve was like a miracle He had great difficulty in keeping from swooning

One of the young men wrote something on a sheet of paper and handed it to one of the red soldiers.

"This man is free," he said

One of the cheka offered Anton a cigarette.

"Certainly you play the violin," he said condescendingly.

Redbeard, who had risen from his chair, laid his hand on Anton's shoulder

"I'm going to keep an eye on you, little comrade! I'll come to hear you when you're first violin at the opera. Now go home and practice like a good boy, and above all avoid politics!" He patted Anton's shoulder again. "That fiddle of yours has saved your life, little brother. Cherish it! Work hard with it! The soviet republic will give you full rations in return for your talent. We recognize merit even in the son of an imperial general!"

He laughed heartily, as though at a good jest

A red soldier touched Anton on the arm. He moistened his lips to speak, but could utter nothing. He bowed and left the room between the two soldiers.

Outside in the corridor was an elderly man between two other guards. As Anton passed him he smiled and said, "Farewell, comrade. In a few minutes I shall join you with God."

"I'm free!" said Anton, and he told me that at that moment to this poor man going before the cheka he felt ashamed, and even sorry, to confess that he had been reprieved. It seemed like treachery, and the man thought so.

"Then you are a traitor," he said sternly. "You have given your friends away. May the curse of God ——"

One of the red soldiers struck him across the mouth.

Without going back to the room where he had been imprisoned, Anton was set at liberty; and it was only when he found himself in the street, with a cold wind blowing in his face, that he realized the thing that had happened to him—the gift of life! He told me that he blubbered like a schoolboy after a hard flogging.

"A strange creature I must have looked," he said, "slinking across the Red Square under the Kremlin walls, without an overcoat, with my violin tucked under my ragged jacket, my hair all powdered with snow and my dirty face smeared with silly tears. Some peasants wrapped up to the ears in sheepskins stared at me as they passed, and then crossed themselves as though they saw a devil."

Well, that was his first escape. He had a narrow shave afterwards when he was really guilty of being involved in a political plot for the overthrow of the soviet government. That was two years later, and in my opinion an act of madness on the part of that young Russian.

The terror had subsided, and the cheka, with its army of secret police, no longer arrested people wholesale for political conspiracy or sentenced them to death for counter-revolution. The truth was that they had broken the spirit of counter-revolution. The chance of success was so remote, the risk of discovery and death so certain for anybody who challenged the authority of Lenine and the soviets, that these things were not worth while

To be just also, it is certain from what I myself heard in Russia that the invasion of the white armies under Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel and others, backed by France and Great Britain, and defeated one after another by Trotzky and his red armies, consolidated the power of the soviet republic by gaining the sympathy of the peasants and even of the intellectuals. The last thing in the world the peasants

"That Money Would Save Many Peasants' Lives in Russia. You Shall Go and Bring It Back, and Save Your Own Life at That Price. Is It a Bargain?"

desired was the return of the whites, who would restore the old estates to their former owners; and the intellectuals, half starved as they were, and utterly disgusted for the most part with the communistic régime, had a racial pride which revolted against the invasion of Russian soil by rabble armies financed, armed and paid by foreign nations. I think also that many of the old bourgeoisie who still remained alive in Russia, despite the tide of flight, the executions, hunger, disease and misery, had reached the conviction that another counter-revolution, and even the overthrow of the soviet government, which they hated, would only lead to fresh chaos, a new reign of bloodshed and the utter smash of all order in Russia, which would be unbearable. Much as they loathed the system of communism, they acknowledged that the soviet government was running the machinery of the state with something like order, had established peace within its frontiers and was abandoning its cruelties—after the first delirium of revolution—in favor of a really desperate attempt to maintain the life of the Russian people. It was not much, but it was something.

Anton Balakireff acknowledged all this when he told me his tale, and he admitted that he was guilty of the utmost folly in letting himself be dragged into a ridiculous plot engineered by a group of artists who painted scenery and designed costumes for the opera and ballet.

These young men and Anton himself, like the whole *corps de ballet* and the opera staff, were highly privileged, and even pampered, by the soviet authorities in Moscow. While many of their friends were starving and freezing in unwarmed rooms during the winter months, unable to get a fourth part of the rations allowed by their food tickets—because of the failure of the harvest in the Volga Valley and the resistance of the peasants to the requisition system—Anton and his comrades received as a rule their full supplies. It was meager fare, but enough for life. Sometimes, indeed, they were treated to special distributions of chocolates, and even to extra rations of meat, which were like gifts from the gods.

The truth is that these artists, dancers and singers were the spoiled children of soviet Russia. They belonged to the last sanctuary of light and beauty in this great empire of wretchedness, hunger, dirt and disease. They maintained an illusion of joy, well-being, intellectual and artistic progress, which was fostered by the soviet authorities partly for propaganda purposes, partly because of an almost childlike vanity and pretense—they liked the world to believe, and to believe themselves, that they were idealists with a reverence for art—partly because many of those commissars in Moscow had a real passion for music and the ballet, according to the instincts of their race.

Anton told me that his life was not altogether unhappy in those days when he played first violin in the orchestra at the great opera house.

"We played a game of make-believe," he said. "Once inside the theater, we tried to forget the agony of Russia outside. We worked hard, discussed the principles of art, rhythm, melody with passionate argument. We forgot there was famine on the Volga; herds of refugees in Moscow dying like flies; homes for abandoned children, naked, typhus-stricken, like little skeletons. The ladies prattled about their costumes, quarreled, laughed, danced, gobbled their éclairs, like a pack of giddy schoolgirls. We were excited about new lighting effects. We played practical jokes on one another. We divided into cliques, and were seething with jealousies, intrigues, loyalties and treacheries, in this little world of unreality.

"Sometimes reality broke in, and our souls were touched by the tragedy of life outside—my unfortunate soul, anyhow. As first violin, I could see the audience night after night. Needless to say, they didn't pay for their tickets in those days. They received them with their food tickets. They were mechanics, factory workers, men and women clerks in soviet offices, railway workers, red soldiers, commissars, a few peasants here and there. It was strange to me at first to see a crowd of rough fellows in red shirts or overalls sitting in the imperial box, where, as a boy, I had often seen the emperor and empress with their ladies and gentlemen, all glittering with stars and orders. The imperial eagles were covered under the red flag. Sometimes I used to stare at the faces in the stalls and boxes. Some of them were cheerful enough, but others made me shiver. As they listened to the orchestra they seemed to be drowned in melancholy. They stared out of eyes in which the soul was dead or damned.

"Now and then I saw people I had known in the old days—old schoolfellows. They were in working clothes like the others, with unshaven faces and dirty hands. I signaled to them from the orchestra, raised my hand and smiled. Sometimes they gave a start of recognition and raised a hand in reply, but more often they stared as though they saw only the tragedy of that life outside. They were hungry, so many of them, poor devils! I am talking of 1920, when the famine crept up even to Moscow.

"There were women of the old class there sometimes, whose sharp cheek bones and sunken eyes were frightening. It was the sight of faces like those, night after night, which reminded one, sometimes unbearably, of a Russia outside this sham world of ours where we fed pretty well, and sucked chocolates, and played a game of beautiful

(Continued on Page 74)

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THIRTY

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"I Suppose It Was Foolish of Me. Indeed, I Know It Was Insane. You Haven't Got the Nerve to be Poor! You Wouldn't Dare"

ALTHOUGH it is only exceptional people who amount to much, in the worldly sense, before they are thirty, yet if one is to have a big family of children, it is a good idea to make some sort of plan in that direction before thirty, especially if one belongs to the sex that bears the physical burden of the children's arrival. Not that Pamela Price wanted a large family of children. In fact, that was precisely the last thing on earth Pamela Price did want! Vaguely, what Pamela wanted was days of exquisite beauty irresponsibly spent in the most fashionable environment in company with leaders of fashion.

As it happened, Pamela seemed always to be on hand when world events took place. Hardly more than a child, she had been saved from the Titanic, and she was in Germany when England declared war. She was in Paris at the Armistice. After she had viewed the effects of the boy king of Egypt, she rushed back to America to buy a little house on Sutton Square. A large house on Fifth Avenue had been her previous purchase, but, having owned that for nearly two years and spent a month in it, she was tired of the place and cabled her broker to put it on the market.

It was this Sutton Square prank that completely upset her uncle and guardian. Colonel Price, however, had nothing against the square itself.

"You are moving over to the East River bank with a few other social leaders not because you love Sutton Square, but because you want to be ahead of the mob," he said. "Then, the minute you get settled and have given a few smart parties, you will pack up and sell, and move somewhere else. Why in the name of common sense, Pamela, don't you get married and have children, as you ought!"

Pamela Price blew a smoke ring, which paused above her uncle's head like a halo, flicked her cigarette ash and said, "It is so peasantlike—to marry."

The colonel leaned back heavily in his chair.

"You and all like you ought to be taken by the heels and hung down a well."

Colonel Price did not mean what he said any less because he said it quietly. He belonged to the social stratum that expresses its deepest convictions without raising its voice, thereby giving those convictions their full weight and dignity.

"You are shirking your responsibilities," he continued. "A girl with your background and vitality and wealth ought to have a large family of children."

"One a year, like a cow, I suppose. No, thank you, dear. Even suppose I went the limit and had ten children, what would they count against the hordes?"

"That is no argument. Do you mind if I ask if you have ever been in love? I mean, my dear, seriously in love?"

She surprised him and disarmed him, too, by her warm rich blush. That blush gave the colonel hope. He had known her always, and had never before caught her blushing.

"Although I have had several rather interesting affairs," she said, "I always get hopelessly disillusioned before things go very far. I couldn't possibly marry, because I know and like too many men too well. Yet I don't like any of them—well enough. If I could marry all the men I like, that would be simple. But of course that isn't done, except seriatim."

"What is the matter with your marrying Eversley?"

"Who is Eversley?"

"You had lunch with him here today."

"Lunch?" Pamela wrinkled a charming brow, and then, very elaborately, remembered Eversley. "Oh, yes—your handsome secretary. He was at the table, wasn't he? I remember how decorative he was. But how jocose of you, uncle, to suggest my marrying him!"

She toyed with the idea. It amused. It at last made her laugh.

"It may seem jocose in your eyes, but the man is dead in love with you. How he can show such a lack of discernment, I can't fancy."

"What ever gave you the notion that the man is in love with me?"

"That is my affair—and Eversley's."

Pamela scrutinized her suède pumps in silence, and her uncle scrutinized her.

"I hope," she said, with cool, silken distinctness, "that Mr. Eversley will not do anything unpleasant, like that chauffeur who shot himself under my bedroom window at Southampton. It wasn't my fault that he liked me too much! Lots of people blamed me, however!"

Colonel Price rose, walked to the fireplace and stood looking at the glowing coals. Had Pamela been the clock on the mantel she would have seen that the veins at the colonel's temples stood out and throbbed convulsively, and she would have heard him mutter, "Flippant—even at death. She can't be saved, because it is too late. She has been a waster too long. I imagined that blush."

His towering majestic figure gave no hint to anyone behind him how deeply moved he was.

Unaware of his displeasure, Pamela studied his back with admiration. Always and again she marveled at his princely, unflinching bearing, more princely and more unflinching since he had lost both sons in the World War. He had lost them gloriously, of course, but he had lost them. There was no heir, and his wife upstairs was a nervous invalid. Yet even her daily querulous drain could not shatter a spirit that was bound not to intrude its personal griefs on other people. Though Pamela respected and revered him as she respected and revered no one else, yet not even for him could she bring herself to settle down.

Her uncle looked so long at the coals that she wondered if he was still considering her sprightly speech about the Joneses' dead chauffeur. All she had ever done to that chauffeur was to smile at him dazzlingly just once and to shake him by both hands. The Joneses had sent her home in their car, and suddenly their chauffeur had simultaneously thrown on his brakes and reached an unbelievably long arm down into the road and brought up a little girl who had that moment stumbled in the direct path of a speeding motorcyclist. Because of Pamela's smile of tribute, and because she took both his hands and congratulated him, the man had so far forgotten himself as to lose his head over her. Well, since he was dead and done for, one must, of course, forget him.

"Who is Eversley?" she asked the colonel. Positively she must change the subject. "Where did you get him?"

"Graduate of Princeton. Studying law and paying his way by teaching in night school and attending to my correspondence. Wonderfully well connected, but not a cent."

"Oh." Pamela lit a fresh cigarette. "How old is he?"

"By a curious coincidence he is exactly your own age."

"Twenty-eight! Isn't he somewhat late about his law?"

"He entered Princeton late—on account of being so poor. His duties to his family ——"

"Don't tell me about them. I hate the 'short and simple flannels of the poor.'"

"I don't know his annals, but I cannot imagine a finer letter than I received from Princeton, commending him."

Pamela seemed to shudder.

"If you really wish to interest me in Mr. Eversley, dear uncle, stop enumerating his virtues and mention a vice."

"Isn't it vice enough for so sterling a young man to have lost his head over a drifter like you?"

Pamela smiled wickedly.

"So—I am his vice! That's a lot to live up to."

"You positively must be hung down a well, Pamela."

"I can't stop for it today, thanks. A date at Sutton Square with my new decorator. Bye-bye, dear uncle. You are the only man I ever loved." She kissed him affectionately. "I happen to mean that, dear."

II

A MINUTE after Pamela had gone, Colonel Price rose and marched to his library to sign some letters Eversley was supposed to have left for that purpose. On the threshold he hesitated with surprise, for there at the desk sat Eversley. *(Continued on Page 94)*

THE PINHOOKER

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Mornin', Bridger. Carried in Your Crop Right Early, Ain't You?"

ALTHOUGH the old sheriff returned Martin Gidlow's noisy greeting with his usual grave politeness, Sim Cole felt and resented a difference, a restraint that seemed to dispute the intimacy implied in Gidlow's cordial familiarity. Sim Cole had no sympathy with Sheriff Dan Mackenzie's prejudice against pinhookers. He admired smartness and success, and there were, besides, sound reasons for standing in Mart Gidlow's favor, reasons which Sim Cole could measure in hard money.

Accordingly, he moved aside a little, as if to invite Gidlow to join them in the pleasant blot of shadow before the warehouse; and there was respect in his voice, the envious respect he kept for men who possessed the mysterious knack of growing soft and fat and rich in a lean land.

"Reckon you got your tobacco on the floor last evenin', Gidlow."

He gestured toward the line of trucks and wagons that stretched away from the warehouse entrance to the bend in the road, each with its load of new leaf shrouded in dust-covered cloths. Gidlow shook his head.

"Ain't sellin' yet, Sim." His small eyes, recessed in the red fatness of his face, shifted to Mackenzie, and his tone changed a little. "I figger't a man had ought to hold his tobacco if he c'n afford to. Don't seem hardly right for a man like me to go breakin' down the prices for folks that have plumb got to sell quick."

Mackenzie's placid gaze seemed to disconcert him. Cole saw the look of conscious virtue dissolve to the sly cunning which was Gidlow's natural expression. The voice changed again.

"Not only that—the opening prices ain't ever good enough for me. The buyers ain't fools. They know they ain't anybody in that there line that don't need money right bad." He chuckled softly and the bulk of him quivered with his mirth. "Like that Hump Bridger over yonder."

Cole followed the jerking gesture of the man's head and grinned at what he saw—the absurd ruin of a cart, its wheels canting at four dismal angles, a dejected mule drooping in the spliced shafts. One of the men on the plank that served as seat turned his head slowly, as if Gidlow's voice had carried to him. The unhurried, level look of his narrowed eyes seemed to pass Cole and the sheriff, to fasten on Gidlow with a strange effect of almost physical contact, as though a long, stern arm had stretched over the intervening onlookers and strong fingers had closed on Gidlow's flesh.

Gidlow laughed, but below the sound of it Cole caught a hint of uneasiness.

"Mule-headed webfoot for you, sheriff. See him scowl at me like he'd admire to kill me! Jest because I give him a fair offer f'r his crop—me an' Laz taken an' poled a flat up the Branch to his shanty. Wouldn't even talk to me. Acted like I was tryin' to rob him."

"Reckon maybe you bought his crop last year," said Mackenzie's gentle old voice. The speech seemed to anger Gidlow.

"What if I did? He was glad enough to take the price I offered him, wasn't he? Give him spot cash a whole month before the markets was open, an' saved him the resk an' work of totin' his leaf into town. It ain't my fault if prices went up so's I made a pretty profit."

Cole understood the resentment in the voice and sympathized with it. He had no patience with Mackenzie's notion that there was something disgraceful in the pinhooker's trade. It was straightforward business that Martin Gidlow did, driving his truck around to the outlying farms in the clearings, offering cash for tobacco as soon as it was cured and graded. Nobody had to accept his bids unless he chose. If a man couldn't wait for the markets to open in September, and wanted to turn his crop into cash ahead of time, it was only fair that he should pay something for the privilege. The sheriff had no reason for despising Martin Gidlow and his kind, speaking of them contemptuously as pinhookers, blaming them for taking a profit when they resold.

"No"—Mackenzie's tone was still placidly even—"I reckon it ain't your fault, Gidlow."

He moved forward toward the cart, and Cole followed him, attracted in spite of himself by a certain curiosity about Humphrey Bridger. He shared the common attitude of the countryside toward the people who lived in the great swamp, where the southeastern corner of Hewitt County spilled over the hills and flattened out in the thickets along the Big Branch. Tradition explained them as the offspring of runagates and rascals, fled to the swamps to cheat the gallows. There were tales of a streak of Indian blood in them; even far-fetched romantic stories that they were the remnant of Raleigh's lost colony from Roanoke. In the higher lands they had the name of trash and scum. They took the blame of every unpunished petty theft, were held responsible for any grass fire that started in their neighborhood. They were safe in their marshes against Sim Cole. He felt this security as an added count in his indictment.

Mackenzie spoke to Bridger in a key that irritated Sim by its contrast to the tone he had used toward Gidlow.

"Mornin', Bridger. Carried in your crop right early, ain't you?" He lifted the ragged cloths and inspected the pile of yellow leaf below them. "Right pretty tobacco. Always figgered that swamp land 'd make good leaf—if it wasn't so far from market. How'd you-all make out to tote it in?"

"Carried it down the Branch to Gray's Bridge on a flat."

Bridger spoke in the talk of the country; but there was a difference, Cole thought, in the quality of his voice. It sounded as if he gave his tongue small practice, and his lips closed on the last word with an effect of relief, fitting together close and straight, so that his mouth was a bloodless line in the sun-bitten face.

Gidlow edged close to the canted wheels. He laughed.

"Had any sense you'd ha' saved yourself that there trip, Hump. I'd ha' carried in your crop for you on my flat if you'd sold to me."

Bridger's silent inattention had the effect of a rebuffing answer. Gidlow laughed again, uneasily, and moved away, followed by the bright cold eyes.

"Hear you wouldn't deal with Gidlow this year, Bridger." Mackenzie's gentle drawl unlocked the set lips.

"All done sellin' to pinhookers. Gidlow come out to my place last year, talkin' how the markets wasn't goin' to open till November, if they opened at all. Give me twenty dollars for my crop like he aimed to do me a favor. Then when he sold, bragged how he got a hundred an' eighty for it. Come down this year after more. I taken an' throwed him in the Branch."

Mackenzie's head moved slightly. The gesture told Cole that Bridger had answered an unspoken question in the old man's mind.

"Too bad you done that, Bridger. Gidlow ain't apt to forget that."

"Aimed he should remember it a spell."

The procession moved forward a cart length, carrying Bridger into the entrance of the driveway. Mackenzie turned away and Cole followed him into the wide aromatic salesroom, where the buyers were already at their work in the narrow aisles between the trays of bright golden leaf. The great floor was all but hidden under the crop. In the scant space between the files the row of buyers trailed after Len Gannett, the veteran auctioneer, singing the bids in his old-fashioned back-country style. A group of growers kept pace with them in adjacent aisles, their faces all intent and sober, all touched with the same look of hope and doubt and helplessness that Sim Cole found comic.

It was all wearily familiar to the deputy; and yet, as always, he felt a reluctant excitement, something like the feeling he had when he saw a prisoner stand up to hear the verdict. You could tell whose crop had been sold by the sudden change of that expectant look. Cole listened. The prices were amazingly low, after last year's record-breaking figures; but Cole had small sympathy for the men who suffered. They knew what they had to expect. Nine years out of ten it was like this, with the buyers standing together, their pretense of competition a thinly veiled joke. If a man kept on raising tobacco in the face of experience, he deserved just what he got.

Even the low figures fell steadily lower as the sale progressed. Gannett, buying for the warehouse, did his best to keep them to a decent level, starting the bidding on each lot as high as he dared. Cole grinned shrewdly as he watched the buyers checkmate this device by the simple expedient of silence, letting Gannett's opening offer take down lot after lot without opposition. By the time they had reached the middle of the floor the auctioneer was beaten. He had already overloaded the warehouse. The buyers had the field to themselves, buying as they pleased, with hardly an effort to keep up the show of rivalry.

Cole saw Mart Gidlow slip up behind the string and talk briefly to the rearmost of the buyers. The man turned, following some direction of Gidlow's. He grinned and nodded, and Gidlow left him. Cole was interested and puzzled. He stayed on, hoping to find the reason for that conversation.

Gidlow was up to something. He was smart, that pinhooker; smarter even than most of the men who followed his tricky trade.

As the prices dropped, it became manifest that the submissive attitude of the growers had its limits. Man after man removed the sales ticket from his trays and set about spitting the hands of tobacco on sticks for transport back to his barns. There were murmurs from the bystanding groups. The faces darkened to sullen, rebellious anger; but the buyers paid no heed. Cole edged in closer as a sudden thought came to him. He saw Hump Bridger standing beside his trays; saw Gidlow near by, his face lighted with a look of triumph.

"Now, gentlemen, gimme a good price on these here three trays—the prettiest tobacco they is on the floor."

Gannett waited, repeated the plea, waited again. The buyers seemed not to hear him. He addressed them singly, by name, with no result until he reached the one to whom Gidlow had spoken.

"Don't want it; but if you're plumb bound to sell it, I'll give ten dollars."

Cole was startled. Ten dollars a hundred, ten cents a pound, was an absurdly low figure, but excellent leaf had gone for less today. He glanced at Gidlow and saw the plump face twisted to a grin.

"Thank you, Mr. Cahoon. Ten dollars a hundred I'm bid, gentlemen; ten dollars, ten dollars —"

"Wait up, Len. I offered you ten dollars for the lot Take it or leave it. I'm overbought right now. Only bid as a favor to the house."

Cole chuckled as the doubt vanished. If they'd tried that on anybody who lived within decent distance of the warehouse it wouldn't have worked. The owner would have carried his crop home. But Bridger, with his ten-mile haul to the bridge and the long boat carry from there, couldn't help himself. That must have been what Gidlow had been telling Cahoon. Smart! Trust Mart Gidlow to get square with a webfoot who threw him into the Branch!

Bridger's face showed no sign of emotion. He stood still beside his trays, as the auctioneer moved on to the next lot. Cole wondered whether the fellow understood what had happened. Gidlow swaggered up the aisle, sidling to ease his bulk between the piles.

"Reckon next time I take the trouble to come clean up to your shack you'll know better, Hump. Offered you forty dollars, didn't I? Spot cash, too. Now you got ten for it, besides totin' it clean in here. Know who owns it? Figger it's Cahoon? Well, it ain't, Hump. Cahoon only bid it in f'r me. Maybe that'll learn you to use me right next time."

He beckoned to his negro, Laz, who shuffled up with a hand truck and wheeled one of the trays to the platform edge, where Gidlow's motor truck waited. Bridger gave no sign that he had heard. He turned away and Cole saw him join the line at the cashier's window. The deputy stood beside Gidlow, watching Laz slip the hands swiftly on the smooth sticks and pack them in the bed of the truck. His opinion of Gidlow's shrewdness rose as he observed how deftly the negro worked, for all his twisted runty body. Not many men would have hired Laz. He didn't look as if he had an hour's good work in him, and he was a deaf-mute, besides—little better than an idiot. But Gidlow was getting good value out of him in spite of all this. None of the laborers at work reloading the wagons handled the sticks as swiftly as Laz.

Cole listened enviously to Mart Gidlow's talk. No wonder Gidlow made money, with that razor-edged smartness. He turned to find old Dan Mackenzie at his elbow, and saw that there was a shadow in the tranquil face.

"Kind of wish you'd give Bridger a fair price, Gidlow. Don't seem right, takin' his crop offn him that-a-way. Worked right hard to make that there leaf. Ain't even got a mule to plow with. Spaded up that land by hand. Right hard worker for a feller't lives in the swamp."

Gidlow snarled, "Serve him plumb right if he didn't get ary cent for it. Low-down ornery webfoot!"

"Ain't the only way to look at it, Gidlow." Mackenzie spoke as gently as ever. "Right hard on Bridger. Wouldn't hurt you a mite to pay him a fair price, an' it'd make a sight of difference to his folks, I reckon."

"That's his business." Gidlow scowled. "I'm tendin' to mine, Mackenzie. You talk like money didn't matter to me. An' the market shot clean to pieces! Why, if I had to sell at today's figgers I'd lose on every pound I got on my floor! I got somethin' better to worry about than Hump Bridger."

"Reckon you won't sell at today's figgers, Gidlow. An'"—Mackenzie's brows drew together a little—"an' it never paid any too well to have trouble with the swamp folks. Kind of like Hump Bridger, I do. But I don't know if it's good jedgment to kick him when he's down."

"Tryin' to scare me! Think I'm afraid of a webfoot?" Gidlow laughed shortly. "Fine way to talk, Mackenzie! What's a sheriff paid for, if a man can't do business without havin' to worry about gettin' shot in the back?"

"Reckon Sim an' me can tend to that, Gidlow." Mackenzie took no offense. "Only tryin' to save work for Sim. Sight easier to fix things up before trouble happens."

He stopped as Bert Whitlatch, the insurance agent, joined the group. Gidlow's sullen look deepened at the sight of the brisk, dapper little man.

"You aimin' to pester me some more, Whitlatch? You c'n save your breath. I done told you fifty times I ain't wastin' my money on insurance," he grunted. "Way the market opened, tobacco ain't worth worryin' over."

"Oh, you know better than to go by the first day's prices, Gidlow." Whitlatch spoke with professional cheerfulness. "They're always low. And you ought to be covered on your leaf till you're ready to sell, if what I hear is straight."

He flicked his eyes from Gidlow to Mackenzie and back again, his face sly and shrewd.

"What you been hearin'?" Gidlow eyed him narrowly. "What you gittin' at, anyhow?"

Whitlatch chuckled.

"Oh, nothing. Only if I had seven or eight thousand pounds of tobacco in my barn I'd want it insured—if I knew there was a webfoot that hated me like Hump Bridger must hate you, Gidlow." He chuckled again. "Heap of fires start in the swamps. Reckon they know a sight about it down yonder."

Gidlow's eyes almost closed. He seemed to confront a new and sobering idea. Cole, expecting a protest from Mackenzie at the implied charge against Bridger, looked from one face to the other.

"That's right, Whitlatch. Never struck me't ——" He wheeled toward Mackenzie. "That's a fine kind of pertection you're givin' me, Mackenzie! 'Stead of keepin' my prop'ty safe, you come eggin' me to pay that barn-burner more money! I got to buy insurance or stand to lose my tobacco."

"Always figgered it was right bad jedgment to go kickin' a man when he's down, Gidlow, like I was tellin' you. Reckon you might better do business with Bert. Sleep a sight easier, maybe."

Gidlow moved his shoulders angrily.

"Reckon I better insure, with the sheriff talkin' that-a-way. You come out to my place this evenin', Whitlatch, an' we'll fix it up."

He communicated with Laz in a series of intricate gestures. The negro grinned delightedly and shuffled to the crank of the truck, while Gidlow eased his bulk in behind the wheel. Cole watched them drive down the valley. Whitlatch laughed cheerfully.

"Much obliged for backing me up, sheriff. I been trying to sell Gidlow insurance for eight years." His tone changed. "Don't mean I put anything over on him, of course. He'd ought to be covered, with all that leaf on his floor. He ain't making a mistake to take out a policy."

Mackenzie was silent as he and Sim walked back to the hotel where they took their meals. But as they drew near the group of loungers on the steps he spoke meditatively.

"Right funny thing, Sim, about mistakes. Ever notice how when a feller makes one he can't rest till he goes an' makes another? Even a smart man'll do it, Sim; as smart a man as Mart Gidlow."

II

"EVENIN', Bert. Evenin', Gidlow." Mackenzie's greeting, commonplace and tranquil, seemed—to Sim Cole—to convey a special meaning to Whitlatch and Gidlow, to halt both men abruptly before the worn plank steps of the courthouse where Cole and the sheriff sat. In precisely the same word and tone Mackenzie had spoken to a dozen other passers-by, without other effect than a return in kind. It was as if, to both Whitlatch and the pinhooker, the phrase held some challenge. Each of them, as he paused and turned, revealed a hint of defiance.

"Reckon you done quit frettin' about that there tobacco, Gidlow." Mackenzie's even voice continued in the same placid key. "Look right satisfied. Got over the notion't Hump Bridger's bound to fire your barn, I reckon."

Gidlow's lips drew back from his teeth in an unlovely grin.

"Don't need to fret no more about that, Mackenzie. Don't matter a mite to me if Hump burns me out. I'm leavin' Bert Whitlatch do my worryin' f'r me. I've done insured my tobacco this time."

Mackenzie's mild gaze transferred itself from Gidlow to the insurance agent.

For some reason Whitlatch found it disconcerting. He laughed uneasily and shuffled his feet on the flags as if he would have liked to walk on and could not.

"Yes, sir," said the pinhooker with relish, "any time Hump Bridger fires my barn, Bert here is bound to pay me two thousand dollars." He chuckled. "The way the market's been goin' down I'd make money if I got burnt out. Don't know could I get what that leaf cost me if I sell it. Never see worse prices'n them bloodsuckin' trust buyers been [illegible]."

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"Here We Be, Cole." Gidlow's Whisper Interrupted His Thought. The Pinhooker Pointed Between the Trees

JAZZING THE CONSTITUTION

By WILL PAYNE

A GREAT many sufferers from supposed disorders of the nerves would be perfectly well if they could just sit still and think of something else. But sitting still is the last thing they are able to do; they must have change and dope. For one symptom of the present nervous instability of the body politic, a lot of people want to rewrite the Constitution of the United States. Some of them are already in Washington, chipping at the job. Forty amendments were formally proposed in the last Congress. Very likely several of them will carry, for amending the Constitution is by no means a difficult process nowadays—which is another symptom of political flapperitis.

Amendment is what radical proposers talk about merely a little patch here and a little patch there. But the actual purpose in some cases is to leave only the shell of the old institution, with a quite different kernel in it What the innovators want is a basic scheme of government different in spirit from the old one. That end may as easily be accomplished by a few amendments as by a complete new Constitution. You can destroy anything with only a few amendments. Merely striking out half a dozen "nots" after half a dozen "shalts" would work a rather startling transformation of the Ten Commandments

What does that signify for plain everyday citizens who are neither corporation lawyers nor professional politicians? What, after all, is the Constitution between friends? Most of us, if we think of the Constitution at all, think of a musty document which learned judges mull over and always disagree about. What practical difference does it make to you and me in our everyday life whether the Constitution says one thing or another? Let's look at it from that point of view.

Macaulay's Prediction Not Fulfilled

FOR one thing, it means a little something to all of us, I take it, that Americans invented the cotton gin, threshing machine, the telephone, electric light, the airplane, and so forth. We are entitled to swell up a bit over America's notable contributions to human progress. We are entitled to feel annoyed if other Americans express contempt for those achievements. The American Constitution is the greatest job of that sort ever accomplished. That is what Gladstone's well-known eulogy means. The achievement looks bigger today than it did when Gladstone uttered the eulogy; for, sure as sunrise, if the Constitution were expunged today it would take many years of turmoil, contention and disorder to get another one. Illinois argued and contended for years over a constitutional convention; finally got a constitutional convention which argued and contended for many months and ended in a complete failure. New York carried on a great agitation for a constitutional convention, finally got the convention, which deliberated, jawed, redacted and ended in complete failure

It used to be said that to amend the Constitution was exceedingly difficult. In more than a hundred years only the three Civil War amendments were added to the document. When James Bryce wrote The American Commonwealth he opined that an amendment to the Constitution was hardly to be expected except as the result of some national convulsion comparable to the Civil War. And at that time, or at any time up to recent years, it would have been very difficult to amend the organic law

There were good and obvious reasons for that difficulty. Americans generally regarded the Constitution as a great landmark in political history and our chief contribution to social science. They remembered that a government such as their colonial forefathers set up, with sovereignty vested in the people, was not at that time known anywhere in the world, with the exception of a few mountain-locked Swiss cantons, of whose experience the colonists appear to have known little or nothing. Their venture was a novelty comparable to the flying machine, and most of the wise men of Europe said it would soon go to smash. Even after it had survived two generations, Macaulay said it would fail as soon as the supply of free land gave out, for "institutions purely democratic will sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization or both. The American Constitution is all sail and no anchor."

And, following the great American model, constitution making became fashionable. In fifty years or so after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States over three hundred other constitutions were promulgated in various parts of the world. Not one of them, I believe, survives today except those made in the U. S. A In the first half of the nineteenth century Central and South America were littered up with constitutions, and one that survived a decade deserved honorable mention There is a French joke, dating from the time of Napoleon III: A man enters a Paris bookshop and asks, "Have you a copy of the latest constitution of France?" The bookseller replies, "No, sir; we do not handle periodical literature"

But our Constitution survived. A great nation developed under it, gaining steadily in power and wealth, giving the common, average man greater freedom and opportunity than he could find anywhere else. So when James Bryce wrote his famous book the people of the United States were proud of the Constitution and felt respect for it. In that same generation the American Union, under the Constitution, had seemed so much worth while to ordinary merchants, lawyers, farmers and carpenters that some hundreds of thousands of them had given their lives for it on Southern battlefields.

The process of amending the Constitution was the same when Bryce wrote that it is now; but it was incomparably more difficult to operate, because any proposal to amend would have been met with a general frown. If France, Argentina, and so forth, wanted constitutions in the nature of periodical literature, that was their business; but our Constitution had stood up for a century, surviving a great crisis; under it we had prospered amazingly; we'd stick to it, thank you. So to amend the Constitution then was extremely difficult

But it is not difficult now. The mere fact that the Constitution has endured one hundred and thirty-five years gets on some people's nerves; which is a quite common form of neurosis—the same nervous instability that drives many women to move all the furniture in the living room every three months. The man who recommends his goods with the simple statement "It's different" understands the psychology of these unfortunate people. In politics there is now a considerable public to whom you can readily sell axle grease as a substitute for butter by simply assuring them that it's different.

King John and His Barons

AND the present is among other things the day of the flapper, male and female. The flappers' sole intellectual achievement, as George Ade has pointed out, lies in their discovery that parents are a joke. Their typical reaction to authority, prescription, old use and wont is a thumb to the nose What our political flappers think of the Fathers of the Republic can be discovered at any bookshop. The Fathers, they say, were reactionary, and so dismiss them with contempt.

Well, they were reactionary. The Constitution of the United States is a thoroughly reactionary document That is why it has endured and given scope for the development of the greatest of nations, where the common man still finds freer opportunity than anywhere else. Axle grease as an article of diet is progressive, it's radical, it's new. Butter, on the other hand, has just stood pat, the same old butter, for heaven only knows how many centuries

Nearly all the great strokes for Anglo-Saxon liberty have been reactionary. Magna Charta itself was almost pure reaction. King John was the innovator and radical. George Burton Adams, for example, shows this clearly in his Origin of the English Constitution. Other modern scholars have emphasized it. The nub of the business was that John had been gradually and subtly extending his kingly power at the expense of his tenants in chief, who were mainly barons. In good part it was the question of taxes, or of those feudal contributions to the royal exchequer out of which modern taxes have evolved In the immortal encounter at Runnymede the barons told John to go back to the conditions established under William the Conqueror or they would knock his consecrated block off. He went back, signing the Great Charter, which essentially reaffirmed old feudal law.

The barons were reacting resisting a new tyranny in the name of an old pattern of things which from their point of view was more liberal What gave the affair its tremendous importance afterwards was that it set up beyond dispute the principle that in England nobody was to run amuck, there was to be no unlimited, irresponsible

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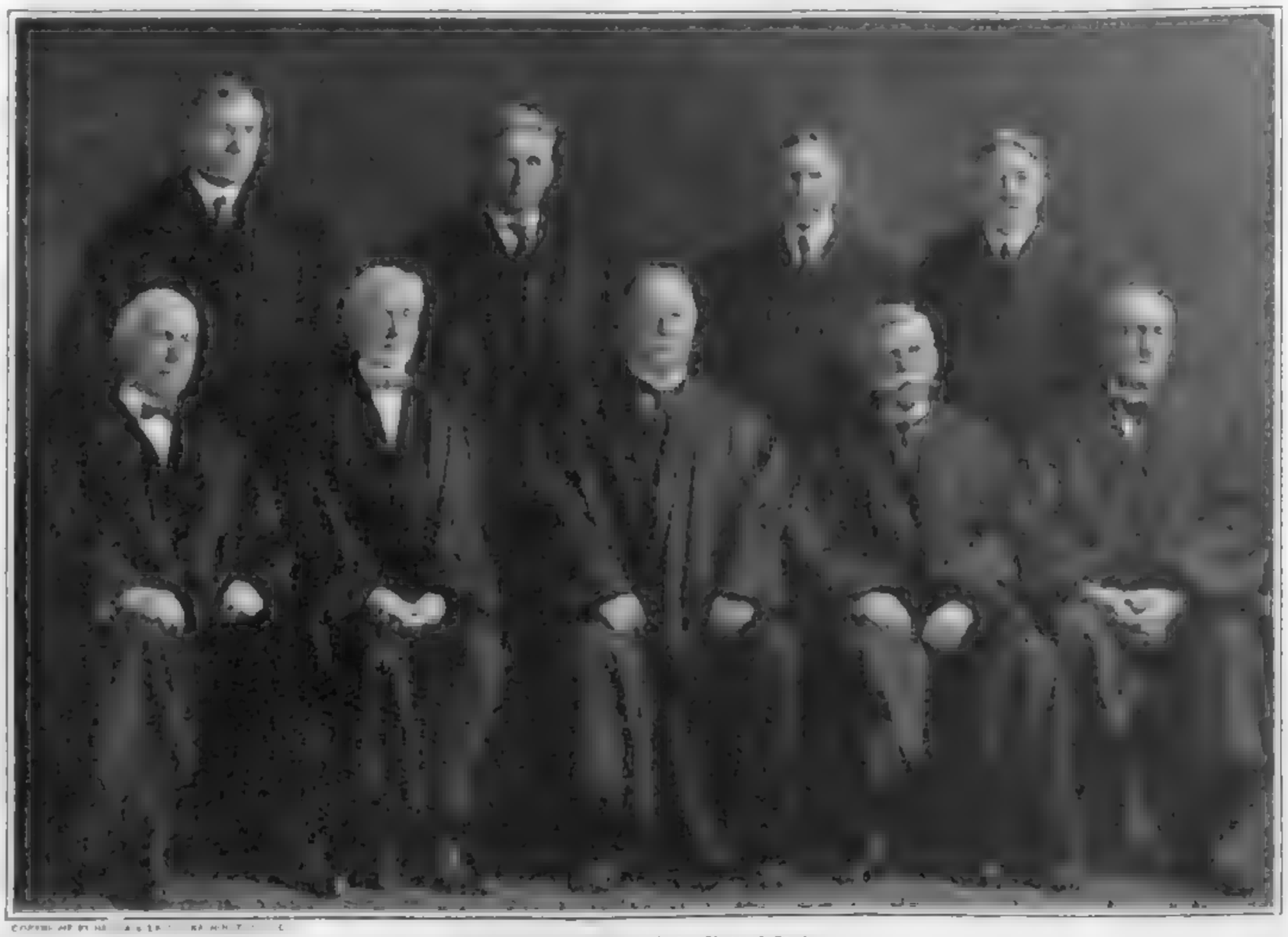

The Supreme Court of the United States

A MODERN ROBIN HOOD

By Sir Basil Thomson, K. C. B.

Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

Arroyito—His Mother, Brothers and Sisters

CUBA is just recovering from a pleasurable shock. Life in the Pearl of the Antilles is prone to be as monotonous as the sky of unclouded blue and the sun tempered by cool sea breezes which are her weather. Very delightful they are, but with so unchangeable a beauty that one longs for a little incident, such as a rainstorm or a stiff norther, to vary the monotony. It is so with Cuban life, which seems externally to move in an orderly procession of the virtues, tempered no doubt with the weaknesses which are incident to human nature. Then Arroyo burst into view and things became more lively.

From the fact that Arroyo is seldom called by his real name, which means "Stream," but nearly always by the affectionate diminutive, Arroyito, which means Little Stream, it may be judged that he is popular among the Cubans. His other nicknames are The Sentimental Bandit and El Delirio, which may be freely interpreted The Rage. I suppose that if I were a Cuban I should understand why he has a halo around his head; I suppose that if there had been policemen in the time of Robin Hood, and I had been one of them, I should have gone about with my nose in the air, deploring the sensational taste of the masses and stripping Robin Hood of every garment of heroism one by one until he stood named and ashamed as a mean and mercenary bandit. But the Cubans have had some bitter experiences with birds of prey in high places; they have seen bankers vanish to Madrid with all the savings of the widow and the orphan; they have seen political grafters growing fat upon their public offices without one hand being laid upon their shoulders to make them disgorge their plunder; and here in Arroyito was a man of the people, a poor man who made it his business to plunder the rich of their ill-gotten gains and distribute them with a free hand among the poor, and always with a debonair courage and good humor that set you laughing to see it. No prison was strong enough to hold this charming rogue who laughed at bolts and bars and rode straight at mounted men sent to intercept him, who had secret hiding places in every mountainside and would spring out upon millionaires when they least expected him. That was the kind of figure that they made of Robin Hood some centuries ago, and that is the figure in which the popular imagination conceived Arroyito. It is my ungrateful function to strip the halo from him and see him as he really is.

A Chat With Arroyito

FOR two years Arroyito had been the bogy man of Cuba, a terror to the rich and perhaps a cover for the misdeeds of other lawbreakers. No less than thirty-seven crimes are set down to his account, but the crime of murder is not one of them. This cannot be said of the other brigands of Cuban history, Solis, Lino Lima and Valera, who were all stained with the infamy of murder and worse. Of the crimes set against Arroyito, how many of them were actually of his doing we shall never know, for the only man who does know will never tell. If Arroyito had been a trained theatrical producer he could not have staged his various exploits more dramatically except in the final scene when, on April thirteenth of this year, he allowed himself to be captured tamely in disguise on the eve of leaving the country. To the Cuban public he had become a romantic figure and a crowd of ten thousand people gathered at the railway station in Havana as if he were Douglas Fairbanks or a circus parade in a small American town. El Mundo, one of the principal Havana newspapers, established a record in Cuban journalism by coming out with a front-page account of his capture within two hours of the event. It happened in this wise:

On the nineteenth of April last the police, who had received confidential information, boarded a trolley car which was bringing workmen from Guanabacoa to Regla at five o'clock in the morning. Captain Perdona, with Police Sergeants Rodriguez and Isidro, sprang upon the trolley car and shouted "Hands up!" Most of the thirty passengers were asleep, but in the last seat were a sleeping man and a man very markedly awake; moreover, he wore a *Chaplinesque* mustache—which is the Spanish for "in the mode of Charlie Chaplin"—that did not accord with his physiognomy, and when with the points of their pistols they paid particular attention to this grotesque figure he exclaimed, "I am done; spare my life; I have never killed a man!"

When they found in his pockets two loaded revolvers, a box of cartridges, a bottle of chloroform and a five-hundred-dollar bill, which formed part of the ransom paid for a captured millionaire, they felt certain they had made no mistake. After the preliminary formalities in the police station he was conveyed to Havana, where the cheering crowds were awaiting him, and from the station to the Presidio Prison, the safest place in Cuba for a prison breaker. There the boyish good humor which had so much to do with the admiration of the mob gave place to an eloquent melancholy; he is said to have remarked, "Here I shall remain for the rest of my life; my star is set, and I shall die in the prison; no one will be found to liberate me from such a place as this." This unwonted spasm of pessimism seems uncalled for in a country in which general amnesties are given to prisoners as an ordinary incident of political life.

When I had an interview with Arroyito a month later he had recovered much of his usual good spirits. History does not record the physical equipment of Robin Hood. Certainly he could not have been, like Arroyito, nearly as broad as he was long; almost certainly he had not a bullet-head supported by a massive and bull-like neck. Perhaps the one thing that the two men had in common was a frank and engaging smile and a colossal impudence. The prison surgeon had attended to a cut over his left eyebrow which he received when stealing a ride on the bumper of a railroad train on his way to the trolley car.

He gave a full and frank account of his career, and probably a considerable part of what he said was true. I did put the question to him as to whether he was married or had a sweetheart, because it had a bearing upon his outlawry. One cannot live in Cuba in the retirement of a cave and expect to be fed by the ravens, and I thought that his affiliations with the gentler sex might have been the means of keeping body and soul together. He remarked sadly that he had quite a number of girl friends, but that, of course, when he was in trouble they had all deserted him. I suggested that this was the way with women, and a bright smile of cordial agreement illuminated his countenance. But as I came to know a little later, he did not want for ravens; the chief raven was his own sister, Marina, and while a young woman of her energy remained at large he could count upon losing no flesh.

While he was talking with great animation to my companions I was able to study him with some care. He had none of the so-called stigmata of crime about him; rather he was a healthy, cheerful young animal of twenty-six, bursting with health and spirits, and full of the love of adventure. In fact he represented a type of criminal that is quite common in all countries. He would be brutal and violent when he was roused, but he would always prefer the smooth and easy way of good-fellowship, and he would relieve you of your valuables with a charming smile. As to his generosity, you rarely find a niggard among bandits. Money that is easily come by is easily parted with.

Love of Publicity

I ASKED Arroyito whether he had any settled policy in disposing of his plunder. "No," he replied, "but I have been poor myself, and have a sympathy with the poor, and naturally I give money away when I have it." When it is other people's money the Recording Angel may not think it worth while to make an entry of the benefaction.

It happened that on the day I visited Arroyito there had been a change in the wardenship of the prison. The outgoing warden was a soldier; he is now replaced by a medical man who has made a study of the treatment of lunacy in England and other countries. He was anxious to know my impression of Arroyito after the interview, which had been cut short by the sounding of the trumpet for dinner. I said that he was as sane as any of us, but that he was more than ordinarily vain and his besetting temptation was love of adventure. The warden agreed; he had read the case in the same way and was then trying to break his prisoner of his love of publicity by setting him to shoemaking and keeping his nose to the grindstone. "When he ceases to think of himself as a national hero he may settle down."

It is the boast of the police in Cuba that the serious crimes in the island are committed not by Cubans, but by foreigners—Mexicans and Spaniards. The number of serious crimes in proportion to the population is low, but as in all Latin countries, where a word commonly leads to a blow, and a blow to a knife, the proportion of murders to other crimes is relatively high. Capital punishment is so rare that the execution chair with its gruesome apparatus for garroting is now treated as a museum piece. If a

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ON BUSINESS

By Marguerite Curtis

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

THE story had been told to Pen so often that she knew it by heart. She scarcely needed to listen to hear over and over the words that her father had used that last time he told her about his business—a week before he died. She'd heard the story before, often; but somehow it had come then with an added poignancy from his lips.

Her father had a way—almost dramatic, Penelope thought—of making you see the thing just as if you'd been there.

"You see, Pennikins, I was lucky in a way; I had the idea at the exact minute. In those days" he smiled a bit "long before you were born, everything was at the height of ugliness. Women wore stiff velvets, but they only used plush for draperies." He began to laugh. "Oh, if you'd ever seen it, Pen, you'd have had a fit! Not the sort of plush we call furniture plush here in America, but a thinner thing with a sheen, made of silk threads; beautiful if they'd ever used any other color. But they never did. It was always crimson, different shades, but always the same color. We had curtains of them in the drawing-room in London, and portières. Your mother had them put up every autumn."

Perhaps No Woman Could Have Seen the Contents of Those Trunks Without a Gasping Breath of Admiration

"I know"—Penelope nodded her head—"and there were mantel drapes of it, with little silk cords and tassels." She screwed up her mouth. "Occasionally they give you a set like that on the stage—to go with bustles and trailing skirts."

"That's it! Well, I'd been manufacturing textiles for years in a small way; started in Bradford and moved to London, but never made much money. Then one day a customer came into the place—a woman. She wasn't used to wholesale houses, you could see that. She stepped out of a victoria and came into the dingy little office like a queen." He grinned, looking at his daughter. "I guess my ideas of a queen and yours are a bit different, Pen; but the whole world thought her lovely. She wore velvet and grebe; grebe about her jacket and on her short round muff."

"Grebe?"

"You never see it now," Charles Post explained. "It's the plumage of a sort of duck, not a fur at all. But they used to wear it a lot, and it was pretty, really; one of the few pretty things they had.

"Well, she swept right up to me—she was tall—and lifted the most magnificent pair of dark eyes I'd ever seen. 'I am looking for something; I—I can't explain,' she said, and then she laughed, a liquid sort of laugh, and her eyes were in play again."

Her father was smiling to himself as he talked. It was almost as if he saw her again, and Pen remembered that he had afterwards. She'd heard all this so often. He went on with his story:

"Well, she was an actress, she told me, and gave me her name, Mary Bolingbrooke. Even I knew it. That was the day of famous beauties, you see; and Mary Bolingbrooke had a generous heart and real talent. No stories had ever been told of her that were not to her credit, and people adored her. She was staying then with the Duchess of Norne

"To cut it short, the Duchess was giving a party and Mary Bolingbrooke was looking for something to knock 'em dead, something new to wear. She had ideas—something silky and sumptuous and different—but she could not find a thing in any of the shops. I had some fine goods, but nothing that would do. Finally she turned about, sighing.

"'Well, thank you for all your trouble, Mr. Post; but I can't see a thing ——'

"'I can!' I said, short, like that, I was so excited. 'Wait a minute!' I pulled out a doubled roll of plush. 'Twas woven double then, and it hadn't been dyed crimson. It was all shades, the way the silk had come. I rushed into the shearing shop and got it cut and ran back with it falling over my arm. She hadn't an idea what it was. Plush never looked that way when it was finished—just crimson, as I've said—and she gave a sort of gasp as I took one end and threw the thing over her shoulders. Then I turned her about and made her look into the mirror.

"'That do?' I said, sort of sharp. Because I knew it would, and I thought I'd got something.

"She studied it with her great dark eyes, not saying a thing for a minute. Then, more softly, but just as abrupt as I'd been, 'I'd want it in cream,' she said; 'deep, almost primrose, but not quite.'

"'When?'

"'Next Thursday.'

"'All right,' I said.

"She smiled at me."

Pen remembered he'd always added that. Mary Bolingbrooke's smile must have been something to remember.

"It happened that I had a consignment of raw silk from France, something I'd taken in settlement of a bad debt. The silkworms had been artificially fed on something different—lettuce leaves, perhaps, instead of on mulberry as usual—and the silk hadn't been boiled either, so the color was pale—half green, half primrose, really a strange, heavy cream. Of course we never used raw silk like that, but time was the thing. I set everything aside and took a loom myself. I did nothing but think about it. The silk was carded by hand; ridiculous to us now, but the best thing I could manage then to save time, and I wove it into the finest grade plush, heavy and soft, with a luster that nothing else ever had.

"Plush got awfully common at the last, before we left England, and only costers or gypsies wore it. I remember the outcry your mother raised after you were born—in America, that was—when I wanted you to have a cloak of white plush. All the same, I used to think—I suppose because I had originated it, really—that there was nothing like it for decorative effect.

"Mary Bolingbrooke wore it at the Duchess of Norne's party. She was tall and statuesque, with those dark eyes and chestnut hair, and her appearance created a sort of furor. I am sure there is nothing like that today. Just think, Pen, if Ethel Barrymore wore a new material at a party, can you imagine everyone rushing to buy it—even though she's a great artist?"

Dad smiling his queer sort of smile at the look on Penelope's face had drifted on with his story:

"But that's what happened then. Mary Bolingbrooke looked so wonderful that they all saw themselves looking just like her. I'd applied for a patent on my material, so when the onslaught came no one else could take the trade away, though we'd plenty of imitators. Why, for five years no one who was anyone wore much besides Post's plush!"

"And you made a million!"

"And lost it!"

"Well, but, darling," Pen had said seriously, "that's the part I've never been able to understand. It wasn't merely a million dollars; it was a million pounds. How could you lose all that? Of course it was your first fortune, not the one you made after I was born; but how could it disappear?"

Her father laughed; he could laugh about it at the end—that was the wonderful thing about him.

"Why, bless your heart, haven't you ever heard of overexpansion? I built factories so fast to take care of the demand for the plushes, and I had to borrow to do that, and I suppose I thought the boom would last forever." He added thoughtfully, "It might have lasted longer if the demand had not been supplied."

"And I suppose Mary Bolingbrooke forgot all about plush, and wore satin, or something."

"No, she died," said her father. "I saw her once at Drury Lane; melodrama; but all the same, what an actress! She sent us tickets, and we went back to see her at the end of the play, and took her out to supper, and she wore my dress—the first plush I ever made. It was like new, Pennikins; my plushes never wore out; there was no shoddy in them anywhere."

"I know there wasn't, darling," she told him. "Why, the pieces you have in the trunks are the most gorgeous ——"

"Oh, yes, the trunks!"

He seemed glad to be reminded of them. For a moment he shut his eyes wearily, as if he were too tired to make the effort; then opened them widely, the old humorous light in them as he looked at her.

"You've got to be wiser than your daddy was, Pennikins. You hang onto those trunks until you're offered something real for them, either brains or money. And if it's money, my dear, don't forget to keep a string on the plush when Post's plushes come back to life; don't let the cleverest business man shut the last of the Post family away from the manufacture of the plush. I could have sold it all years ago, but they wanted to shut me out. Hang onto your rights, child, and some day you'll come into your own again. There's enough to keep you until you can do that, and Philip Lawton holds Aresia Copper bonds in your name for an emergency. You'll be all right, honey."

Penelope couldn't follow that train of thought any longer, not without crying. Dad had been dead three years; but sometimes it was as if she had only to stretch out her hand to touch him, he seemed so near. This, somehow, was one of the times.

She leaned her chin on her hands, staring about the big room. She and Aunt Rachel would have to leave here, that was all there was about it. Park Avenue and her bank balance did not agree.

She went on, sighing, with the writing of the monthly checks. How she hated the first of any month! And it would be the first again before she could turn round, and another miserable set of checks would have to be made out. A worried little frown appeared on the smooth whiteness of her forehead, and she did some figuring, rapidly, on the back of an envelope. Finally, the work finished, she opened a drawer and locked away her papers, sitting motionless, staring out of the window. Lights shone over New York, the city of magic for the rich, of pending tragedy for the poor. She knew only the magic side. This apartment, comparatively small in her eyes, was home to her; for she and Aunt Rachel had moved into it when her father died three years ago. Not much of a move, for they had lived in the same apartment building for several years. After the luxury of the big apartment her father had possessed, it had seemed tiny. But the sweep of her big living room, the dignified library, the simple luxury of the two smaller bedrooms and the trim little kitchen represented an outlay she could not possibly manage to continue much longer. She smiled to herself rather woefully.

It did seem—didn't it?—as if she ought to be able to afford a home of this sort. Swiftly she opened her bank book, looked at the figures again, even though she knew

them perfectly. Actually she ought to move out of here right away, she supposed, sublet the apartment, save the money for the rent, the expensive hotel service of meals, the thousand and one extras that were part of the toll of living here. She could stay on for three months, she calculated, before she was down to rock bottom. If only she had known more about business it would not have been such a problem. She'd often thought of the plush patents before, but put off tackling them. She didn't know how money was made, for her father had been a wealthy man, even though he had lost so much money before he came to America. Money seemed to grow for him, almost. He'd educated her as the daughter of a rich man; she'd gone to the most expensive school in the country. Her father had sold out his business when he became ill. Except for old McGuire, who'd been foreman in his factory and bought it out little by little, she had no affiliations with the textile industry. How could she start again the manufacture and sale of Post's plushes?

Suddenly she pulled the telephone towards her decisively. But before she could speak into it the voice of the operator downstairs came smoothly over the wire.

"Miss Post? Miss Naylor's maid has just called up to know if you will go to the dressmaker's tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

"To Amrin's?" said Penelope. "Why, yes. Find out if Miss Naylor will drop round here for me, will you, please? And if William hasn't gone home, will you send him up?"

William, the house man, appeared in a few minutes at the door of Penelope's apartment. She stepped out, closing the door behind her softly so that she would not disturb her aunt. It was nearly half past eleven.

"William, I want to go down to the trunk room and open some trunks. Can you spare time to help me?"

The colored man beamed broadly.

"Indeed I can, Miss Post."

He piloted the service elevator skillfully and took her into the finely lighted basement.

Penelope faced sixteen trunks—great big trunks with locks of a specially constructed pattern. William hauled them down for her, set them up in a row, unlocked them. Penelope glanced at her watch and told him to come back in half an hour. Then she opened the first one slowly.

Perhaps no woman could have seen the contents of those trunks without a gasping breath of admiration. One after another the plushes were taken out, gray and brown and henna, a purple of the royal hue, all the things that dad had made a fortune with and—lost. Great rolls of shimmering, lustrous colors; soft and exquisite as nothing else ever was, Pen thought. She'd forgotten how beautiful they were. She took up a roll of old-gold plush and opened it out on the newspapers William had spread for her on the cement floor. It caught the light and glowed. Beside it there was a green, the color of young beech leaves. Followed black and amethyst, rose and azure and silver; the blue of the sky in summer, and the hazy blue-gray black of a storm cloud. There was no end to the loveliness of the material. It draped into folds so soft that shining light was lost in the depths. The murkiness of the black sheen was deeper than anything Pen had ever noticed in other goods. It might have been the blackness of a pool at night; there was the same shimmering quality

But it was in the taupes and browns and deep dark colors for winter that the quality stood out beyond and above even the colors. Beautiful! It was like having her father back again. Suddenly tears rose to her eyes. Her father had not been mistaken; there was nothing quite like Post's plushes.

But if only he'd been able to give her a little more definite information about going into business! What could she do in getting these things on the market? She was twenty-two; she'd had no experience. Well, the thing to do was to market her ignorance. She began to laugh again; it was exactly the sort of thing her father had always said. But to say it and to know how to do it were two different things.

That she had a big thing here from the textile standpoint she did not doubt; but even dear dad, with all his experience, had not managed to make Post's plushes again the fashion.

Still, there had been enough money while he was living, and even now no one suspected any lack. Penelope had been able to keep up her friendship with Gloria Naylor, daughter of the great financier, her closest friend at school. She had moved with the wealthy people of the city; never known any lack of anything, even in these years since her father had died. Not, that was, until now. But she realized suddenly that she could not go on as she had been going. It meant giving up her apartment, taking a cheaper place, or at the end of three months being forced out for lack of money. When there wasn't much left, how money did seem to vanish, Pen thought.

Of course she knew that it had been absurd for them to live upon principal in this way. But Aunt Rachel had managed it at first, and Penelope had known nothing except to go on in the same way. Now she set her little chin determinedly, deciding that something must be done.

Something; but what? Pen had very little idea when she put the plushes back carefully in the trunks and tipped William generously for his help. Far into the night she lay thinking the matter out, but no ray of light came.

Of course she could always go to Philip Lawton, ask his advice. He had been her father's legal adviser and friend as well. He was immersed in big affairs; it would be easy for him to direct her. But she had never done this yet, and she shrank from putting her affairs unreservedly in the hands of anyone. She must have some plan first; some definite plan. She knew that the rights to Post's plushes were valuable. If -well, if a big financier like Herbohm Naylor got hold of them, for instance, he could do a great deal with them. But somehow she knew that in that event she would be left out of the reckoning; given a satisfactory income, of course, because she happened to be Gloria's friend, and that would be all. She'd know nothing of the business affairs, and Post's plushes would be manufactured, advertised, put on the market without her being able to say a thing about it.

No; to mention this to Gloria was out of the question; pride prevented, for one thing; and for another, Penelope discovered within herself a desire to carry on in some way this thing her father had begun. Hadn't that been what he had wanted, after all?

How many times, looking at her wistfully, he had said, "Ah, Pennikins, if you'd only been a boy!"

Gloria came into her living room like a whirlwind the next morning and threw herself into a big chair, calling out to her friend impatiently:

"Listen, baby darling, if you aren't ready in one minute you'll have to go without dolling up, so there! I've got an appointment."

"Glo, I went to bed awfully late. I wasn't up when they announced you on the phone. Besides—I don't!"

"Penelope Post, you couldn't look the way you do if you didn't doll, so there!"

"I don't make up my eyes, or rouge."

"Don't need to, with that complexion."

Gloria never had any compunction about changing her tactics. Pen knew from the difference in tone, the absent sound back of her words, that something had attracted her interest. In a minute she laughed.

"Say, seen the paper this morning?"

"No, why?"

"Listen, there's a girl here who's been left a fortune; unknown uncle and all that. Wouldn't you think they'd run out of uncles—but they never seem to. Well, the girl's at boarding school, and the reporter went to see her. Do you know what the kid said? They've made a headline of it."

"No; what?"

"Now I shall be able to have a petal-sheen blouse!"

Gloria's laugh rang out again, boisterous, amused. Pen was glad that she wasn't in her room, to see the sudden change that passed over her face, the look of somber anticipation that came into her eyes. Of course Gloria, petted and spoiled daughter of a famous banker, couldn't understand about that; she'd never had to long for something that she couldn't get;

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"Everyone is Talking About You, Saying You are Getting So Pale." "I'm Not, Glory; I Have Lots of Color, See?" The Girl Had Flamed Rosy. "The Fact is," She Said Seriously, "I am Too Tired at Night to Dance"

Canning Music the World Over

By JOHN MAPPLEBECK

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"YOU see, we sold the Latin American brother a phonograph. And then all we had to sell him to play on it was Yankee Doodle. When the phonograph was invented people thought that it would be used, among other things, to make books for the blind, teach elocution, keep a family album of voices, make music boxes and speaking dolls, and record telephone talks. The machine lagged nearly twenty-five years before music in the home was found to be its big commercial field. The first entertainment records were pretty limited—I am speaking of twenty-five years ago. Recording was crude. We had band music, but no ragtime, much less, jazz. The great opera singers, violinists and orchestral records were all in the future."

The export-producing director of a big phonograph company was explaining a phase of that business almost unknown to the American phonograph fan—the making of records for people in other countries. In the archives of these companies there are today tens of thousands of records made in other lands—songs, recitations, ballads, drama and folklore in many languages, with music of strange kinds, played on strange instruments. Sometimes they are sold to people in our foreign-language colonies, but more often the sale is limited to the countries where they were made. In the record libraries of several phonograph concerns in the United States it is possible to hear more Chinese drama, Japanese historical ballads, Argentine gaucho music or Cuban *danzónes* than in months of travel through those countries—some of it music that has passed away. For the thousands of master records, carefully preserved, represent nearly twenty years of most interesting musical exploration by the recording expeditions that are constantly going out to other lands.

"We sold Yankee Doodle as long as possible to the folks in other countries," continued the director. He has circled the globe several times with these recording expeditions, and has the music and entertainment of many nations at his fingers' ends. "When they got tired and wouldn't buy it any longer we turned our thoughts to making records of their own music, and in their own languages."

Catching Music on its Native Heath

IT LOOKED simple enough at the outset. The sheet music of the latest *danzónes*, tangos and machiches was secured from Havana, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, played by American bands and pressed in disks. But when the records reached the Latin American brother they were no longer popular—tangos and *danzónes* are as the snowflake in the river, a moment heard, then gone forever, just like our jazz. And the Latin American brother didn't recognize his own music! For the score of a tango or machiche is something like shorthand. Where our jazz is written with full harmony and instrumentation, to be played alike by musicians all over the country, Latin American dance music is usually a simple melody upon which the players embroider their own variations and syncopations. These are instinctive, born in them, different in each country. They couldn't be written. If they were written, no Brazilian orchestra could ever catch the strident swing of a Cuban *danzón*, nor any Cuban band put the happy little native lilt into a Brazilian machiche. Our conscientious bands—and in those days it was chiefly the military band that made records for the phonograph companies—simply played every note they saw. There weren't very many notes. Time was wrong, instrumentation wrong. How were they to know that in Argentina the tango orchestra is made up largely of accordions?

However, that did for a beginning. Latin Americans were impressed by the intention if not the results, and they did get fair phonograph records of music like their national anthems. Quick to see what was lacking, the record directors took the second logical step—sent down for native orchestras, and had them make records in New York.

A particularly interesting musical organization was found among the Antioquian Indians of Colombia, a couple of hundred miles from Bogotá. The players used guitars, mandolins and violins, playing old Spanish music sometimes dating back to the *conquistadores*, with decided Indian characteristics. Arrangements were made to bring this band down from Bogotá by the long river trip, and thence to New York. When the boat docked the record director was on hand to meet his performers. After immigration and customs formalities had been attended to, he led them toward the Elevated railway, having engaged a boarding house uptown. Just as they got under the L a train thundered overhead. Turning around, the director saw his Indians scooting like deer back to the boat.

"Here! Hombres! What's the matter?" he asked, catching up after running two blocks.

"Earthquake!" was their laconic explanation.

At the boarding house entirely new room arrangements had to be made, for the Indians had never lived above the ground floor and said going above it made them dizzy. But once settled, they played some beautiful records, which are still sold in Colombia, though that was nearly twenty years ago.

Next came the recording expedition, the first one being sent to Mexico, partly because that country was near at hand and also because the Mexicans were excellent customers. Several months and a good many thousand dollars were spent in Mexico City making records of bands, singers and actors in the capital, as well as bringing in characteristic music from provinces. But every one of these records was lost on the way home. The manufacturers knew little of the difficulties to be overcome, and the soft wax on which records are taken melted in transit.

Then several Mexican artists were brought to New York, singers and guitar players, who recorded serious compositions, comic songs and the music of the *peones*, or country people. This gave a Mexican list that was the most satisfactory up to that time, but it did not begin to scratch the surface of Mexico's musical resources. So a better-equipped recording expedition was sent to Mexico City, and worked nearly a year. It made records of opera singers, concert-hall artists, the famous Police Band, and other music and entertainment in the capital, and also brought in Indian bands from Yucatan, playing the old Maya music of pre-Spanish days, with other provincial organizations. Some particularly fine records were made by the band of the Rurales, or federal police, ordered down from the north for that purpose by President Diaz. He was decidedly partial to this band because it represented an organization that testified to his ability as a ruler. Formerly Mexico had been overrun with bandits, and Diaz hit upon the idea of forming them into a rural-police force with a gaudy uniform, and made Mexico a much safer country than it was, especially for foreigners.

"We Sold Yankee Doodle as Long as Possible to the Folks in Other Countries"

These records reached New York safely, and were so eagerly bought by the Mexicans that one or another of the phonograph companies now has a recording expedition in Mexico most of the time, as they are sent out about every eighteen months. The recording expedition is now so well equipped that records are seldom lost. Generally two men with long experience in recording unusual instruments and music go along, taking a portable recording machine run by a weight motor of the kind used in lighthouses; so it is not dependent upon local electric power, which may vary or be lacking altogether.

The Mechanics of Recording

IN SOME cases the recording mechanism is carefully guarded, only the two attendants being allowed in the room where it is set up. Phonograph records are made on soft wax, and the original, or master matrix, is carefully packed in a special hermetically sealed container, holding ten or twelve safely under all conditions of heat, cold or damp, and shipped to the United States. Coated with powdered graphite and put into an electroplating battery, it is covered with a film of copper in about twenty-four hours. That in turn is electroplated to get a mother matrix from which the records sold to the public are pressed; shellac, rotten rock and coloring material like lampblack form the basis of record compositions, though they vary. Occasionally an electroplating outfit can be sent along, where the recording is done in a city, and the masters made on the spot, lessening the risk of shipping the wax originals as well as saving time. The room in which recording is done must be carefully chosen, and be free of echoes and room tone, or the peculiar acoustic property in a room that throws your voice back. Skill and experience are also needed in the placing of the performers in making each record so the different instruments or voices will register evenly. With a band, for example, the player with the big brass tuba is seated some distance from the horn that leads into the hidden recording machine, and he will also be seated on a low chair, while the piccolo player is brought close to the horn and seated on a high chair. Naturally, native bands and orchestras often require considerable study to get just the right arrangement, and there

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INTO EACH LIFE

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I CAN remember sitting, when I was a small boy, in the end of a pew and looking across at Ben Braik and Emmy Umlong, and wondering how a fellow could ever get to be so loony that he would allow a girl to moon-calf at him that way. If any girl had moon-calfed at me that way I would have given her a kick in the shin—in those days. We do change as we grow older. We actually get so we like a little moon-calfing.

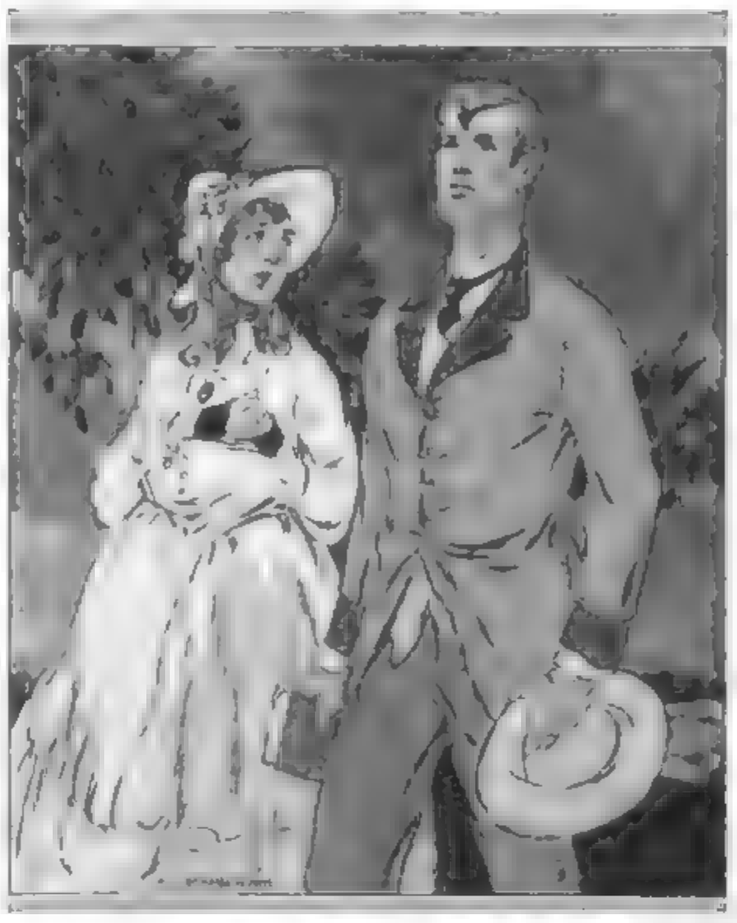
But Emmy Umlong did have a worse than usual case. It must have been, to make me notice it, because all the girls in Wicket's Bible Class were affectionately inclined, it being the brook-and-river section of their lives then, and it was a rather sure bet that if a boy came to old Wicketty's Bible Class he had a girl in it. Otherwise he went to some other Bible class, where the girl was, that being the nature of youth.

This Emmy Umlong, as I remember her from those days, was a nice little thing, small and plumpish, with wide, adoring eyes, and no frizzed hair or bangs or other nonsense. Simple and sweet and good. Heaven only knows why she always suggested to me a pair of soft warm woolen stockings, comfortable—as you might say—to cold feet. She wore a brown velvet hat with a bunch of forget-me-nots on it; she wore it for years.

But no matter! She adored Ben Braik, and the big fellow evidently permitted her to adore. I can imagine her saying "You're so wonderful, Ben!" and "I don't see how you ever think of such bright things to say, Ben!" and generally snuggling up to him and looking up at him and sighing happily.

Well and good! So they were married and settled down to honest small-town-home happiness right here in Riverbank, and Ben became better and better liked as a lawyer. He had a way with him that took. He was a big fellow, with a huge hearty voice and a high-held head and flashing eye, and a lock of brown hair drooping over his forehead; and—I may as well say it—a frock coat with a senatorial cut to it. When he stood on the platform at the Opera House and stuck three fingers in the breast of that coat, and threw back his head, and flashed his eyes, and let out that roar of his voice, and told why Dinny McCarthy should be elected alderman of the third ward—well, you knew Ben Braik was going to be governor or senator some day, if not President of these United States! He looked it.

Now, I wouldn't have said this next a few years ago, but since that jolly little rascal of a Sinclair Lewis has let loose some of the jokes about the Main Streets, I don't mind saying that Riverbank was considerably slouchy in those



But Emmy Umlong Did Have a Worse Than Usual Case

days. When the weather got around 95 and 100 in the shade we did take off our coats, and our vests too. And we wore suspenders. On a real hot day the chivalry and worth of Riverbank did go up and down Main Street with sweat-wet puffs of shirt sticking out between the suspenders on their backs, and the man who had left home at seven A.M. with a brand-new paper collar—twelve for ten cents—gave it up as a bad wilt by ten A.M. and shed it, along with the paper cuffs that had been turned once or twice. We were slouchy, and no denying it. There was room for a peck of oats in the knee-bagginess of most of our pants, and the average citizen got a shoe-shine Saturday afternoon, and a shave Wednesday and Saturday, and his regular coat-wearing time was from 10:30 Sunday morning until 12:20—and oh my goodness how nice it felt to get that coat off!

But not Ben Braik! You might say that most of the men in Riverbank had women they were married to but that Ben Braik had a wife. I don't know that that means anything, but it sounds as if it meant what I mean. I, for instance, used to yell down the back stairs: "Say, Mary, where in thunder did you put my shirts? What? I can't hear a word you say. I say, where did you put my shirts? Well, for cat's sake! Why couldn't you sew the buttons on one of them? Well, all right! ALL RIGHT! I can wear this one again—I'm darned if I care if you don't." But it was not that way with Ben Braik and his wife. When he got up in the morning—zip!—there was his clean shirt and his clean paper collar and his clean paper cuffs, and a clean pair of socks or suit of underwear or whatever he needed, on the chair by his bed, with the cuff buttons in the buttonholes of the cuffs, and the cuff attachers in the other buttonholes of the cuffs, and the sleeve holders with their little blue bows all nicely slipped onto the sleeves of the shirt! And Emmy would kiss him when he came down to breakfast and run a hand over his handsome cheeks and, maybe, say: "You might just run up after breakfast and go over this cheek again, Ben dear; it's a little rougher than you like it."

Clean pocket handkerchiefs, linen vest like the side of a new-painted white house! And a coat, no matter how hot the weather. Silk hat on Sunday, of course; and Emmy would be dressed ten minutes ahead of Ben and caressing the hat with a hand pad of velvet until every fiber of silk lay flat and shiny. A real wife, I tell you! Many a time when I have cussed myself into my Sunday clothes I've found my wife waiting for me downstairs, and when I asked "Are you sitting on my hat?" she would say, "If you hung your hat up it would not be where I would sit on it." Not that I cared. I've never been finicky about hats.

But Emmy always was careful about Ben. She worshiped him, and it was right enough that her shrine should be fine and beautiful. It did us all good to see how she tended Ben—us and our wives. Any wife in Riverbank could have learned a lesson or two from Emmy.

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And the Nurse Continued His Reading. The Book Was Alice in Wonderland

POLITICS BY EAR

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IF MRS. PRISSY had been chemically analyzed she would have shown a formula consisting of seventy-four per cent morals aghast and twenty-six per cent ambition to make everybody else's morals assume the same affrighted posture. If words belonged to a labor union, that four-syllabled one "indelicate" would have enriched itself on overtime. She believed in cabbage leaves, and that the apple Eve ate in the garden was a Maiden's Blush. As for legs, they were a distinctly masculine attribute, and all ladies worthy of the name had their feet pinned to the hems of their skirts with safety pins. She could have found a wealth of censorable matter in the Elsie books, and the blush of shame was so constant upon her cheeks that strangers remarked upon her coloring.

Nevertheless, or perhaps in consequence, she was somewhat of a power in the land. She was always present and tenaciously vocal; and though she may have had no extensive following, she exerted an influence.

As for Geraldine McKellar, unpaid private secretary to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, titular head of the Woman's Party in Corinth, she disliked Mrs. Prissy with skill and pointedness. It was natural, for Jerry was natural. Jerry was as frank as a billboard, and was able to see very little evil in a world that took so much pains to make things pleasant for her. She horrified Mrs. Prissy by riding a horse as Nature intended a horse should be ridden—astride, and not pasted on one side of it like a postage stamp. When she played golf she wore knickerbockers, and when she went bathing she wore a one-piece bathing suit. Mrs. Prissy publicly called this bathing suit indecent, whereat Jerry retaliated by spreading the story that Mrs. Prissy took her bath in a dark room, and had rather the better of it. It may be imagined the ladies were not congenial.

It was not, however, until Mrs. Prissy announced her candidacy for the Corinth School Board that she became really of importance to Jerry, for at this time only matters political were able to claim much of her attention. It was a new game she had discovered and she loved playing it.

Jerry took immediate action. She went to Mrs. Tom Terry, called Mrs. Tom by everyone who knew her, and sowed in that matron the seed of political ambition. Jerry did this by way of offering a contrast, for what Mrs. Prissy was Mrs. Tom was not. Mrs. Tom was one of those matrons of irreproachable reputation who are not susceptible to shock. As she said to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt when that good lady remonstrated with her on an occasion, "I mind my own business and suit my husband, and I don't give a tinker's hoorah what anybody says about me." And she didn't. It was no pose. Wherefore it was Mrs. Tom whom Jerry McKellar selected to be Mrs. Prissy's opponent for the Woman's Party's nomination for school trustee.

The thing was of no real importance to the human race or to Jerry; she merely started it on one of her energetic days to keep her hand in. But one never can tell. One of the conditions that make life on this agitated sphere so thrilling to those who take the time to observe is just that—that you never can tell.

Another condition which adds equally to the joy of being alive to see what goes on, is that so many different kinds of things are happening in different places, and nobody can hazard a guess how they will affect one another, or what seemingly utterly detached event they may bear down upon and ravage.

Consequently, remote as it may seem from the election of a member of the school board, it may be worth while to notice that it was at this exact period in the world's history that Lizzie Tomlet, wife of the well-known alderman of that name, discovered that she was not in society. As was her custom in all crises, she took the matter up with her husband.

"I'm Hating to See Nellie Jason Wearing Her Title a Little Crooked," Said Mrs. Tom. "Nellie Was a Nice, Kind-Hearted Girl, But She Always Looked as if She Dressed After Somebody Hollered Fire"

"Alderman," said she, for she always addressed him by his title, "Emma Green and me has been talking."

Mrs. Green was to Mrs. Tomlet as is the pea vine to the stake up which it climbs.

"It's been done before," said the alderman shortly.

"You're a big man in this town," said Lizzie. "There isn't a day when the papers don't mention your name, and Lord knows, enough folks come to you to get things done."

"Did you and Emma discover that alone, or did somebody tell you?"

"What we discovered," said Mrs. Tomlet a trifle waspishly, "is that it don't do me no good."

"You eat," said the alderman succinctly.

"Who with?" demanded Mrs. Tomlet, thus arriving somewhat unexpectedly at the gist of the matter.

The alderman looked a trifle startled and altogether bewildered. The retorted question came with such a snap and was so extremely categorical that it left him dangling mentally in the air. What kind of reply could a man make to such a question? Yet, it appeared, an exact and illuminating answer was required of him. But Lizzie saved him from intellectual wear and tear.

"Do I eat with the Lattimer-Pratts or the McKellars or the Lentilses or the Prissys or the Terrys or any of them? Do I?" She did not pause for reply, but answered her own questions with emphasis. "I do not!"

"What of it?" asked the alderman, who, notwithstanding certain faults of a political and perhaps of a financial nature, was not one to be dissatisfied with his station in life, not a man who could yearn to be other than of the plain people.

"Ain't I as good as them?"

"I must 'a' thought so once," said the alderman, "or I wouldn't 'a' picked you out to marry. I'd 'a' done my courtin' up on Piety Hill instead of down in Corktown."

"Ain't you as important in this town as any of their husbands?"

"Well," said the alderman with excusable vanity, "I'll admit to swingin' a hefty mallet."

"Ain't you as rich as any of 'em?"

"I'm gittin' there—I'm gittin' there. About two years more at the trough and I guess I'll be able to clip coupons with most folks."

"Ain't we got as good a house, and don't we spend as much as anybody? And ain't we got a chauffeur with a uniform? And Lord knows I pay as much for my clothes as a body can."

"There's different ways of bein' crazy," said the alderman.

"Anything you want you get," she said with the voice of accusation.

"Anything," retorted her husband, "that you want you get charged, and I have to pay for it the first of the month."

"But if I get my heart set on somethin' nobody pays any attention."

"You don't stop talkin' long enough to give 'em a chance," said Mr. Tomlet. "What in blazes do you want?"

"I want," said Mrs. Tomlet, "to be took up by society."

"Gawd!" said Mr. Tomlet.

"And if you was half a husband, or had a heart under your shirt, you'd make 'em take me up. You can!"

"Mebby," said the alderman.

"Will you?" asked his wife.

"I don't see no sense in it."

"A body might as well live right among cultivated folks as to spend her life with them that rather have corned beef and cabbage."

"Jest what do you want, anyhow?"

"I want to be exclusive, like them women."

The alderman reflected.

"Well," he said, "we kin afford it, and I don't see no harm can come from it. . . . I know all their husbands, and that's a start, and I'm doin' 'em favors. Now where d'you aim to start?"

"I want," said Mrs. Tomlet, "to join the country club."

"And play golf?" There was a hint of sarcasm in the alderman's voice.

"Mebby."

"Well, Lizzie, I guess you're hefty enough to knock the ball as fur as any of 'em. I'll fix it this afternoon."

Which was that.

II

ON THE following Sunday the Rev. Thomas Wykes preached an eloquent and fiery sermon on the subject of Sabbath observance, particularly and most emphatically laying the blame for modern laxity upon those leaders in our civic life, those men to whom the world looks for example and guidance, who play golf upon that day. Alderman Middle, whose business in life was to introduce freak ordinances before the common council, was one of Mr. Wykes' parishioners, and in that capacity was present with both ears leaning slightly forward at attention. The sermon so impressed him that he went immediately home,

declined to eat Sunday dinner, and in his study drafted a law so stringent, so drastic and with penalties so severe that—in the event of its passage—it would be less disadvantageous to commit robbery in the nighttime than to indulge in a game of mumble-the-peg within the civic limits of Corinth on the first day of the week. This measure he caused to be presented to the board of aldermen on the following Tuesday.

Thus we have three separate and distinct events, unrelated at birth, but destined, nevertheless, to bear down upon one another with the ferocity of three summer thunder showers seeking a common center upon which to wreak destruction.

III

MRS. PRISSY was talking. It was her custom, and such long hours had she given to the practice of the art that she could now do so automatically and without the least need of giving it any mental supervision. She turned the faucet, as it were, and censure poured out of her in a limpid, chilling stream. At the moment her remarks were directed to the upbringing and education of children, with especial reference to the shortcomings of our public schools, and with particular attention drawn to the reforms she would accomplish when she became a member of the board of education

"Honeycombed, positively honeycombed with indelicacy, not to say downright—er—suggestiveness. I have given close attention to our schools and I know whereof I speak. If a child had been brought to Mr. Prissy and myself, I would not have tolerated its attendance at public school an instant."

Mrs. Tom Terry chose this moment to come bursting into Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's drawing-room as if it were a train she had just caught by leaping on the rear platform. She was breathless as usual, dynamic, as full of gestures as a semaphore at a busy junction, and her voice boomed out vigorously.

"Girls, I just dropped in to tell you the news. Yep. I'm going to be school trustee. Now don't hold your sides. Decided last night. So you've all got to get out and scratch gravel for me."

There was a silence of some awkwardness, which was broken at last by Mrs. Prissy.

"I am going to be school trustee," she said, "and I made my announcement first "

"Don't you ever think it, my dear," said Mrs. Tom with the good-natured contempt that a St. Bernard might show for a Mexican hairless. "Better get out of the way of the cars. When I go after a thing I get it. The school board for me!"

Mrs. Prissy glanced about her with lifted eyebrows, slowly, eloquently.

"I am sure no one desires to criticize Mrs. Terry's mode of life, nor—if she finds a certain crude pleasure in it—her language, among adults not susceptible to such influences. But I ask you, ladies, is she a suitable person to be thrown into intimate contact with children?"

Mrs. Tom laughed wholeheartedly.

"Children! Where do you get off with this children stuff? I've had three up to date, and I'm not so old but maybe I'll have four or five more. But you—if you ever had a kid it would be by the orphan-asylum route, and when you adopted it you wouldn't know whether to dress it as a boy or a girl."

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt," said Mrs. Prissy, "what are you going to do about it? I was first in the field. Do I get the support of the Woman's Party, or do I not?"

Jerry McKellar, seated by her principal's side, whispered in her ear, and then addressed both Mrs. Prissy and Mrs. Tom:

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt feels that this is a matter of such importance that a meeting of the executive committee should be called. However, her private opinion is that when two members of the party seek nomination for the same place the officials should take no hand in the matter. In other words, fight out your little Kilkenny and the organization'll back the survivor."

"Fair enough," said Mrs. Tom.

"I think," said Mrs. Prissy, "that if worse comes to worst I can get along without the backing of this organization—if this organization wishes to go on record as preferring indelicacy to the conservatism and purity of which I have always been the advocate."

"That," said Jerry, "has all the teeth and claws of a threat "

"It is," said Mrs. Prissy acidly, yet with a certain triumphant confidence in her voice. "My husband ——"

"She makes him go out to the garage to smoke," Mrs. Tom whispered to her neighbor, "and heaven only knows where he sleeps!"

"My husband advised me," she continued, "to make certain before I announced my candidacy—to insure my election. He said that was good politics, so I did it; or rather he did it for me."

"Nice of him," said Jerry, "but how did he manage it?"

"He got Alderman Tomlet to promise to elect me," said Mrs. Prissy.

"Alderman Tomlet!" exclaimed Mrs. Burtis, and then there followed a moment of blank, disconcerted silence, through which Mrs. Prissy purred and preened herself most irritatingly.

"So I think," she said, "Mrs. Tom had better withdraw gracefully."

"Not," said Mrs. Tom, "if the court knows herself, and she thinks she do. Somehow I got the idea this party was formed to buck that sort of politics—to clean things up and do away with wire pulling and crookedness. I had a sneaking idea we were going to try to abolish such folks as this Tomlet person and to give the decent majority a say as to who ran the city. Um—fine citizen you are, Mrs. Prissy, four-flushing around the world saying 'limb' when you mean 'leg,' and then throwing your arms around the neck of the first crooked politician who offers to hand you something for something."

"The end," said Mrs. Prissy, "justifies the means."

"If that's purity," said Mrs. Tom, "thank heaven I never was exposed to it"

Throughout this exchange of amenities Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt sat like some Anglo-Saxon equivalent of Buddha, impassive, motionless, either too greatly concerned with major affairs to allow a minor flurry to agitate her, or else too buttressed by mental inertia to realize quite what was happening. Presently she turned ponderously to Jerry.

"Do you know," she said in a whisper, "I have found this Mr. Tomlet a nice, friendly person."

"Those are his tools," said Jerry. "He lugs them around as a plumber does a torch and a monkey wrench." She turned to the room: "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt calls a meeting of the executive committee for tomorrow morning at ten. Will someone see Mrs. Lentils today? It will save telephoning."

But it was not to be necessary to see or to telephone that champion of blue blood and pedigrees, for at that instant she entered the room, stately, aloof, fragile, as an aristocrat should be. As she entered she sniffed. One could see at once that the world had a wrinkle in its heel. She sniffed again, and then, her eyes falling upon Mrs. Prissy, she pursed her lips and lifted her eyebrows in a most significant and highly insulting manner.

"Ladies," she said, "what do you suppose has happened? What? I could not bring myself to believe it. I would not credit my ears. Is there no place that is safe from these climbers?"

Jerry's eyes twinkled.

"It is our country's boast that any boy, no matter how humble his origin, may aspire to be President."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lentils, "and the trouble is that he generally does and is. But the Constitution, or whatever it is, never said a word about country clubs."

"Country clubs? What about country clubs?"

"Are they, or are they not, supposed to be made up of our best people? Is it not considered, in Corinth at any rate, equivalent to a guaranty of one's social position to be elected a member of our club? "

"It is," said Mrs. Burtis. "Unquestionably you are right, Mrs. Lentils."

"Personally, I shall resign," said Mrs. Lentils. "I shall compel my husband to resign if this person is elected. If our board of governors so far forgets its duty ——"

"What person?" Jerry asked

"Alderman Tomlet," said Mrs. Lentils.

For the second time mention of that gentleman's name immersed the room in stricken silence. Alderman Tomlet applying for admission to the country club! Immediately the attention of the ladies flitted away from the alderman's chubby person to the more imposing elevation of his wife. Lizzie Tomlet, with her mauve limousine and fearful wardrobe, was famous in Corinth, and the idea of seeing her on the terrace of the country club was abhorrent to more than one of those present. It was unspeakable, unthinkable.

"But who—I would like to be told who—is to blame for this outrage? Who proposed the man for membership?" This from Mrs. Burtis.

Again Mrs. Lentils lifted her brows and permitted a supercilious smile to twist the corners of her mouth.

"You may well ask," she said, "and I am sure you will be astonished to learn." Here she turned to face Mrs. Prissy, who sat stiff and defiant in her place. "The name of the man who so far

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"That Woman My Guest! Certainly Not! I Don't Even Know Who She Is!"

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

Portugal—By Norval Richardson

WHEN I told a friend I had spent a year and a half in Lisbon he looked at me in amazement and exclaimed "Wasn't it a frightful experience?"

"Frightful! Why?"

"Don't they have revolutions there all the time?"

I had to admit they had a few. "But somehow they don't interfere with one's comfort."

"Didn't I read last year that they shot their Prime Minister and several of the cabinet?"

Again I had to admit that he was right.

"And I seem to have heard that people walk about the streets with smallpox and bubonic plague and all sorts of terrifying diseases. Spend a year in a place like that—in danger of either being shot or dying of some medieval malady! What under the sun made you stay there?"

It does sound absurd—when one concentrates on all the extraordinary things that happen in Portugal—to say that I never enjoyed any place more; and yet such a statement is quite true. I suppose the climate has much to do with making it so attractive; it is the most heavenly climate in the world; the much reputed Riviera is harsh by comparison; and gorgeously golden winters and cool summers make you feel that nothing is worth bothering about—least of all those chronic national revolutions. It is also an exceptionally beautiful country—I am almost tempted to say it is as beautiful as Italy—with strangely fascinating architecture and some very lovely cities, and a history that is so splendidly romantic that one is inclined to feel that a magnificent future, in spite of the extremely disturbed present, is bound to be the eventual outcome. No one seems to believe me when I become enthusiastic over Portugal; they say I am exaggerating or just merely lying; and as practically no one has ever been there—and apparently never intends to go—the question is usually dropped. But in spite of all doubts of my sincerity, I do look back on my year and a half there as being a most delightful and amusing experience—amazing, too, in some ways

A diplomat going there should spend at least a month in preparing himself in those complicated points of international law which relate to asylum and sanctuary, for such questions will probably occupy him during his stay more than anything else.

Admiral Hughes and Minister Birch at Grave of Portuguese Unknown Soldier at the Monastery, Batalha

Across the World to Lisbon

THE government changes so often and so violently that the legation is constantly faced with the problem of sheltering or refusing to hide those who rush to it at crucial moments for protection. To give an idea of the constant governmental changes one only has to be told that during the twelve years Portugal has been a republic there have been about one hundred and fifty prime ministers—that is to say, on an average of twelve a year. Suppose our President changed his cabinet twelve times a year! It would give almost all of us a chance to hold some important official position—which seems to be the ultimate ambition of every Portuguese today.

It took twenty-six days to reach Portugal from Chile. During that time the Andes were crossed on a railway that mounted up ten thousand feet and then cut through a tunnel as long as it was high; a rush was made across hundreds of miles of Argentine pampas, where strangely mixed groups of cattle and ostriches and sheep grazed contentedly; a few days were spent in that very handsome city, Buenos Aires, which is justly called the Paris of the New World; a luxurious English boat was boarded which stopped long enough at different ports to furnish lasting impressions of the tropical splendors of Brazil, especially of that fairylike and radiantly smiling, fantastically beautiful Rio de Janeiro; and finally a diagonal cut was made across the Southern Atlantic where fleeting glimpses were caught of weirdly remote St. Vincent, dainty Canaries, theatrical Madeira, and at last that picturesque coast which was for so many years the gathering point for all the adventurous and seafaring men of the world—Portugal.

I awoke early in the morning, looked out of the porthole and saw nothing but an impenetrable fog I decided the boat had got off the beaten track and gone on to London; but before I was dressed and out on deck the sky had cleared, and Lisbon lay before me in all her smiling, bland, sunny splendor—a mass of blue and pink and green and white and yellow houses mounting up hills that were covered with palms and flowering vines. No wonder Byron called it one of the beautiful spots of the world! I have seen Naples, Rio de Janeiro and Hong-Kong; they are more wonderful perhaps than Lisbon, but none of them has her bland beauty. And beyond the city blue hills rolled and gradually mounted to the knifelike silhouette of Cintra—fourteen miles away—a castellated summit that dominated the whole scene.

The Story of Inez de Castro

THAT first glimpse of Lisbon made me feel that I had reached the most perfect grand-opera setting in the world—an impression that did not lessen with closer inspection, for the better I got to know Portugal and the Portuguese the more I felt that I was living on the stage. And there is every reason for the Portuguese to be theatrical; their surroundings are dramatic, their history is one picturesque adventure after another, and their literature is the most romantic that one is likely to encounter. I always think of one of the episodes in their epic poem, the Lusiad, as being perfectly representative of what they were and what they still are. The incident took place sometime in the distant fourteenth century, yet it is recounted today, painted by artists and played on the stage with all the fervor and interest of a recent event. Inez de Castro was a Spanish lady who sought refuge in Portugal from the tyranny of her own monarch. The Portuguese king's son, Dom Pedro, fell in love with her and secretly married her. This greatly offended the old king, who wished his son to make a marriage that would help along international relations; and when he found out where Inez was living he had her brutally murdered. Dom Pedro swore that even though dead she would yet reign as queen of Portugal; and as the first step in carrying out this strange oath he raised an army and waged war against his father until the old king died and he ascended the throne. He immediately had Inez's body disinterred, clothed in the royal robes—the story goes that her hair had grown so that her skeleton was completely shrouded in a golden mass—placed on the throne beside him, crowned queen of Portugal while every subject in the kingdom was commanded to come and kiss her

Minister and Mrs. Birch on Their Fourth-Hand Uncle Sam

hand and swear eternal obedience to her wishes

Her funeral lasted for weeks. The procession moved only at night and was illuminated by hundreds of torches, thus making an indelible impression upon everyone who saw it, which was what Dom Pedro had planned; and her tomb at Alcobaça, where she and Dom Pedro lie—not side by side, but with their feet touching so that when they awaken from their long sleep they will rise looking into each other's eyes—is one of the most popular pilgrimages of the whole of Portugal. Of course if one is brought up on stories like this, one cannot be expected to live the commonplace existence of everyday people; and the Portuguese don't. They get just as much romance out of their frequent revolutions as if they were epic events.

The private secretary of the minister met me at the boat and helped me through the customs, which are more difficult there than in some larger countries; in fact I have noticed that the smaller the country the more difficult the customs officials are. Perhaps it is a case of a big frog in a little pond. At any rate we eventually convinced the official of what a diplomat was and the privileges which should be—even if not always—accorded him, and started off along streets that looked rather like those of Naples, and surely smelled like them—if not a bit stronger.

American Sailors in Legation Park

Exciting Days of Revolution

FISH seemed to be the most popular scent, an odor which grew more and more intense as the market was reached and a procession of fish venders—all women in fantastic costumes, carrying baskets of fish on their heads and shrieking at the top of their voices—rushed madly along to see which could reach first the highest hill in Lisbon. That they were dropping fish along the way and sprinkling everyone with water did not worry them in the least; indeed they appeared so intent upon being the first to reach some altitude that they would not even stop to sell their merchandise on the way. And climbing the hills of Lisbon is something of a feat, even when your head is not encumbered with a basket filled with hundreds of sardines. Rome may boast of her seven hills; Lisbon can show you twenty, many of them precipices which apparently discourage no one, as pedestrians, trams, motors, carriages, pushcarts and motorcycles climb them with a reckless ease that is sometimes appalling.

The private secretary informed me that the minister was in America and that I was to be chargé d'affaires at once, as the secretary I was succeeding planned to leave in a few days. He also told me that I had been particularly lucky in not arriving a few days earlier, that I had thus escaped a revolution—an unusually violent one, which had made it rather uncomfortable for the guests of the hotel, as the guns of the opposing parties had been leveled on that building during the three days of the conflict; in fact a bomb had been thrown right into one of the rooms and had landed in a lady's bed. Fortunately the lady had been taking a bath at the time, and so had suffered no inconvenience; and more fortunate still, the bomb had not exploded.

"Have you engaged a room for me at that hotel?"

The secretary nodded and explained that it was the best hotel in town, that all diplomats stopped there and that the food was considered excellent. I suggested that it might be more comfortable to put up with simpler lodgings, more questionable company and plainer food, and at least not be constantly on the lookout for bombs in my bed. He assured me, however, that the revolution was quite finished and that there was always a few months' respite between them. To add to the sincerity of his statements he gave me his card, on which was engraved "Mr. Lisbon Portugal."

The dangerously situated hotel adjoined the railway station—which may have had something to do with its popularity—and was crowded with a most cosmopolitan gathering. There appeared to be several representatives of every nation in the world there—American, French, German, Italian and Spanish—awaiting or just off a steamer that was going to or returning from South America. The crowd made me feel more comfortable. If they were not bothering about bombs in their beds, why should I? So the secretary and I sat down to an excellent luncheon, glanced over two-day-old Paris editions of the New York Herald and the Daily Mail, looked out on the broad Avenida, where Judas trees were just beginning to bud, which led to ever-mounting hills, covered with rainbow-colored houses. I drew a long breath of relief. But the relief was short-lived. Something drove me into asking Mr. Lisbon Portugal where the guns were placed which had fired on the hotel. He pointed straight up the Avenida and indicated a hill at the end.

In the Line of Fire

"YOU see," he said with the air of imparting some pleasant information, "they are in a direct line with this window."

I looked and saw he was quite exact in his statement. "And this table too," I mildly commented.

"Yes—but everything is very peaceful now."

"At any rate—couldn't we have another table? You see, I've just arrived from Chile and I'm still a bit nervous." After the change was made: "And would you mind explaining why under the sun they chose the hotel to fire at?"

"They weren't firing at the hotel. They were trying to hit the barracks, which are on the hill beyond it."

"Then one is just as unsafe anywhere else!" I sighed again. My congratulations over having reached peaceful, war-stricken Europe were a bit premature. Portugal was evidently going to be a repetition of Chilean days.

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Avenida da Liberdade. The Main Street of Lisbon

FAIR AND SOFTLY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

AT DAWN the rain had stopped, but the skies were still overcast. Steve Milton emerged from his tent to find Makino and Chan Corwin busy with breakfast; the big man spoke to them boomingly.

"Well, looks like clearing off." There was no malice in his bearing; he seemed to have forgotten the day before; and Chan nodded assent. Makino said nothing. Milton addressed Chan directly. "Ready to hike for that trout hole you've been bragging about?"

"Yes, I'm ready any time," Chan replied. "The woods will be wet this morning; that's all."

"Sun will come out before noon," Milton predicted. "A little wetting won't hurt us. When do we start?"

"Why, we'll have some breakfast and go right away," Chan told him. "We won't get in there till afternoon as it is, probably."

"I'll get my tackle together then," Milton said. "Spend the night there?"

"Yes. I'll take along a load of stuff."

"Make up a pack for me too. I won't have anything but a rod, and a fly book in my pocket."

"Guess there won't be enough for two," Chan told him. "We'll see."

After breakfast he turned over his canoe and slid it into the water; put into it his ax and a pack basket loaded with food and cooking dishes and blankets.

Milton came down to watch him, and Chan asked him, "Want to take a tent?"

"Tent? No. If it rains we can scratch up a shelter of some kind. No, we'll go light."

"Then I guess we're ready," said Chan.

The others came down to see them off.

Chan said to Makino, "We'll be back tomorrow or the next day. Mr. Milton may decide to stay over an extra night. I think we'll get some fishing in there."

Edith Rucker spoke to her brother. "I've a mind to go with you. I don't believe we'll get any fish around here."

"We'll find you some," Makino told her. And Milton said loudly, "No, sir, you don't go. I don't want to have to hold back for any woman."

"I can hold up my end with you," his sister told him.

But Milton only laughed and stepped into the canoe. Chan pushed off, took his seat. When he looked back Jane Otis was watching him; their eyes met. Since that night spent together on the shore of Long Pond they had not spoken to each other; but he thought her eyes spoke to him now. So Chan smiled and waved his paddle in farewell, then headed toward the mouth of Dray Brook. A few minutes later they turned into this stream.

Dray Brook is in the summer months a shallow stream, broken by a succession of deep dead waters between which the current ripples over gravel or drops over ledges. For the first quarter mile Chan was able to paddle easily; then they came to gravel where the water was no more than an inch or two in depth; and he put Milton ashore on the south bank to follow upstream dryshod, while Chan waded, dragging the canoe. Milton was silent; Chan said nothing except in the way of business. After a hundred yards they reached deeper water, and Milton resumed his seat and Chan paddled again. Occasionally during the next half mile Chan stepped out to lift or drag the canoe across a shoal, while Milton sat still in his place.

He Discovered Chan a Hundred Yards Offshore, on a Raft Rudely Manufactured From Logs. Chan Was Not Fishing! He Seemed Rather to be Studying the Surrounding Hills

Then they came to a beaver dam which raised the water some three feet, and Chan said with satisfaction, "That's good news. This will back the water upstream quite a ways. Save us some work."

He put Milton ashore at one end of the dam; himself climbed atop it and dragged the canoe over into the deep water above; picked up his passenger at a bowlder's edge. As they pushed on they saw beaver cuttings on both banks of the brook, saw where small logs had been dragged to the water's edge. Whenever they rounded a bend Chan let the canoe drift quietly; and almost always they discovered deer feeding in the reach of stream ahead. Once they startled a big buck with horns which, in the velvet, were enormous; and Milton was startled into approval.

"The biggest buck I ever saw," he declared.

"There's a lot of deer in this country," Chan agreed, "and sometimes they grow pretty big."

Milton asked a question or two; Chan said he had helped dress a buck the fall before which weighed three hundred and five pounds. Milton became more talkative; the first restraint disappeared.

After a while Milton said, "You know, Corwin, I said more than I meant yesterday morning. I can see now that you did the wise thing, staying on the other side of the lake with Miss Otis."

"It looked sensible at the time," Chan agreed.

"I didn't mean half I said," Milton repeated.

And Chan replied, "Why, I didn't blame you for getting sore."

It was presently necessary for Milton to land once more, while Chan negotiated a series of ledges over which the shallow water slid and splashed. At the foot of the next dead water he found Milton waiting in some excitement. "Trout are rising up above us," Milton said.

Chan shook his head. "Chub, I guess," he replied. "There's one pool up further that you might want to try, though. I've took some nice trout there."

Milton removed his rod from its case and put it together while Chan paddled. Half an hour later Chan drew in among pond lilies at one side of black open water and bade Milton try a cast or two. Milton cast persistently and carefully, with more skill than Chan had expected to find in him, but with no success. Chan at length suggested that they move on; but the big man shook his head.

"Wait till I try something else on them," he urged, and changed his flies.

But in the end he was discouraged, and they continued on their way. Chan remarked now that it was clouding up again.

"Looks like more rain," he said. "Maybe we better go back."

"I don't mind it if you don't," Milton told him. "Come on, Corwin; I'm not made of sugar. You don't have to favor me."

"All right," Chan grinned "You asked for it." He pushed on. "You can put your rod up now," he said. "We won't get any fishing now till we get to the pond."

Some time later he stopped paddling and turned to look back downstream.

Milton asked, "What is it?"

"Just taking bearings," Chan replied.

"Know your way, don't you?"

"I ought to," Chan assured him. "I've been in here often enough. We'll strike a kind of trail by and by. Leave the canoe there."

"We've come more than any four miles up this brook already," Milton argued.

"I reckon not," Chan assured him. "It's easy to get fooled on distances unless you know."

After a while Milton asked if it were safe to drink the brook water, stagnant in these upper reaches.

Chan said, "I always did. But there are springs along the bank. Wait a while."

He drew in to one presently, and they drank. A little while afterward, some uncertainty in his bearing, he turned the bow of the canoe into a narrow logan and bade Milton step ashore.

"This the place?" Milton asked.

"Guess it is."

"I don't see the trail."

"There ain't any signboards on it," Chan told him. "I'll show you."

He lifted out their belongings, drew the canoe ashore and turned it upside down. They had landed on the inner side of a bend in the brook where a ridge of higher ground came down through the marsh. Trees grew close by, restricting their outlook. To Milton the spot was simply a corner in the wilderness; but Chan seemed sure of himself.

He asked, "Want a bite to eat before we start? I've got some johnnycake and cheese right on top."

"I'd like some," Milton agreed. "We had breakfast pretty early, and I'm hungry."

They ate, standing; then Chan swung the pack basket to his shoulders.

Milton asked, "Anything for me to carry?"

Chan shook his head.

"Everything's in here," he said The ax was in his right hand; Milton had the rod. "We'll get going now "

"You'd better go first," Milton told him. "You know the trail."

Chan nodded and struck diagonally up across the ridge into a growth of hardwood. After a little he pointed out to Milton an old blaze on a tree there, and Milton, already panting a little, gasped, "I see!" Then Chan began to walk with a steady and relentless insistence that carried him up the steep grade through the trees at an astonishing speed. Milton pushed along behind; kept at first at Chan's very heels, lagged little by little. Almost at once his breath had failed; now his thigh muscles began to ache at the steady lift and lift. He could feel the pound of his heart.

At length he called, "Whoa, there!" and sank down on a bowlder flat on his back, chest heaving. Chan stopped and waited, standing. He was unwearied, and Milton looked up at him with some measure of admiration.

"You're in—good shape, aren't you?" he gasped, between deep inhalations.

"Yes, I guess so," Chan agreed. "This sort of thing gets you at first."

"How far have we come?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

Milton groaned ludicrously. "Fifteen more quarters of a mile to go."

"Well, it won't be so bad after you get your wind," Chan promised; and when Milton got to his feet again led on. Now and then he chipped at an old blaze with the ax he carried in his hand, renewing the trail markings. He walked without effort, but persistently; Milton floundered on as long as he could, then cried for rest. After a while they struck less arduous going, and the big man did better; but on the next pitch they found a new growth of young spruce which with intertwined branches barred their way, fought them, thrust them back; progress became a struggle, and Milton was very weary. He kept his eyes on the ground, concentrating on each upward step, till by and by, looking forward, he saw that Chan had disappeared. He stopped then and shouted, and heard Chan's answering halloo with an ineffable relief.

When they moved on again Milton said, "Don't go so fast! You're running right away from me. I can't untrack myself "

Chan nodded. "You go ahead for a while," he suggested. "Set the pace, that way."

"I don't know the trail."

"The trees are marked. I'll be watching."

So Milton took the lead. After a while he looked at his watch. "An hour and a half since we left the brook," he said. "We must be almost there."

Chan shook his head. "About halfway," he replied. "We've rested a good deal of the time."

The woods were sopping wet with the rain of the night before; the two men had been soaked to the waist before this. When about this time it began to rain again the cool water was grateful to them; the fact that he was drenched to the skin did not disturb Milton in the least. He plodded doggedly on, intent on getting somewhere.

It must have been toward midafternoon that Chan called a halt. "You sit down a minute," he suggested. "I want to look around."

Milton nodded. "I'll lie down," he replied. "That's what I'll do."

He was too weary to ask what Chan intended. Chan left the pack basket and went lightly down their back trail. By and by Milton heard his ax going some distance away. He was rested now, wondered what was wrong.

When Chan returned he asked, "What's the trouble?"

"I was getting a bearing," Chan explained.

"Are we off the trail?"

"We're on some trail, but it doesn't look natural to me," Chan replied. "It ought to have struck downhill before now. The pond is down below us. I climbed a tree and got a sight of it through the rain." He picked up the pack. "We'll strike down that way."

"Not lost, are you?" Milton asked harshly; and Chan smiled at him.

"Why, no," he replied. "I'm not what I call lost. I'm right here. You look and you'll see me." The other's face was pale. "Now don't worry, Mr. Milton," he advised.

Milton swore. "Corwin, I don't want to go galloping through the woods without knowing where I'm going."

"You're going where I go, that's all," Chan told him firmly. "So you just keep your head."

"Keep my head? If you'd kept your wits about you we wouldn't be lost. Corwin, the more I see of you the worse guide I think you are."

Chan smiled. "We're all right," he replied. "Come on Let's go down to the pond."

So, Chan leading and Milton sticking close at his heels in something like panic, they plunged down the steep hillside in the rain.

VII

WHILE they were climbing Milton had thought it would be bliss unspeakable to walk on level ground or down grade for a while; he found the steep descent now unexpectedly harassing. There was no longer anything that might pass for a trail; they climbed over down timber; they pushed through young spruce and hemlock while needles sifted down their necks; they slid, heels digging in soft leaf mold; or they dropped from bowlder to bowlder with sickening jolts at the end of each descent The big man felt himself slowly shaken to pieces; but at least he could breathe. He managed to keep at Chan's heels. The rain fell relentlessly; as they descended into the valley it seemed to grow darker about them; Milton thought he had been walking for hours.

By and by Chan, descending a sloping ridge like a buttress of the mountain, paused to listen; said over his shoulder, "Think I hear water!"

Milton, drenched to the skin, groaned, "Water!"

Chan swung to the right without comment, along the slope; and with Milton following came presently to a tiny runlet almost lost among the leaves. "There!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "All we have to do is follow this. Down to the pond."

"How far do you think it is?" Milton asked.

Chan told him reassuringly, "Can't be very far But it's getting late. We want to make it before dark "

Their course now wound and wandered as the brooklet chose; the trickle became a small stream, increased in volume with every yard they traveled. Presently the ground flattened out; the stream plunged into a cedar swamp, and Chan followed it pitilessly, pushing back the boughs with his hands. Milton, following too close behind, received them in his face; he dropped back, groping his way along the brookside, sure that Chan was just ahead The two men were already so wet that they took no pains to avoid the water; the brook itself offered easiest thoroughfare, and they waded where they could. On either

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Another Face Glimpsed There, Hanging, as it Were, in the Air Above His Head—Jane's. He Knew, Presently, That She Pillowed His Head on Her Knees and Her Hands Were on His Brow

THE REBATE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"Man is not born with knowledge."—*The Shang Lun.*

"Neither is woman."
—*Jim Sin.*

OLD Jim Sin had learned to knit sweaters during the war and now, in December, while Doctor Holland was in the East learning the season's new short cuts in surgery and while Mrs. Holland was the guest of one of the satiety leaders of Los Angeles, their idle cook gave a part of his time to the business of knitting himself an olive-drab chrysalis from whose insulated crypt a wizened old potential butterfly might comfortably ignore the chill of San Francisco nights.

On this morning after he had eaten three oversized breakfasts he scanned the financial pages of the Chronicle until his vision narrowed upon the quotation on Hong Kong exchange. Then, bearing up under the blow, he sought diversion in the weekly routine of changing the water on the surviving goldfish. During the process he left the iridescent little flipper shimmying on a moist bed of water weeds. "Fish and fools are both blind to the string on the hook," he reflected; and then, to the ornamental fin waver: "When there is a fire, or when you are thirsty, a distant lake of water is not so good as a near-by bucketful." He launched the little fish into its natural environment. "There! Now you can laugh at a stranded whale."

In a Sudden Surrender to an Overloaded Conscience He Burned Ten Dollars' Worth of Prayer Paper

He looked at the fish for a moment, contemplating pulse, respiration and morale, and then he turned to the broad table which stood in the center of the kitchen. The table was freighted with a ball of yarn, two pointed chopsticks which served as knitting needles, a section of completed fabric and a copy of a woman's magazine whose policy was to make home happy or bust. He thumbed through this cottage Golconda, ignoring three hundred and sixty-five balanced menus, rompers, kitchen cabinets and care of the husband. He came to a page embellished with a half tone of a lady wearing a triumphant look and a knitted sweater whose stripes and spots would have driven a leopard, defeated, to the fastness of his lair. Jim Sin, hot on the trail, turned one more page. Near the top of a column he discovered where he had left off the day before. "Slip, purl three, knit, purl three, narrow, over eight, slip and bind," he read. On the margin of the page, for ready reference, was a string of characters in the Mandarin, and opposite them were their equivalents in terms of purls and slips and knits. "Slip, purl *san*, knit, purl *san*, narrow, over *pah*, slip and bind," he repeated, and now the needles in his hands were swept about with their trailing strands of yarn, and the sweater suffered its increment of growth.

Halfway down the column the industrious knitter missed a paragraph of directions. He discovered his mistake about fifteen minutes later when a truncated sleeve began to protrude like a rhinoceros horn from what he had trustfully assumed was the back of his sweater's neck.

He explored two pages of the magazine, fore and aft, to check his position in this new sea of troubles, and then for a moment he tried to translate his stitches back into the printed text. More easy of solution would have been an early Babylonian hieroglyph. "*Pa-liao, pa-liao!*" He grunted his disgust. "There is an end of it. That is enough!" From the open magazine he tore the page of directions and the one embellished by the satisfied lady wearing the knitted sweater. "New fashion no good." He wrapped his ball of yarn and his chopsticks and the twisted section of the woolen sweater in the torn pages of the magazine and carried the package over to the long range against the wall. He opened the firebox door, and a moment later, of all the slips and purls and knits nothing remained except a faint odor of burning wool. "Wisdom is bought with the coin of experience, and time is money. I will buy a felt jacket, and what it costs in cash I shall gain in precious hours."

Feeling the need of a stimulant to fortify him against his disappointment and the impending expenditure of three dollars he shuffled out of his kitchen and shaped a course which brought him to his own room. From under his bed he hauled out a chest, covered with pigskin and painted a bright vermilion. When the several locks on this chest had been mastered by means of keys and a bent hairpin which had served, in emergencies, through a dozen years, he lifted the lid and burrowed around in a neatly folded collection of discarded clothing until his hand discovered the rounded surface of a fat jug. The jug was of fine reddish-brown stoneware, made at the Yi-sing-sien potteries across the lake from Soochow, and it was glazed in clear cobalt blue with a vitreous flux on which, fused in the soft gray afforded by arsenic, was penciled a parade of characters informing the jug's possessor that "The way to glory lies through a palace; to riches, through a market place; to virtue, through a desert; to happiness, through wine."

Jim Sin revolved the jug in his hands, reading the inscription until by the potter's premeditated cunning the last phrase became visible at the moment when the handle of the jug fitted over the student's right thumb. He removed the cork with his left hand and did the best he could to break a record with the swallow which he permitted himself to engulf. Whuf! He came up smiling and batted his eyes in a paroxysm of gustatory delight.

He replaced the cork in the jug and returned the jug to its resting place in the chest. He went through the ritual of snapping the locks on the chest, and when this was done he prepared himself for his journey to the store on Grant Avenue where the felt jacket might be purchased. Dressed for his public appearance he walked to the Jackson Street cable line. On the front end of the car he smoked a cigarette, enjoying the aroma of his tobacco with only a faint regret that it should efface the lingering flavor of the draft from the fat little jug. Sighing for remembered pleasures, yet never doubting the gifts of happiness that the future might hold, he dragged deeply on his cigarette and surrendered to a mood of meditation. "Life is a river flowing between the black-forested banks of yesterday and tomorrow," he reflected. "Life is a river—and if I am not swimming forward in it I am falling behind. Swim as I will, the currents of circumstance keep me from gaining either bank as long as life is within me. And with death—I wonder Shall I go back to yesterday; or forward to some happier tomorrow? Or drift, lifeless, until I incorporate with the débris of infinity in the boundless sea of the universe?"

The gripman's warning of the curve at Powell Street awakened Jim Sin out of his reveries. Before the car had fairly started up the hill he swung off with the skill of a freight brakeman. He walked down to Stockton Street, and at the corner, inspired by a desire to prolong his æsthetic banquet, he sidetracked the business of buying his three-dollar felt jacket with a resolve to visit his friend Mon Yuen, hoping that this accomplished musician might play an appropriate accompaniment to the poem of tranquillity that had gurgled forth from the mouth of the little jug.

At the head of the steep flight of stairs that leads downward into the musician's subsurface studio there hung a bamboo cage, wherein, singing his best notes in payment for the privilege of living through that excellent day, there perched a middle-aged canary. No matter what his past had brought, the exuberance of the warbler's song indicated his firm belief in a bright future. Jim Sin paused for a moment before the optimist's cage, and then, richer for some atom of borrowed faith, he walked downward three steps and tapped lightly on the glass panel of Mon Yuen's door.

The musician came up the stairway, responding to Jim Sin's summons. He opened the door, and then, discovering his visitor, "To have a friend come a long way to see you is the young brother of twin delights. To have him remain forever ——"

"To have him remain forever is the awkward elder brother." Jim Sin distorted the extract from the ritual of welcome. "Politeness adorns the speech of kings, but it can add nothing to the perfection of your skill. I have come to listen to your music and not to your compliments. I would hear the third song from the Lotus and Tortoise—where the hundred flowers speak."

Mon Yuen bowed. "It is not evening," he suggested. "The Lotus is an evening song. I will play for you Pearls and Grains of Rice, and while I play you shall enjoy the balm of tobacco."

He dived through a hanging curtain that veiled one of two doorways cut in the back wall of his studio, and returned bearing an open box of blond cigars.

Jim Sin shuddered slightly, and then, bowing in resignation to his fate, he selected a cigar and lighted it with a sulphur match whose fumes were but one degree lower in asphyxiative properties than the smoke which curled from the roll of tobacco and sunflower leaves.

In Pearls and Grains of Rice a compassionate empress sells her jewels and with the money thus obtained she relieves her famine-stricken people. Milo-Fo, the God of Plenty, rewards her deed with bountiful harvests, and her grateful people bring her a thousand sacks of the finest rice. When the sacks are opened the empress finds that the Goddess Kuan Yin has changed each grain of rice to a perfect pearl, and in the song everybody lives happily ever after, but about the time Mon Yuen began to bring in the sacked rice on his flute Jim Sin realized that he was playing a losing game with the cigar, and before the musician came to the pearl-discovering movement his guest staggered to his feet. He held the cigar behind him while he voiced a weak interruption to the musician's interpretation of the old story.

"My ears are cloyed with sweetness," Jim Sin protested. "Before my reason drifts away into this sea of

melody I must leave you. I must purchase a three-dollar felt jacket, and in my bargaining I shall need my wits about me."

The musician, silent now, bowed to his friend. To himself Jim Sin excused his falsehood. "When a man is about to die his words are virtuous," he reflected, and then to Mon Yuen he spoke his farewell, and turned to the steep stairway while yet he had the strength to climb to the street, where the outer air might revive him.

At the street level he lifted his glazed eyes slowly toward the canary. "Small wonder you sing so well—out of doors."

Fifty feet from Mon Yuen's establishment he cast the cigar from him, deriving from this action and from the fresh air in his lungs enough new energy to enable him to shuffle slowly toward his next port of call.

Back in his establishment Mon Yuen smiled to himself and repeated the interrupted sentence of his welcome to Jim Sin. "To have him remain forever —— Hai! Hunters have vanquished lions with their naked hands, but no man has ever conquered one of those cigars."

He picked up a screechy two-stringed fiddle and resumed his practice, striving to master the intricacies of an American classic whose refrain affirmed that when some specified bells went ting-a-ling-a-ling there would be a hot time in the old town that night.

II

IN DECEMBER, after Doctor Holland had absorbed the new stuff in the clinics at Rochester and Chicago and New York and Baltimore, he spent a week at Cincinnati with his three old friends, Œdema, Nephritis and Acidosis, and then, planting one foot on a foundation of colloid chemistry and the other on focal infections, he made a wild leap that landed him in the presence of his wife at the residence of her hostess in Los Angeles. When the first harsh curses of greeting and welcome had been exchanged and before a blow had been struck he broadcast Mrs. Holland with an edict to the effect that, be it ever so humble, there was no train like the northbound Lark.

"You play around here, old baby, as long as it amuses you. Me, I ketches the rattler if I can get a reservation. I craves work and I craves home."

Mrs. Holland smiled at the home craver. "He's me pal," she whispered; and then, "I sent down for a reservation for us a week ago when you telephoned from Cincinnati. I'm all packed, and the tickets are in this envelope—Drawing-Room A in Car 61. We leave tonight—you and me both."

"You little son of a gun!" The doctor paid the interest on his debt of affection.

"And I sent the maid home yesterday and told her to get the house ready and to get Jim Sin rounded up," Mrs. Holland continued as soon as she was free to breathe. "I'm tired of bridge and morons and roulette and cave men and senile flirts and parlor snakes and parties and being lonely for you and the whole business. You take me home."

"I'll take you home and I'll keep you, and on Christmas Eve when the six-foot logs are burning in our Pebble Beach fireplace you see what Santa Claus brings you."

About here the doctor realized that his diplomacy needed skid chains and for the next hour he fought a losing intermittent fight against his wife's curiosity concerning the nature of the Christmas gift. In the seclusion of their room on the train he surrendered.

"I was lured into a busted appendix in Cincinnati," he explained, "and when I operated I found some other things—including a gratitude check for ten thousand dollars."

He reached into his pocketbook and handed Mrs. Holland a folded slip of paper. "Here it is. We blows it next year on a trip to France; and that's your Christmas present."

The check was the check, but following on the heels of a paroxysm of home craving the trip to France made no gilt-spangled appeal. Thereafter in a twenty-minute exhibition of charming tact Mrs. Holland navigated the globe-trotting idea to a position where it sank without a trace under the guns of negative votes in a sea of domestic tranquillity.

"You take five thousand and get what you want most for your own Christmas and I'll take five thousand and get what I want most for mine," the little arranger dictated. "And wasn't it sweet of the poor appendix man to have so many other things!"

"Including lots of dollars," Doctor Holland agreed. "Fifty-fifty, then—you and me."

III

FROM Mon Yuen's cellar, suffering from the effect of the musician's blond cigar and feeling the need of rest and counsel in the matter of the purchase of the felt jacket, Jim Sin headed toward the blank door of a house on Ross Alley, where, in the Cavern of Wisdom, he might expect to discover a few fellow members of his exclusive tong. The Cavern had been established by a dozen of the ancient ones of Chinatown as a sanctuary wherein each fortunate member might escape from the storms of the outside sea, and it had functioned as a harbor of the favorites of the gods when white men went wild on the Fourth of July and on election days, and through the tense nights when careless members of the various blood tongs of Chinatown declared an open season on their enemies and punctuated their declarations with barking guns.

In the Cavern when Jim Sin was admitted were two members of the brotherhood, temporarily absent from their kitchens, and a fat tomcat by the name of Hoy Quah whose youthful performances as a rat catcher entitled him to all the sleep he could get, now that he was old, and to his daily ration, which consisted of one can of condensed milk and a chicken foot.

"Hola! Rice-bulging stomachs of you," Jim Sin called in greeting. With his foot he rolled Hoy Quah off the top of a teakwood stand that stood beside a square black table, and then without delay he stated his problem to the two members of the Cavern crew, who were just then engaged

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A Boy Started From the Chang Low, Carrying a Tray on His Head

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The Price of Sugar

THERE is a great deal of concern, even excitement, over the price of sugar. Prices of many goods and materials have been rising, as indicated in index numbers. But the price of sugar has risen disproportionately. The actual situation is unclear. It is made still more obscure by the fact that various agencies have tried to use the rise in price of sugar for political effect. In the long view, price is the result of supply and demand. If the supply of sugar were accurately known, and the effective demand of consumers also known, the price could be forecast and explained. In the short view, various factors intervene to modify the relations of supply and demand. These aberrant factors are now numerous, potent and incalculable. We are in the maladjustments of postwar economic confusion. We are on the upturn of the business cycle. The recollection of the last boom in sugar is still fresh in memory. It may be several months before a clear view of the happenings in sugar is possible. In the meantime, it is pertinent to comment on several phases of the situation.

The figure for the 1922–3 crop of sugar cannot yet be stated. Uncertainty surrounds the Cuban crop and the exportable surpluses of distant countries. The Cuban crop was originally forecast as 4,100,000 tons. Latterly the figures have been revised downwards. Some estimates go as low as 3,600,000 tons. If the shipments out were normally proportionate to the crop the figure would have one meaning. Since the flow of shipments has been abnormal, late reduction in the crop estimate has a different meaning.

The sugar of the world may be divided into near sugar and far sugar. In near sugar we include the domestic crop, that of our island territories and that of the West Indies. The far sugar is all the rest. The near sugar is mobile—in finance, transportation and tariff—in a sense that does not hold for the far sugar. The world crop that is heavy in near sugar and light in far sugar has a meaning for us different from an identical world crop that is light in near sugar and heavy in far sugar. Contrasted with last season, the present supply of near sugar is shorter, because of the difference in Cuban carry-over. It threatens to be still shorter if the lower estimates of the Cuban crop prove true.

The United States is not the only buyer of Cuban sugar. If the Cuban crop proves to be 3,600,000 tons, our present level of supply can be maintained only if we take a larger fraction of Cuban sugar crop than would have been necessary if the crop had been 4,100,000 tons. The other buyers of Cuban sugar may not wish to yield to us. The European buyers have been unexpectedly active in the Cuban market this spring. Heightened competition in Cuba makes a sellers' market, the grower holding for higher price. The physical need of sugar is greater in Europe. The buying power, the effective demand, is larger in this country.

The United States has the heaviest per-capita consumption of sugar in the world. The highest sugar consumption in any European state last year was not much over half our figure. With improvement in economic conditions Europeans are trying to recover the prewar level of sugar consumption. We are trying to maintain our new level of consumption.

The rise in price of sugar comes at an unfortunate time of the year. In the spring the canners plan the packing program of the season. They cannot make full commitments for fruit without knowing how much sugar they can buy, and at what price. They cannot contract fully for sugar without knowing in general what the fruit crops are to be. In the spring, also, the grocers lay in supplies for the home canning season. If the Cuban crop is short these several demands overcompete.

The high price of sugar may be expected to stimulate production. In countries where sugar cane is an annual crop, larger plantings are possible. In countries where sugar cane stands for several years, heavier cutting is possible. The countries that raise sugar beets will enlarge the acreage if they have seed, labor and lower prices in competing crops. Indications of increased acreage in sugar beets are already reported in Europe. Even the Russians may get back into production for export.

Finally, sugar is about the only foodstuff that is identical the world over. Sugar is sugar. The rise in price has been world-wide. In each country one tries to tie the blame to a local factor. The reactions and results may be expected to be world-wide. Before we are through we may have made another experience in world affairs.

Testing European Calamity

THE calamity howler has had a long inning. We hear so much of calamity that we rarely take the trouble to scrutinize the reports. Most of it is more or less motivated. Therefore we are likely to hear less about the troubles of Great Britain since the debt settlement has been concluded. A review of the data of that country now available makes this comment pertinent.

Last autumn a special commission on unemployment held sittings in England. The chairman of the commission was an ex-American, now Lord Astor. A report was issued, entitled The Third Winter of Unemployment. Surely the title had an ominous implication. The contents were unpleasant reading. The picture there painted of prolonged unemployment, poverty and scanty governmental doles was somber enough. Nor was the effect lightened by the observation that a considerable part of the unemployment could be resolved into particular causes, such as the lack of a particular raw material, like Russian flax. A perusal of the report left one with the feeling that an industrialized society of which this condition was representative must be in a very bad way.

Other data of the United Kingdom tell a different story. The revenues of the last fiscal year ran well ahead of the estimates, the expenditures fell below the estimates. The excess of revenue over the estimates came from an unexpectedly high yield from taxes. The budget showed a balance of over £100,000,000. This must, under the law, be applied to extinction of debt. The sum is enough to pay the annual service charge on the American debt for three years. Such a favorable state of the budget does not fit in very well with widespread unemployment.

The consumption of fresh meat is usually regarded as a measure of general prosperity in the United Kingdom, since a large part of it has to be imported. The following figures give the supply of beef, mutton and lamb in the United Kingdom for the years 1911 to 1922 inclusive, in terms of thousand tons: 1820, 1776, 1826, 1818, 1783, 1677, 1439, 1462, 1672, 1817, 1962, 1825. The figures for the last three years do not present a dismal picture compared with the figures for the three years before the war.

The Board of Trade has issued some data on the trade balance of the United Kingdom. The returns from shipping were given as £94,000,000 in 1913 and £110,000,000 in 1922. That does not look like such a tremendous slump. The excess of imports over exports in 1913 was valued as £158,000,000. In 1922 the excess of imports was £170,000,000. That does not look as though low buying power had kept imports down.

It is announced that income and profits taxes are to be reduced and the excises on beer and mineral waters lowered, these in the first year when payment of debt to the United States is being undertaken.

Considerations like these warn us not to judge the situation of a country by one singled-out factor. Just as we measure the state of prosperity in this country by a number of data, so must a country in Europe be judged. The trouble with what we read of Europe in the American press is that they send over what they want us to hear. To get at other aspects of the situation one must dig out the facts for oneself. Under these circumstances, we see too much propaganda and too little economic analysis.

Treating Prosperity Right

WHEN times get bad it is the retail merchant who first feels the pinch. People stop buying and are slow to meet their bills; and before long the retailer is doing the same in his dealings with the jobber and the manufacturer. All merchants do not suffer in equal degree, however. Certain factors govern a store's ability to weather business storms quite apart from the amount of trade done and general conditions in the district. If a merchant is overstocked and has his shelves encumbered with odds and ends and stickers of one kind and another, or if he has neglected to keep his collections up to the mark, he is bound to suffer keenly when the winds of general adversity begin to blow.

The matter of injudicious buying is of great importance. When business slumps, prices are bound to drop in most lines and the retailer must pocket losses on stock carried. No matter how careful he may have been in his buying, he is likely not only to see his profit wiped out but to face the necessity of selling at actual loss.

Even of greater importance is the matter of collections. A majority of merchants still operate on a credit basis. During periods of briskness they naturally give credit freely and do not worry if customers prove slow pay. It generally happens, therefore, that the turn of the tide catches them carrying too large a volume of credit business on the books. Accounts which looked quite safe when everything was lovely and the business goose was hanging high suddenly become doubtful when things tighten up. The free spenders created by boom times are liable to lose buying power and paying intentions almost overnight. The storekeeper who carries too many of these customers on his books is liable to be left high and dry when the tide of prosperity goes out.

When money becomes scarce the first thing every merchant does, naturally enough, is to make a vigorous effort to clean up the accounts on his books. This crowds the consumer and accelerates retrenchment. In addition, he fails to produce enough ready money to relieve the financial stringency in the business. Accounts which could have been collected with comparative ease when times were good are realized on slowly after the turn comes. Wise is he who keeps his accounts cleaned up while business is good.

The point to be impressed is that the merchants of the country are the shock troops of commerce. They face the onslaught of depression first. If they were, as a whole, in a state of perpetual readiness they might be able to stop the advance in the outer trenches.

Now that we have emerged from the postwar slump and have general prosperity back, it would be splendidly reassuring if retailers generally would resolve so to conduct their affairs that they would never again be caught unprepared, as in 1920 and 1921. By using our present prosperity right they might indefinitely postpone the reappearance of any serious degree of stringency.

Coming—Another Buyers' Strike?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

PUT it this way: The big red band wagon in the prosperity circus has passed, the animal cages, the knights and ladies and the clowns. There are echoes of the steam calliope in the distance. And now it is time for the warning: "Hold your horses, the elephants are coming!"

Quite a troupe of the big brutes this year—each led by an anxious manufacturer, merchant, banker, builder, architect, for they are economic elephants. A cartoonist would label them, variously, Higher Price, Wage Increase, Farm Problem, Foreign Situation, Freight Rate, Labor Shortage, Building Boom, and so on, with a wicked little baby elephant at the tail of the procession called Buyers' Strike. Their keepers are apprehensive because none knows just how his particular elephant is going to act, nor does the assembled populace.

You see, we have got through the depression, gone back to work, are making and spending money, and find ourselves prosperous once more. During the slump, prices dropped because a good many materials were thrown on the bargain counter. But there are few bargains today. Manufacturers are making merchandise that will reach the consumer through the merchant sometime next fall. Materials and wages have gone up, so it will be necessary to raise prices on most things. And business is wondering if the public will be ugly about it and react in another consumers' strike. At the moment of writing, militant housewives are vigorously boycotting sugar. It may be mere hysteria, or another warning like the overalls parade that ushered in unhappy 1920–21. Some business men think there will be a strike, while others believe that the critical period can be passed safely if people understand, and each industry and trade with an elephant on its hands keeps the animal in reasonable check. If the public holds its horses until the elephants have gone by, all will be well. But the public must be warned and informed.

Business hasn't forgotten the buying strike. It aches all over at the memory of it, and doesn't want another such licking. It remembers how stores with full shelves were deserted, and factories closed because the public was not interested in things like shoes at any price. There were long months of anxious adjustment, and when folks were finally baited back with bargains, they came in an ugly, carping mood, ready to walk out again without buying if their suspicions were aroused by a price ticket or even by a clerk's solicitous explanation.

And the public has not forgotten. In that strike, for the first time, the consumer tasted blood and discovered his power. Men made a boast of wearing last year's suit another season, and another. They told one another how long it was since they had last bought a garment of any kind. They referred one another to cobblers who would do a good job, giving the equivalent of a new pair of shoes for a quarter the price of real new ones. Adopting the radical's method of getting things done by direct action, the docile middle-class consumer formed a sort of well-bred international, ready to rough-house bourgeois business at the slightest provocation.

The other day a depositor stepping into his Broadway bank found a strange atmosphere—not half a dozen people at the tellers' windows, though generally there was a line; nobody sitting at the officers' desks, where ordinarily several customers would be waiting to talk with them.

"I can't remember when the bank has been so quiet at midday in the middle of the week," said the cashier. "It may be bad for business, but it's as good as a vacation to me."

"Is it seasonal?" asked the depositor. In that part of town there are hundreds of manufacturers in the garment, millinery and apparel trades, rushed with orders at some parts of the year, and again spending whole afternoons playing pinochle in the cafés.

"No, this should be a busy season," said the banker. "I don't know how to account for it, but one of our depositors told me something yesterday that seemed significant. He deals in wrapping paper and twine. Now that is pretty near a barometer business, for everybody uses wrapping paper and twine wherever merchandise is being sold, the big fellows and the little ones; and nobody buys them far ahead. He said business had become so slack that it took twenty calls on customers to land a trifling order."

Now those absent bank customers make goods for retailers and department stores out of cloth and accessories supplied by the textile mills. Inquiry showed that they were slack because both the merchants and the mills are in a state of watchful waiting.

(Continued on Page 134)

Crabbing His Act—"Raus Mit Im"

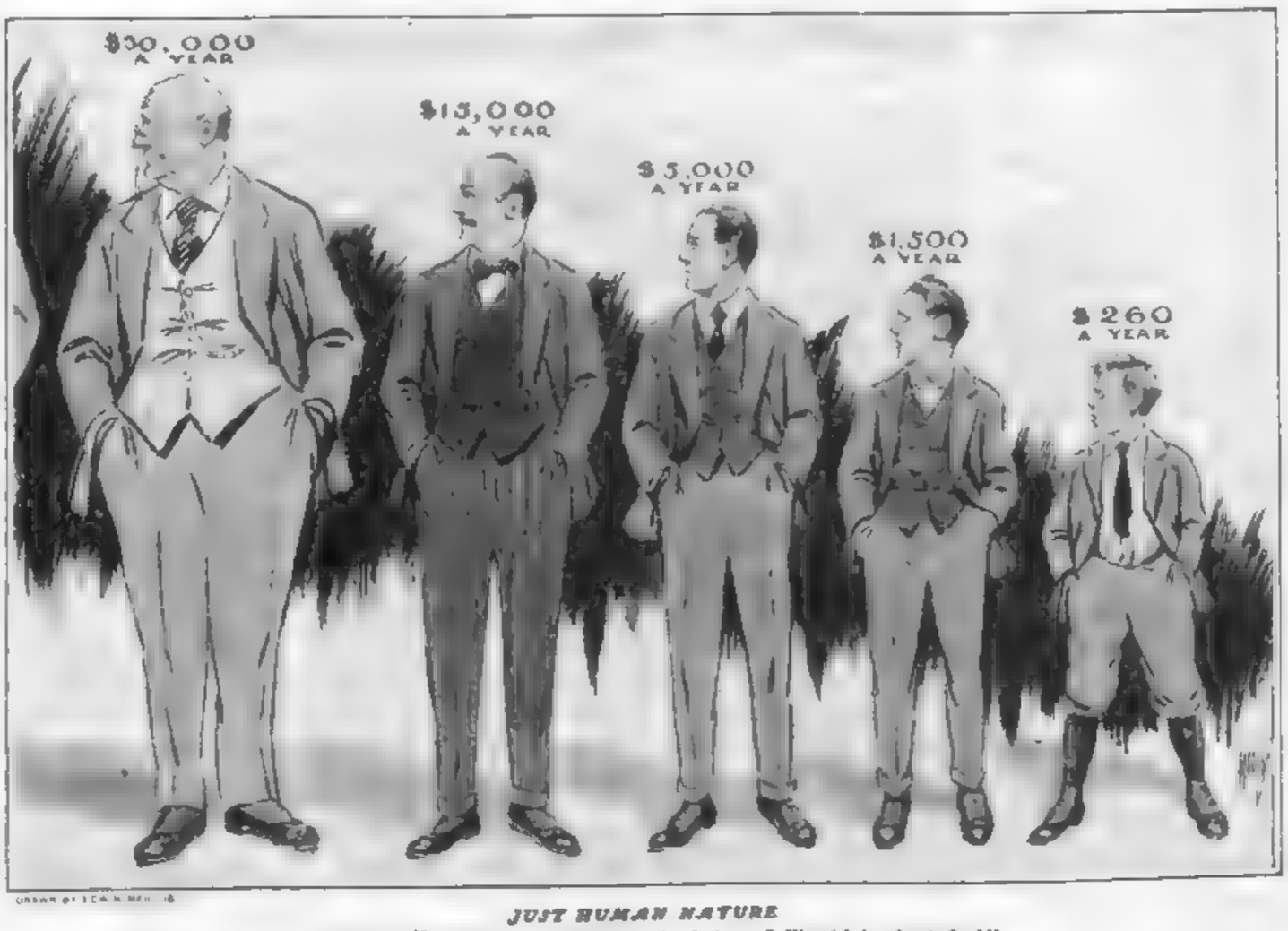
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

To an Infant

INFANT, fair, ethereal,
Lying in your crib,
Scattering your cereal
All about your bib,
Clear your language may be
To your doting ma,
But tell me, darling baby,
What you mean by "Blak."

When you try to swallow
Everything you find,
I, in part, can follow
The working of your mind.
I can sympathize, too,
When you weep and sob,
But, baby, put me wise to
What you mean by "Blob."

When your mother proudly
Claims to figure out
What you mean, I loudly
Register a doubt.
Though a hopeless dub, I
Find your meaning hid.
When you murmur "Glub" I
Fail to get you, kid.
—Newman Levy.



JUST HUMAN NATURE
Each One—"If I Had That Fellow's Salary I Would be Satisfied"

Reforms

NEXT t' th' letter that we long fer ther haint nothin' that comes as alow as reforms. We kin almost remember when th' first efforts wuz put forth t' stop gamblin', an' t'day ther's still a little of it scattered here an' ther. For years an' years an' years nobuddy knowed what a bushel o' cowpeas weighed, an' even t'day only two-thirds o' th' states have agreed on fifty-six pounds. It'll prob'ly take twenty years more t' whip th' whole country int' line. We recall th' old prohibition fights back in th' '70's, th' old blue-ribbon Murphy movements, when thousan's shook hands with Francis Murphy an' signed th' pledge. Think o' all th' years o' battlin' it took t' drive out th' saloons.

Ther wuz a long-strung-out age when an open prune hogshead stood with impunity near ever' grocery door, an' th' bulk oyster tub set on th' sidewalk near th' hitchin' rack, an' th' uncovered mackerel barrel wuz th' prize fly catcher o' th' period. When we think of th' ole, dusty, open-bin grocery where th' grocer's whiskers brushed ever'thing he wrapped up, we wonder how those who read Horace Greeley an' heard Jenny Lind ever lived t' tell th' tale.

People used t' live in dread o' Saturday, an' many resorted t' musk instead o' soap and water. Business men used t' take ten minutes t' worry down a heavy noonday dinner an' livers worked way beyond ther full capacity. T'day th' busiest merchant prince takes three hours fer lunch an' plays a little pool besides. Men didn' used t' clean up fer anything but church an' funerals. Sunday suits lasted thirty-five years an' whiskers had ther own way. After marriage, men used t' give up an' git out o' th' way, but t'day they make a neat appearance an' enter civic affairs with renewed interest. In th' ole days after a girl got married she wuz rarely heard of agin, but t'day her smilin' presence is felt ever'where 'cept in th' rollin' mills. Professional men used t' stick t' ther desks till th' whistle blew an' diversion wuz unknown t' 'em. T'day if we want t' consult an attorney we go out t' th' ball park, an' if we want t' git a leg set we crawl t' th' golf links. Men used t' chew cinnamon an' cardamon seeds an' cloves, an' other deodorizers at dances, but t'day ther haint half th' feelin' agin th' fresh, clean, varnishy smell o' hooch as ther used t' be agin th' odor o' garlic an' Ole Nelson.

Right now ther's a little undercurrent of objection t' th' way women an' girls are dressin', but we don't look fer it t' crystallize int' anything formidable. When we git a-thinkin' about th' way women an' girls used t' look around th' feet an' head we wish t' congratulate 'em. It's only been a few years since girls wuz led t' th' altar, but t'day they lead th' parade. Girls used t' set at home till th' right feller come along, but t'day we kin select 'em in action.

Why, it wuz as late as th' '80's before this big resourceful nation first begun t' question th' advisability o' lined pantaloons an' velocipedes. It seems but yesterday when women shied at climbin' in a buggy, an' fathers supported ther daughters till they got married.

It haint been longer than eighteen years since we saw a candidate fer prosecutin' attorney deliverin' a 4th o' July oration in a white lawn tie an' a Prince Albert coat. T'day even a retirin' prosecutin' attorney would not dare t' dress that way. People used t' slave an' save like ther very lives depended on it, but t'day, while most ever'buddy that can't help it is either employed or signed up, ther's very little workin' an' scarcely any worryin' o'er t'morrow. Only three or four years ago folks that preferred not t' work durin' th' summer months an' tried t' git somethin' out o' life had a mighty hard row t' hoe through th' long winter months, but t'day community chests take care o' them.

Th' community chest is a great reform, but it wuz a little tardy gittin' here. Under th' community-chest system folks don't git scared at presidential elections, an' vote without fear o' th' consequences.

We've had lots an' lots o' reforms since th' ole order o' things, but as we said at th' start, reforms come slowly an' th' people generally win in th' end. But th' greatest reform o' all will have arrived when th' people begin t' do ther winnin' somewheres near th' beginnin'. —*Abe Martin.*

A Colyumist's Diary

JUNE 18—Lay late, as usual, my wife, poor simp, hurling me out of bed at 2 P.M. without giving me a chance to play with my pet Dalmatian wolfhound. To the office to do my daily stint, and found there a goodly number of contributions, for the most part sane and coherent, of which I did print the majority. Remained at the shoppe for a good three-quarters of an hour, signed my initials at the bottom of the column, and thence to an inn with Mistress Sayde. "How now, Mr. Gibble," quoth she, "will you have table d'hôte or à la carte?" "À la pushcart," was my quick rejoinder, and deemed it the merriest quip I have uttered in a fortnight. Home at six and so to bed at 6:30.

JUNE 19—Up betimes, troubling not to go to the office, but telephoning the printer man if he had enough contributions to fill out the column. Whereat the wretch responded, "Yes, all but one paragraph." Whereat I did dictate the poor boob a paragraph of one Miss Lucy Kastor who was married to a Mr. Frederick Earl, and did tell him to caption it, Their Children Will Cry for It, which I thought not bad at all.

To the ping-pong grounds with Mistress Anastasia, she looking lovely in a new blue bonnet, and did trounce her handily, winning all nine sets. To the playhouse with Mistress Veronica and saw the new Pshaw comedy, a dull piece withal and of indifferent acting; but, Lord, I have no reason to complain forasmuch as I had passes. In the evening to Mistress Alicia's party and had ten helpings of sturgeon pie, fairly good, and half a hogshead of cider, not so bad, and so home and straight to bed to guard against the heavy work of the morrow.

JUNE 20—In my petrol wagon to the Hotel Seminole for luncheon, where I did meet with

(Continued on Page 96

"Good-By, Laddie Boy—We Hope You and Warren Have a Pleasant Summer"

here it is at last!

beans that are
slow-cooked and
digestible
—wonderfully
delicious and
wholesome

at your grocer's
today!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States
and in Canada

HEAD WINDS

By A. M. Sinclair Wilt

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Procession Came On, First Patricia, Then Foo; and Trotting Along Behind, the Boys

IX

ROSSLYN was going ashore. The boats had been lowered, the dinghy made fast astern, where it promised future traffic with enticing beaches; the launch, with the terrific Foo in attendance, brought alongside the accommodation ladder. Peter, on second thought, had Foo replaced by the lascar, leaving the first mate, with his Herculean strength—not to mention his efficient smile—on watch in the cockpit, midway between Woo Lang's and the chart-room ladders.

Earlier there had taken place a closing and battening of certain ports aft; but no comment concerning the maneuver was made by either Peter or Patricia.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the ship's owner backed and filled, forgetting everything he could forget, returning only to forget something else, the resolute Rosslyn, for some reason, being in throes of indecision.

Sea-blue eyes took this in. Patricia, radiating contentment, sat beneath an awning; but the shade had come too late to prevent a sprinkle of freckles from adorning her nose. They increased the effect of its being very slightly wrinkled up as she contemplated uneasy Peter. The glare from the late-afternoon sun half closed her eyes. Peter, noting these manifestations, did not lay them to the natural causes; but reverting to Ted's warnings, found them annoyingly significant.

Whenever some craft bore closely down upon them to admire the white and sporty Averna, Peter's rapid footsteps brought him to the girl's side, where he hovered, alert but troubled.

After one such narrow escape, during which she straightened in her chair, and his hand had dropped upon its back, his long fingers in strained suspense, the harried man dropped into a seat before her. He had the begging air of craving surcease from nerve-racking disquiet; gave indication of being internally gnawed. Patricia, on the contrary, was full of calm—irritatingly full.

"We must have fuel," he explained at last. "If I wait much longer I'll have the devil's own time getting it."

"Then why don't you go?" asked Patricia.

"Go with me, won't you?" appealingly.

"Yes, if you wish."

"And you'll promise ——"

"I promise," she said—and he stood up with such a surge of glad relief that she concluded happily—"exactly nothing."

"Da——" But he bit off the rest. "Very well"—all red in the face, and gusty—"you can stay below until I get back."

She remained calm; so as a final horror he told her that the portholes would all have to be fastened. He couldn't risk any signaling to shore.

"Don't forget to close the ventilators," she reminded him.

He ignored this, and dourly offered a hand to help her to her feet. She placed cool finger tips on his palm. Instantly fingers and hand were gulped by the big maw.

"Patricia!" he said beseechingly.

She freed her hand with fastidious distaste. Pirate Peter humbly led the way. She followed him down into the cabin, and contrived a manner he could feel through his back, without seeing.

"Are you locking the doors?"

She had that cock to her head; a robin about to nail a worm has the same expression.

This worm exploded with exasperation, "You make me feel like a fool!"

"Oh, I don't mind!" she reassured him; and further to insure his happiness, "Any danger of the yacht's catching fire?"

"Are you afraid?"

Her eyebrows went up and stayed up. She stared him out of countenance. By George, she was right; he had imputed fear to her!

"I shan't lock the doors"—all magnanimity—"I leave it to your sense of fairness."

She felt his generosity keenly. That was why she was so outraged fifteen minutes later.

She had waited till all sounds of the departing launch were gone before making her preparations; then she had mounted the companionway with sufficient resolution and cocksureness to outfit a Peter Rosslyn and all his ancestors. But sitting squarely before the mainmast, and facing her, had been Woo Lang, puffing slowly at a long pipe. Although his scar neither glowed dully nor grew livid, as a proper pirate's should, it looked prominent; and his long, thin, drooping mustaches increased the sardonic cast. With creditable deliberation she bowed and closed the doors, as if that alone had been her artless purpose.

She had not before opened the galley entrance; now she tried it. There was a long pantry, and at its farther end a door. She hurried toward it. At a table stood a Chinaman, not short and not fat, and in his hand was a vicious cleaver. She suppressed all but a breath of what she felt.

She was retreating, when with a low growl he dashed forward. She backed away, stumbling in her going; but he was too quick for her. From a shelf he caught up a plate of little cakes, almond cakes, and offered them.

"Cap'n back soon. You like lemynade, tea, eh? Li Sing fix. You go cabin; bimeby Wah Sai bling. Dlink tea, you feel mo' happy."

Pulling wires to get fuel brought out had been slow business; it was nearly dark before Peter came. The cabin was unlighted; there was no sign of Patricia. On the table still waited cold and untouched tea, with almond cakes. Li Sing, the cook, stood in the galley door.

"Cap'n Loeslyn!" he challenged.

"What do you want, Li?"

(Continued on Page 34)

For 117,353 Hupmobiles in use in 1922—hundreds of them eight years old, and more—the cost for repair-parts reached the remarkably low level of $15.53 per car.

Probably no aspect of motor car ownership in this country has come in for as much comment as the almost fanatic loyalty of Hupmobile owners toward their car.

Now is revealed, in a way more startling and sensational than ever before, one of the secrets of this attitude on the part of our owners.

In brief, it is a cost of maintenance—a repair-parts cost average per car—so small that it is almost ridiculous.

For 1922, this average reached the remarkably low level of $15.53 per car.

Today there are 117,353 Hupmobiles in use. The above average is the net result of the canvass of all the repair-parts bought during 1922 for these 117,353 cars.

The real significance of this figure is not that it represents but a trifle more than one dollar per month per car.

Rather it is that it covers, not only the current series, *but all the Hupmobiles now in use.*

Its real meaning becomes still plainer when you know our records show the average life of the Hupmobile to be *eight* years; and that hundreds of Hupmobiles beyond that age are in useful service today.

(Research bureaus which have made careful study of the automobile industry, estimate that the average life of all automobiles is *six* years.)

If only the current series were included in the $15.53 figure, that would be important enough to celebrate publicly.

But it becomes unprecedented, so far as we know, in light of the fact that it includes Hupmobiles which have been in service eight years and even longer.

Here is eloquent testimony to the way the Hupmobile is built—to the greater value and the longer life that go into each and every part subjected to strain and wear.

Here is the fundamental reason why the great majority of our owners merely change from one Hupmobile to another, and almost resent the bare suggestion that they change to another make.

Finally, here is the concrete, indisputable evidence that *it pays to own a Hupmobile*, as we have said again and again.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 32)

"Missy velly flaid China boy. You no leave lone one time! You tell missy, 'China boy velly good,' heh? No leave lone one time."

"Nonsense!" declared Peter. "Missy isn't afraid of anything!"

But he had to insist that it was he, Peter, before she would open the door.

"Patricia!" he exclaimed, genuinely concerned. "You really are afraid of the boys! I thought it was prejudice. Why didn't you tell me? Li Sing has ordered that I am not to leave you again; and when Li Sing commands, we hop!"

"Do you mean the one with the cleaver?"

Peter sputtered; it was difficult for him to take such a fear seriously

"Did you try going through the galley? What did he say?"

After a moment—"I don't remember what he said, but he chased me out of the pantry with a plate of cakes."

While they were talking a tug brought out the oil barge, and because it sounded entertaining, with good American voices, she maneuvered to get out; but Peter stood braced at her threshold and made conversation until the barge was gone.

"We leave this port," he informed her, "but are lying up until morning near shore. There are some delightful places, and if you'll get up early we can row ashore and do some exploring. Would you like that?"

"Have those delightful places any inhabitants?"

"Possibly, but scattered, and we shall choose with discernment. I do hate being crowded by people when I am in the wilds, don't you?" he grinned; and Patricia, suddenly and without warning, returned that grin!

Peter's eyes blackened with amazement. He stood like a tree given the final ax stroke, ready to topple in. She backed away all of a flutter, but still with a trace of the smile.

Peter was saved from actual indiscretion only by Wah Sai's announcing dinner.

"Give me ten minutes!" roared Peter in intense excitement, leaping for his room. It was the first of Pat's smiles he had seen for five years. What did it mean?

He had the deuce of a time getting dressed, dashed about and howled for Wah Sai, who soothed him down by finding lost and necessary articles of dress

Sitting opposite her, Peter watched intently for that deliciously intimate, delicate tucking in of lip corners. It never came; there was nothing but reposeful dignity He rumpled his hair until every black lock stood on end, each one a wild protest. She was beyond understanding.

Would he have understood her better if he had seen, along toward morning, but before dawn, a muffled figure issue from Patricia's room; if he had heard a clicking at storage-room locks and bolts, the heavy door slowly swinging wide; or witnessed the noiseless passage of the difficult ladder, of the opened companionway?

But he slept on, unaware that the dinghy, which had been left down through the night, was being rowed for'ard without a sound; and unaware of how fruitful the pause by chart-room porthole; unaware of the wait—the long, long wait or of the fading of boat and that which the boat contained into the obscurity.

Peter saw and heard none of it. Then why did he dream in his heavy sleep? For he dreamed that Arnold appeared on the Averna's deck, and with him Patricia; and that the two, one helping the other in painful haste, fled overside to a drifting revenue cutter; that the Averna was swarming with officers and men, all enemies; that blows he gave moved gently through space—blows without impact; and that, leaden-footed, he ran up and down in a single spot, unable to escape, until the horde closed in on him, and he was being hanged by the neck from the yardarm of his own schooner for piracy on the high seas. . . . And there was no more Patricia on Peter Rosslyn's ship!

■

PETER woke in a sweat. The Averna was riding at anchor. It was dark, and the stillness oppressive. Then abruptly, wide awake, he remembered! He had not gone back to the cabin to lock up after —— He had left his keys in the galley door!

Not even waiting for a dressing gown, he bounded out. The hatch was open—wide open, and there were no keys visible. He remembered every circumstance of the night before: he'd been on the point of locking the galley door when Patricia had called about the port in her room, she'd been so tenderly gracious when she asked him to unfasten it, and afterward so lovely, so sweet. He'd stood like a grinning jackass until she had had to remind him to go! Even then, that look! That look; that misty, sea-blue, heart-twisting —— Naturally he had gone maundering to his own room; naturally he had forgotten the keys with wondering whether she really—whether she could —what in the—in short, he had forgotten the keys, and now they were gone.

Patricia had them; Patricia, or —— He must know! Back before her door he lifted his hand to knock, but paused to reconsider. If she were safe, what excuse should he give for waking her? It was scarcely daylight, an unearthly hour. Perhaps she would not wake ——

He began opening her door with the caution of a burglar, but with none of the courage. If she were there, awake, and caught him at this—if he had to explain about the keys, what a fool she'd make him feel!

She was there. In the dim light from the portholes he could see her, lying quietly. He set about closing the door; a hinge came to life, creaked a long challenge. He slowed, watching with suspense the motionless figure in the brass bed. How quietly she lay—how still! He had the door closed, the latch with utmost delicacy released, when it came to him ——

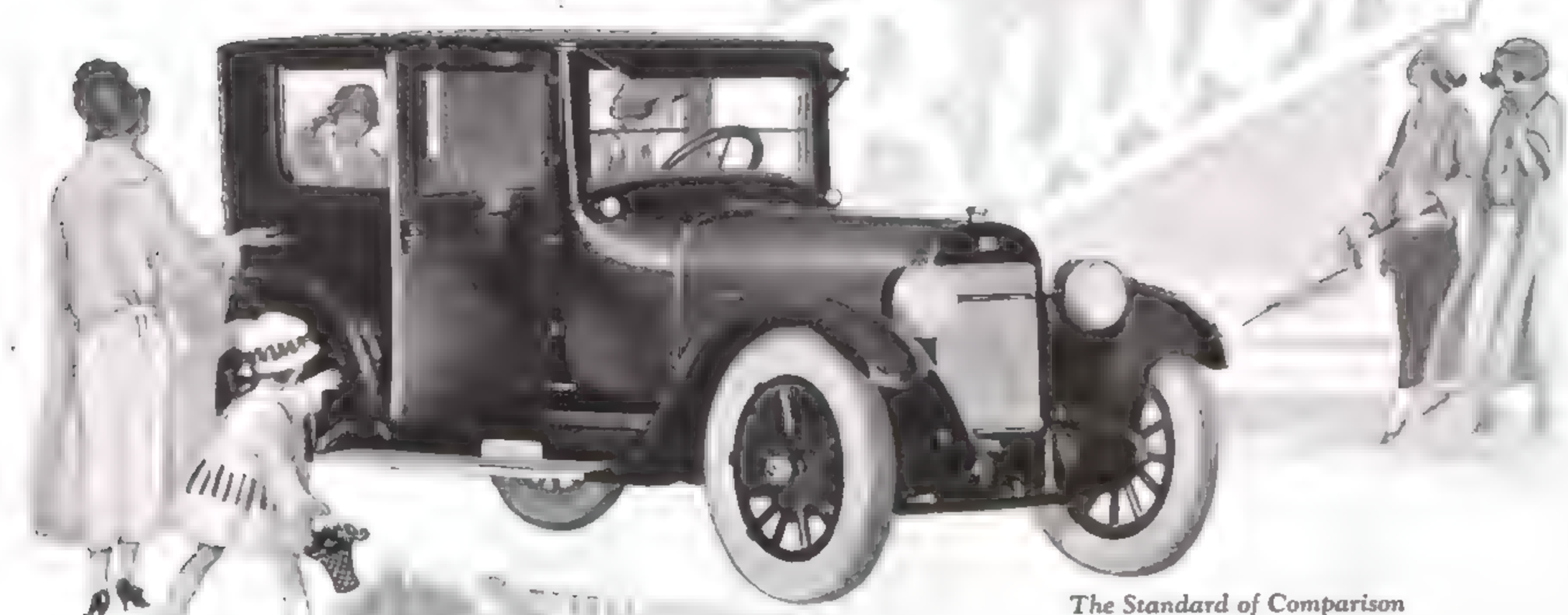
Quiet? Still? He threw the door wide. Too quiet, too still—and too large by half. If Pat had made this effigy of herself, to lie innocently in her place, she had a great idea of her size—if Pat had made it. There was no laugh in him as he rushed out.

It was while he was tearing from one end of the schooner to the other, below, searching in impossible places, that he realized how consistent she had been; she had been mousy soft, and he had been taken in! Or had she been sincere, and—and ——

The storage room was open—wide open. He vaulted out on deck. Not even a watch had been set, so safe had he thought everything. A small white patch near the wheel pit—her handkerchief; she had been searching for Arnold!

(Continued on Page 36

But He Slept On, Unaware That the Dinghy, Which Had Been Left Down Through the Night, Was Being Rowed For'ard Without a Sound



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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 34)

Always Arnold! She had not found him, that was one thing sure.

He thought of the dinghy—gone, naturally! Why hadn't he thought of it? He shouted; the sailors tumbled up. It seemed hours while the launch was being lowered.

Day was at last breaking; the forest, a black mystery, rose near them. Gradually, in the growing light, he could make out a long flat left by low water; on the beach, a blotch of bulked shadow, the boat—and the smaller shadow nearing the edge of the wood, Patricia! Patricia, alone!

And he had believed she was enjoying the cruise; she had let him believe it! He had been thinking she was growing accustomed to him; that she—she —— By George, you couldn't believe in women! And after the storm . . . in the fog, too . . . not rebuking him when he held her hand . . . the top button of the coat under her chin, which had occasioned such a lot of fumbling. And now she was running away! If he hadn't wakened she'd have been gone. No, sir, she wasn't fair enough to give him his chance.

The launch was in the water; the boys waiting. He sprang in, a fury of haste; but noticing his pajamas, what could he do but spring out again? He motioned Foo to go on with the launch; told him to fetch her back. The mate could be trusted to obey orders. Peter, enraged with finding himself *hors de combat*, laid all the blame to Patricia, including the pajamas; and, fierce and savage, hoped she would be frightened into fits by the pursuing Chinamen. They were a good crew of men, but not pretty. There was one thing she was afraid of, and she'd have plenty this time.

He went below to get into some clothes. When she learned that she would pay the piper for every escapade she'd soon tire of conflict.

Dressed and back on deck, Peter saw an interesting group, far up shore. Foo had come to a halt, the sailors about him. Patricia, giving over her attempt as hopeless, was returning; but she was skirting the Chinamen in as wide a detour as possible. Peter laughed—she would learn! The procession came on, first Patricia, then Foo; and trotting along behind, the boys. Meanwhile one of the crew who had stayed to capture the dinghy before it floated out of reach was rowing it back to the Averna.

"Fool," howled Peter, "go back with that boat!" And to Woo Lang, who stood impassively by, "She'll need it to get into the launch. Look at those shallows!" However, the sailor had not heard, was coming on.

Patricia paused at the water's edge and Peter bellowed again to the man in the boat, but the drama on shore was already attaining its climax. Patricia, he knew how desperate, had started to wade out to the launch. Foo, scandalized, plowed in after her.

Peter laughed, swore, yelled vainly, "Hey, Foo! Don't touch her! I'm coming! Wait!"

It was too late. The giant, not hearing, rescued the lady as respectfully as might be under the circumstances, but performed his duty stolidly. Ignoring protests, he lifted her out of the water, carried her out to the launch and placed her in safety; and if Peter knew his man—Foo, as his master had once directed, would now most carefully be smiling at her. It would be the same smile she had seen before. Peter chuckled; Foo's horrible face was a gold mine.

When she stepped on deck she was rather pale, but there was no show of outraged dignity. However, there was a difference about her, though Peter could not name it. For some reason he would have liked to shirk the coming interview. There was nothing for it, however; he must carry on. It was the only way.

He followed her down into the cabin and began in abrupt attack, "That was as childish and silly a thing as you could have done. You might easily have been lost."

An undisciplined girl is one thing to deal with, a woman in earnest is another. It takes no experience to recognize the difference, and it was a woman in earnest who was saying, quite as if he had not spoken, "You are to give me my envelope—my bank envelope—now, please."

"Sorry, but I can't"; and seeing an easy way out, "that shall be the penalty for this morning's foolishness. The envelope stays out of your reach."

"I shall have it back," she said softly, speaking very slowly, with pauses between the words.

Peter knew it was fury, and being human, and a Rosslyn, he felt a surge of the same emotion rise to meet it.

"You'll get it when we go back to San Francisco, and not before," he told her flatly. "This post-graduate course for perverse females is not to be cut short. Your bonds are where you can't touch them, and you've no other money; not that it would have done you any good in this place. . . . Patricia, you might have starved and died alone in these forests."

"I don't care about that; but you let that coolie ——"

"Of course you don't care—not for anything but yourself. If anything happens to you, how am I to face your brothers?" And with jaw set, ugly as sin—"I finish what I start, do you understand? I don't back down, not by a day, not by an hour. At the end of the three months I'll take you back, and then you can go to—where you please; but until then, you stay; and if you think I like this any better than you do, you are wrong."

"Ah!" said Patricia under her breath, staring at him.

Peter's tone was merely Rosslyn forcefulness, and possibly not unduly strong, considering his accustomed masculine world. How could he know that to a girl it would

"Poor Peter! Did You, Too, Believe Life Funny and Happy?"

be brutality? How could he know that each gusty half-considered word would fall like a lash, forcing her to a conviction of his hostility, of his dislike? Her hand went up, warding off whatever else he would say.

"Oh," she whispered, "that is why you could let him touch me! That is why you could send them to fetch me back! Why you stayed, and sent them!"

"I ——"

But he stopped, deciding to offer no explanation. It might be good for her; and besides, there was too much absurdity in the truth. From such trifles as pajamas may life's tragedies be made.

There was urgency, but no peremptoriness, when she said, "Will you please give me my envelope?"

She was learning! But this was no time for him to weaken. He shook his head, his mouth a hard, straight line.

"No!"

Her white face turned whiter. "Before I go, will you kindly explain how you dared force me into so compromising a situation as this cruise with you?"

"Compromising!" he stammered. "Why, I told you ——"

"You told me that my husband was on board, to keep down scandal," she cut in. "As a matter of fact, I know now that Templeton Arnold is not on board this yacht."

Her door closed behind her.

XI

PATRICIA had undoubtedly made good use of her time with his keys. Also, since throwing at him the bomb of her discovery that Arnold was not on board the Averna, she had not spoken another word to Peter; nor, excepting for one glance, had she so much as looked at him.

For the first days following the *contretemps* he had tried to reassure her that in every act of his he had done his best to consider the conventions. Arnold -Arnold —— Well, even if Peter had been the one goaded to the pitch of carrying it out, Ted, at least, had all but suggested the thing in the first place.

The utter scorn in that single glance she had given him told Peter she held her brothers blameless; that unless Arnold had been on board, unless they believed he was to remain on board, they would not have allowed her to come. Whatever had been done, then, was Peter Rosslyn's doing, and he alone was to be held responsible.

She would have to believe as it pleased her. It could rest where it lay. This was no time for long explanations, which would have to be given fully, in detail, and to a receptive, prepared mind—or not at all. Meanwhile her present attitude made details impossible; forbade, in fact, any sort of conversation.

She made him feel disembodied. For her, Peter Rosslyn had ceased to be; he simply was not—uncanny, the effect it had. He avoided her more and more. Sometimes he wished savagely that her brothers had her; but these moods of weakening were soon over. He would carry on according to schedule if it wrecked the ship—but later. Just now he was in need of a short vacation.

Instead of proceeding southward, as originally planned, Woo Lang advised seeing the San Juan Islands. Later in the season there was the possibility of forest fires, and the smoke would lose for them much beauty.

Accordingly the Averna headed northward, sometimes sailing, but generally under power; loitering, stopping, hugging the shore, the better to enjoy the prospect. Day after day they idled through rain and sunshine, through wind, mist, storm and calm, in bewildering change. The bright days warm and brilliant, the wet days cool and, with moist verdure, fragrant; the sky either deeply blue, with clouds white as the mountain peaks against that blue, or all the heavens a pale gray. And in this setting, the islands; every one perfect of itself; purple amethyst from a distance; nearer, changing to uncut emerald.

Peter sat hour on hour in the open, drinking this in; or on gusty days taking a hand at the spokes to feel the stress. There were squalls, when the Sound put up its fists in first-rate imitation of the open sea, so that Peter roared joyfully and fought it out.

He would have been ideally happy had it not been for Patricia. He resented her sulky presence. The voyage he had anticipated for years was being ruined by a girl who might have made it perfect.

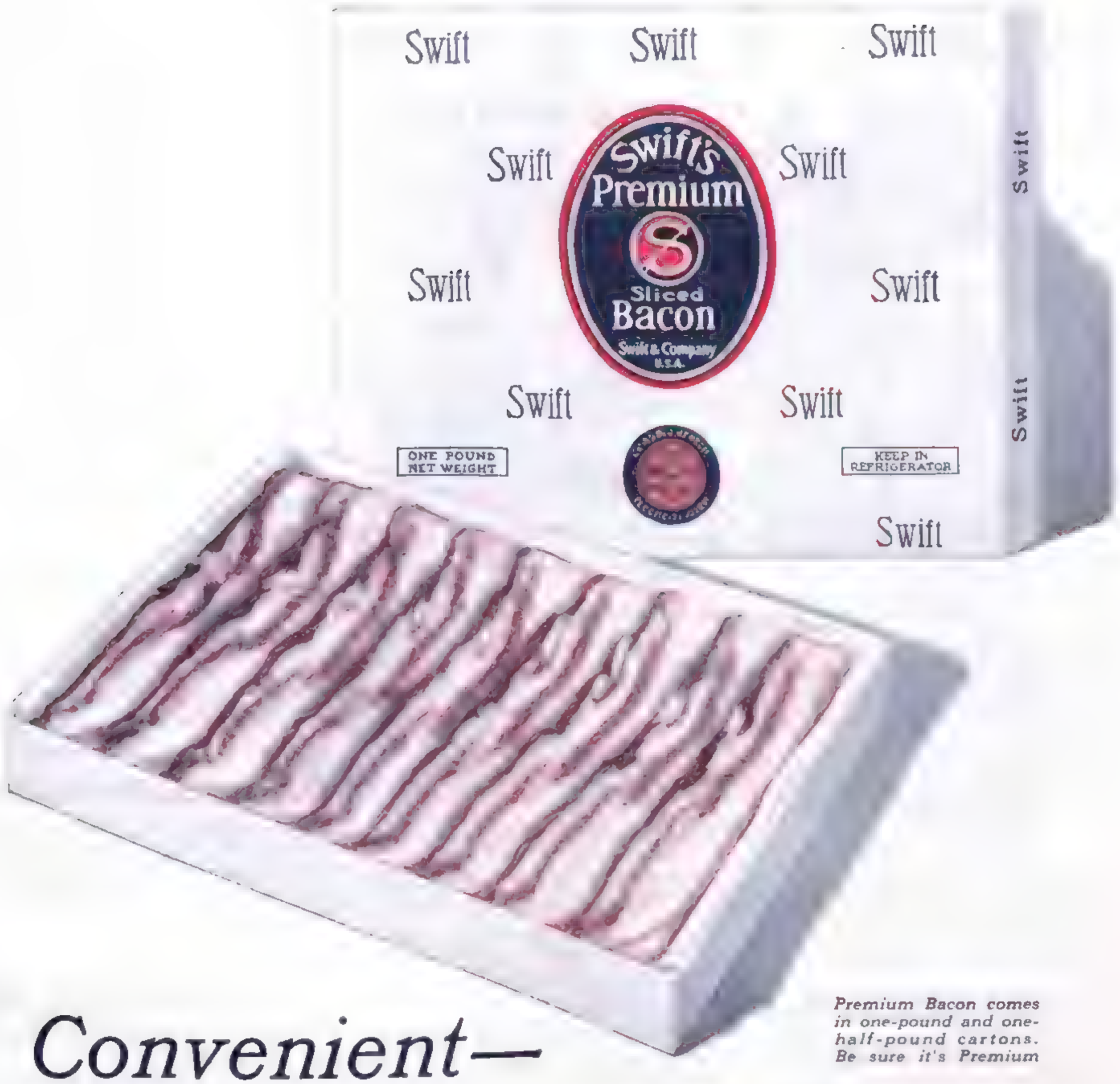
The weather settled to dependable warmth and sunshine. The boys had polished, painted and gold-leafed every spot where Peter could find excuse for paint or gold; and now, between their few duties, they played incessantly at their games of chance. For Peter, there were trips in the launch to distant small towns—for fresh supplies; but these visits were missed by Patricia, who stayed in her cabin, sulking, as Peter described it; and he left her alone.

He fished for entire days while the Averna lay at anchor in sheltered coves. Sometimes, with Foo plying lazy oars, he was rowed along shore, and came back with rainbow creels of Dolly Varden, salmon trout and occasionally a young salmon, full of fight and weighing anywhere from three to six pounds. Peter made one or two attempts to interest the unresponsive girl, who sat opposite him three times a day with bent head, who made bare pretense of eating, who heard not a word he said. He accepted her silence after awhile, and adopted it. If three-pound trout could not make her talk, what would?

One day, however, he found her in his stateroom, turning out his pockets, actually going through his lockers. He stood and watched her, and she seemed so changed to him as almost to be another person; but she was still persistent. She would have that envelope. He decided to tell her.

"You may as well know about your packet. Win has it. I took it from the person who had it, and gave it to Win before he left the ship."

(Continued on Page 66)



Premium Bacon comes in one-pound and one-half-pound cartons. Be sure it's Premium

Convenient—

It is most economical to buy a whole side of Premium Bacon

Premium Bacon *in cartons*

Sliced to just the thinness at which it crisps perfectly; rind removed, no waste. In this sanitary parchment-lined carton you are *sure* it's Swift's Premium, untouched by hands, with all its freshness and delicate flavor.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Bacon

MEASURING UP

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. GATTER

THE new floor manager was leaving my office. "Your suggestion ought to work," he said. We had been going over some of his problems. "If you were trying it, it would. But then, you are lucky."

"I—lucky?" I echoed with some unfeigned surprise.

"Of course," he answered. "Everybody says so."

"Does everybody say in what way I'm lucky?"

He flushed. "I did not mean to be personal," he said apologetically. "Only on the floor they say that you have just been here a year and are on management. I like your office too."

I caught the last point and smiled. So they called it luck. Perhaps.

The sudden and tragic death of my husband fifteen months ago faced me with the necessity of quickly finding a new interest in life. My grief was too bitter to be allowed ascendancy. I analyzed my case as dispassionately as possible and decided that the immediate requirement was work: work in a field hitherto untouched by me. I took stock of my resources: An involved estate, college, a small teaching experience, a grandfather's clock—if I ever meet that grandfather! -a typewriter, and a certain confidence in myself. I put the cover over the typewriter, stopped the grandfather's clock, and walked into the largest department store with which I was familiar.

I had paused a moment to screw up my courage, when a pleasant voice said, "Will you have that tie, madam?"

I started, and then realized that I was not only at the tie counter but that I was rolling an orange tie into a very compact ball. I purchased the tie I had ruined and inquired the way to the employment office.

"Eighth floor center. You can't miss it," was the answer.

I had no idea of missing it. But the sales person was correct. It was unmistakable. There was a large outer room lined with benches, all of which were filled with people. A smaller room adjoining allowed space for six very long mahogany tables. At these some twenty-odd prospective employes were filling in the application blanks. Both rooms were manned by assistants of the employment manager. One of them, a pretty brown-eyed girl, approached me.

"In what way may I serve you?" she asked.

"By taking this card to Miss Dixon." I presented my card.

"Miss Dixon is engaged for the next two hours. Would you prefer to come another time or to talk to me?"

Getting on the Pay Roll

I SPOKE my pleasantest. "I should like to talk to you, but my business is with Miss Dixon. I believe I will wait, please. Have you a newspaper that I might read?"

I had not nearly exhausted the journal when the same girl came to me again: "Miss Dixon will see you. Will you follow me?"

I was ushered into the presence of the employment manager.

Miss Dixon rose as I entered. "Mrs. Morrison?"

"Yes. And I have no idea what I want to do, but may I tell you my qualifications?"

And without allowing time to elapse I plunged into a carefully rehearsed résumé of my most telling points. Nor did I suffer at my own hands.

When I paused for second wind Miss Dixon said, "And just what were you thinking you could do for us?"

"Er—er ——" I replied intelligently.

"You see," she explained kindly, "you will be making out an application. And in the application you will be obliged to apply for something."

"I—I ——" My eyes wandered idly over the room and paused at an open newspaper. A casual headline read: "Prisoner executed ——"

"I wish to be an executive," I said.

Miss Dixon gave up and took me to lunch. I ate heartily.

Two days passed in interviews, appointments, introductions to department chiefs.

And then: "There seems to be an opening for you in the inspecting department, Mrs. Morrison. But before you can accomplish anything there you will have to become familiar with our store system. I shall send you first to the store superintendent."

I was still ignorant of two important items, and I intended to become informed.

"When may I begin work?" I asked. "And what is my salary?"

"Any time you like, in answer to your first question; and—twenty dollars a week."

I had not given the financial end a previous thought, and now I had gone too far to retract. Nevertheless, I was surprised at the smallness of the compensation. And Miss Dixon saw that I was.

"Your change of rate is in your own hands," she added.

"All right," I said. "Change it now."

"You do not understand. As you become valuable to the house you can expect a salary commensurate. But now ——"

Miss Dixon sent a girl with a note and me to the store superintendent, Mr. White. He read the note and took me to Mr. Twiney. He dittoed and escorted me to Mrs. Smiley.

"Teach Mrs. Morrison all you can as quickly as possible," he directed, and left me to Mrs. Smiley's tender mercies.

It is a good thing that Mrs. Smiley is a business woman, for as a teacher she would be ill adapted. As soon as I sat down she explained, "This is gray day, tomorrow is yellow day, and so on through the colors." Then she pointed to a file and said, "There begin the fifty-seven thousands."

I asked a question or two, which caused her such confusion that I had to desist. "Tomorrow you may trace," she concluded.

"Tracing," I thought. "Perhaps my mechanical drawing will prove useful, after all." But I did not voice the thought—luckily.

Mrs. Smiley got me my locker key, took me to my locker, and showed me how to come into the store through the employes' entrance. She promised to be on the lookout for me next morning.

The First Lesson in Selling

THE store opened at nine, but impatience and excitement had me past the time desk by 8:30. What next? My experiences had been so varied the few preceding days that I had the haziest impression of any location in the store. The few persons who walked by me were so alert, so sure of themselves, while I—I was lost. Presently a young woman appeared whom I had noticed at a typewriter in Mr. White's office. I followed her shamelessly. She got an elevator. So did I. She got off. So did I. She entered a room. So did I. There were rows of chairs. She sat in one. So did I. She with fifty others in the room began to sing:

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears."

I did not sing. It was not disappearing for me. I knew now that I was not in the superintendent's office, but where in the world was I? I watchfully waited. Songs, prayers, Bible reading.

Then the young person whom I had shadowed said to me, "Weren't you talking to Mr. White yesterday? I thought I saw you. And I am glad you can attend our prayer meetings before store opening."

We went together to find Mrs. Smiley. But I was numbered among the faithful.

I was simply a new tracer to Mrs. Smiley, who had no illusions about the devil and idle hands. Under her there was no time to be led into temptation. Tracing consisted in fixing the responsibility on customers' complaints that involved delayed delivery, wrong merchandise, damaged goods, and so on. Mrs. Smiley made explanations to me in considerable detail and then she gave me an assignment.

"This customer purchased silver slippers to be sent special delivery. They have not reached her. Go to the floor manager in shoes and find out what you can."

I took the letter and started.

"Wait a minute," she called. "Get facts from any source, and, mind, I do not care what you may think. I want facts."

I sought the floor manager. He remembered the transaction perfectly and began to tell me about it.

"Do you mind writing that on paper?" I tendered him a small scratch pad.

"What the dickens? Oh, all right." He wrote a few hasty lines and signed his name. "Why don't you get testimonials from the sales person and inspector?" he asked.

I was not assured of his seriousness, but I did get them to write their part in the sale. I turned again to the floor manager. "Where shall I go next?"

"Bermuda," he replied promptly.

"Thank you." I spoke very nicely and started away.

He stepped up quickly. "No offense. You might try the delivery."

Two hours later, armed with seven affidavits, I appeared at Mrs. Smiley's desk.

"Are you getting samples of handwriting?" she asked.

"No, but I thought that the story would be more convincing with written proof. And I have found out who was to blame for the customer's disappointment." I traced for twelve days and thirty-seven miles, according to my faithful pedometer. I had bought the pedometer after my first morning of tracing and had been using it in the interests of research.

My next move was to the selling force. The sales manager looked me coolly in the eye and said, "I want you to get the most selling experience possible in the next two weeks. Let me see. There is a sale in corsets today. You take this slip to the floor manager of the department."

I accepted the slip, thanked him and walked over to the elevator.

The floor manager was surrounded by three sales persons and five customers when I arrived.

"Thank heavens, help at last!" she said as she scanned my slip. "Of course you have sold before?"

"No," I murmured.

"Then go behind that counter," she cried. "You can do less damage there than anywhere else."

Without urging, I went. I have a motto which I adopted years ago when I first discovered it in Vergil. It is about a woman being leader: *Dux femina facti*. I was getting ready to repeat my talisman, when I lifted my eyes. I was facing my first customer!

"May I help you?" I inquired.

"Yes; I want a corset for myself."

"Assuredly. And the size?"

"I am not certain. You know more about it than I. Perhaps you had better measure me."

Napoleon at Waterloo, or Cæsar at Philippi! I had never worn a corset in my life and had not the remotest idea what should be measured. I smiled with false confidence and picked up a tape measure. I slipped it around her bust and made a notation, around her waist and made a notation, around her hips and made a notation. The customer showed unmistakable evidences of surprise.

"We want to be absolutely accurate, madam, and are willing to go to any length to assure perfect satisfaction."

"Y-e-es," she replied doubtfully.

I snatched a near-by sales person and drew her behind some shelves.

"Help me," I entreated. "That woman wants a corset and here are her measurements. Are they all right? Where are the corsets?"

She glanced at the measurements. "You are not a tailor. All you need is this." She underscored the waist measure. "The size is two numbers less, and is always printed on the box. The corsets are arranged according to size. The most expensive ones are by the window and they grade down in price to this section, where they are the lowest figure. Try your luck."

A Good Day's Work

I DID, and had it, for ten minutes later the customer walked away not only with the corset but with my number. She wanted it in order to refer her friends to me!

In the middle of the afternoon came a lull. I began to walk around a bit to get more stock locations, but the floor manager stopped me.

"That table is a disgrace. Dust it and arrange the camisoles according to price." She indicated an aisle table.

My Southern gorge rose. If this was experience—where was the janitor? But I had put my hand to the plow. I began righting the table, when I spied a small lad close by. I asked him if I was folding correctly.

"Almost, but I do it like this." He demonstrated to my evident admiration.

We began to race to see who could work faster. He won, not only at that table but at two others. The floor manager watched us, smiling.

At five minutes before five she approached me again. I would have fled if a refuge had been available.

"Windows to be cleaned?" I hazarded darkly.

But no. "How much did you sell today?" And in the nicest manner possible she showed me how to total my sales to have ready for her at eleven, at two and at five.

"You have done very well for your first day." She gave me an approving smile and pat.

The next day I sold in blouses, and the next in handkerchiefs. But on the third day, when I stopped for my assignment, the assistant sales manager said to me, "Corsets."

I reported at once to the floor manager of that department.

"I asked for you," she remarked as she O.K'd my slip. "Why did you not come yesterday?"

I looked regretful. "I must go where I am sent."

"Then see that you are sent to me."

(Continued on Page 41)

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 528. The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $9.00

Brighten up the attic room with a Congoleum Art-Rug—

Ever since she could remember this little attic room had been merely a storeroom. Yet, with careful planning she worked a transformation: a few yards of chintz, a few simple pieces of furniture and for the floor—a cheerful but inexpensive *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug.

Durable and sanitary, these rugs save time and work. Just a few strokes with a damp mop is all the cleaning they ever need. Made all in one piece, they lie perfectly flat on the floor—never turn up at edges or corners.

It's not surprising that women everywhere are brightening up their homes with beautiful Congoleum Rugs. In artistic patterns and rich colors there's one to suit every room in your house from living room to kitchen.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Note the Very Low Prices

6	x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9	x 9 ft.	13.50		3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9	x 10½ ft.	15.75		3 x 6 ft.	2.60
9	x 12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

The Gold Seal Protects You

The Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against imitations. Be sure to look for it when you buy.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Dallas Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta
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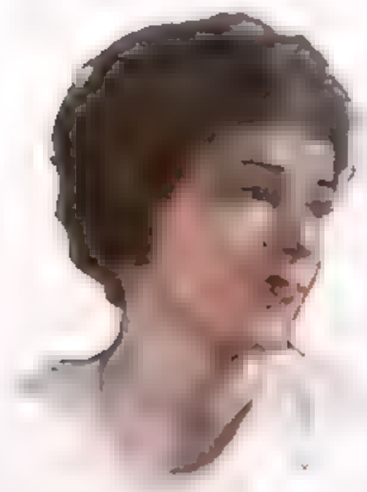
Pattern No. 523 *Pattern No. 518*

Guard Your Children from City Contagions



The Health Doctor *says*~

Let no one sit down to the table without thoroughly washing hands and face.

Health authorities say that many diseases are caught from germs passing from hands to food.

The rich, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy goes deep down into every pore, washes out all the dirt and leaves the skin *really* clean and glowing with health.

WHAT moist hand held the car strap just before you? What nameless foes of health brushed against you? Dust—dangerous cause of the spread of contagions—covers your hands and face. Be careful lest you usher this menace of dirt into your home. Purify your hands and face with the rich, creamy, protective lather of Lifebuoy Health Soap.

Lifebuoy does *more* than remove surface grime. The bland, antiseptic lather goes down deep into each separate pore of your skin and combats the danger ever present in dirt.

Lifebuoy will keep your skin in wonderful condition—and freed of all body odors.

For Lifebuoy is as pure and wholesome as soap can be made—and contains a wonderful *extra* health ingredient. That is why cleanly people demand it—why mothers train their children to use it for its sure protection.

The color of pure, unbleached palm-fruit oil, one of the chief ingredients, is red—so Lifebuoy is RED. The creamy, free-lathering quality of Lifebuoy is due to cocoanut oil. These rich, wholesome oils are the finest skin conditioners used in soap making.

The clean, sanative odor of Lifebuoy vanishes in a few seconds—but the protection remains.

You mothers—who are the *health doctors* of your families—be sure that a cake is always ready at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued from Page 38)

I worked harder than ever, for I was determined that in every detail for my preparation I would give more than usual satisfaction. And I did have some small success, inasmuch as the buyer actually asked for me for the department. But a sales person offered me a tip.

"Don't kill yourself working. I've been in this section twenty-one years, and you don't see me breaking my neck over customers."

It was true. Her neck was intact.

Another day I sold in silks. A negro woman approached my counter and touched a bolt of black silk.

"Do you mind putting that by your throat with your white collar showing above?" she requested.

I laid the silk in soft folds over my shoulder. "Like this?" I asked.

"Yes. Fine, fine. I want that for my dead grandmother. If she looks as well in her coffin as you do I'll be satisfied."

Personally I felt unequal to such competition.

I noticed that many customers had remarked in leaving me, "You are new, aren't you?"

I decided to find out why they could tell. So when a very pleasant person had bought three pairs of hose from me I followed her question with another: "Yes, but may I ask how you are aware of it?"

She smiled. "I thought you were because you are so courteous and polite. Don't let it wear off."

At the expiration of two weeks of selling I was transferred to the inspecting department. Tracing and selling had alike proved pretty taxing, but in my moments of greatest fatigue I had reassured myself with "This time will pass quickly and then you will be inspecting." I cannot recall exactly what I expected, but I know that I definitely thought that my eyesight would be the only sense involved. As for wrapping merchandise, that activity was farthest from my scheme. But inspecting proved to be wrapping—and so I wrapped. The first day I wrapped hats.

The cashier-inspector in charge of the millinery wrap said to me, "You sit there and I will sit here. When we have twenty or thirty hats we can get up and wrap them."

There were eight hats waiting. A man entered the wrap rather unexpectedly, and my instructor leaped up quickly and began to wrap a hat.

Lessons in String Breaking

The man looked at me perched on my stool and asked, "Why are you idle when Miss Milligan is working?"

"There are not enough accumulated yet," I answered.

"You better start anyway," he snapped, and walked out.

The girl turned on me fiercely. "You fool! When anybody comes in, no matter who, jump up and work like hell. Don't you know we're not supposed to rest when work is waiting? That man is one of the bosses."

"I should think it would be simpler to wrap the hats and then rest," I answered, "and that is the way I intend to do."

"You can do as you like, so long as you don't get me in Dutch."

And my informer gave a vicious tug to an inoffensive turban.

I learned much in the next fourteen days. I learned how to wrap perfumes, brushes, soap, blouses, raincoats, umbrellas, dresses, teapots, stationery, books, blankets, napkins, corsets, knives, bird cages, dog collars. I learned how to double-end parcel-post packages, how to single-end locals, how to loop string and how to break it. Breaking string without cutting my fingers off had proved a bit of a facer. I had seen a diminutive inspector nonchalantly break Number 20 twine, so I asked to be taught.

She was obliging. "Lookit, kiddo." Kiddo was I! "It ain't hard a-tall. Like this."

I tried a couple of times with no noticeable success, then gave up temporarily.

But that night I went straight to the small drawer in which my thrifty Swedish cook kept all string that had tied incoming parcels. I encircled tables, chairs, doors with the string. And then I practiced breaking it.

The next day I sought the little inspector. "I can break any string now," I said.

She eyed me doubtfully, then tied a heavy box with Number 4½ rope.

"Break that."

I gave a twist, and it snapped in my hand. The inspector ran from the wrap breathlessly and returned with three sales persons and a floor manager.

"We Want to be Absolutely Accurate, Madam, and are Willing to Go to Any Length to Assure Perfect Satisfaction"

"Lookit!" she said. "The new girl—she can break rope. I learned her." I had a small triumph. I broke much string.

But I learned more than that. I learned that every girl employe had two intimates, styled respectively "My boy friend" and "My girl friend." I learned that men's furnishings were never gents' furnishings, that women's, not ladies' wraps were sold on the fourth floor, and that when one wrote in regard to the store, "store" must begin with a capital S. I learned that with carbon-stained, glue-stiffened fingers and aching muscles the great moral issues might fade into insignificance and leave only a crying need for pleasure and rest. At the same time I learned that inspectors had knitting, sewing, books or food hidden around the wraps, and that they indulged themselves frequently, although all these activities were forbidden while on duty.

I learned about irresponsibility too. I was with a cashier who wrapped a pair of doll slippers priced at fifty cents. The slippers called for a Number 0 box, but she did not have one convenient. So she took a fine large box, a Number 6, and wrapped tissue paper around the slippers until they just fitted into the box. It required thirty-one sheets. Oh, yes, and I learned that the customer is always right.

I was wrapping an ivory mirror two weeks after my introduction to inspection, when a messenger came to the wrap.

"Mr. Herron wants Mrs. Morrison. She better make it snappy, because he's on a rampage."

This agreeable intelligence was broadcast to the wrap, but as the name used happened to be mine, I took it personally. I turned to the woman in charge of the girls who were wrapping perfumes and toilet sets.

"Shall I finish this package first?" I inquired.

"Heavens, no! He would eat you raw if you kept him waiting." And she handed my parcel to another girl.

I did not want to hold a conversation, but I could not resist asking, "Is he as bad as all that?"

"It depends," she answered judiciously. "Don't you worry. Probably he's laying off people and wants you for that."

My mental reaction was that if I had much more wrapping to do I would not need to be laid off but laid out. But my thoughts were my own.

At a gesture of assent from Mr. Herron's secretary I entered his private office. Mr. Herron was bent over a formidable sheet of figures. But his posture did not succeed in concealing a general air of positivism that was accentuated by a determined chin, dark eyes and black hair. I waited politely for perhaps three minutes while the mathematics continued to absorb my chief.

New Work

Then I said, "Did you want me to sit there?"

I have some firm features too.

It developed that he did.

"What do you think of inspection by now?" he inquired.

My thoughts would have been beyond translation, had I desired to express them. But I managed to say: "The work is hard. I had no idea people could stand to labor like that."

I saw the remark was unfortunate. I could almost hear his brain ticking off: "Society girl expected easy time. Well, she will not hold out long."

And my brain ticked back: "You just wait!"

But what he announced aloud was: "It is not hard. Your inexperience made the work seem more difficult than it is. About yourself, the next step for you would be to go with my floor assistants. There is one in charge of the cashiers and inspectors on every floor. You can begin with them after lunch. Go with a different one every day. There are ten. Meanwhile, if you want to talk over your work at any time or if you have any suggestions to make come to me."

The interview was terminated. I had not had opportunity to ask a single one of the questions that were seething in my brain or to put forward any ideas. I entered that talk on the debit side of the ledger.

Even the earliest lunch hour was an hour distant, yet I did not want to return to wrapping. A sudden use for my unexpected leisure occurred to me. I would verify or discredit rumors that I had been half hearing for the past two weeks. I made for the employment office. By good fortune I gained immediate access to Miss Dixon. I came straight to the point.

"Is it true that any number of people have been sent to the inspection department as I have been, and that none of them were retained?"

Miss Dixon did not mince words either.

"Yes; Mr. Herron is exacting. He knows what he wants and he is not inclined to make concessions. If you measure up you will have to put your personality across to him. He is worth the effort, however."

That personality-across phrase became increasingly familiar as the months passed, but at that time it was new to me.

"When I do, what then?" I asked.

"Mr. Herron's idea is for you to do constructive work in the entire department."

As I returned to the inspection division I mulled over the situation. All right, Mr. Herron was Hurdle Number One. What had I that he could use? I could understand and handle people; would he be willing to capitalize that ability? If he knew, perhaps; but how could he know?

That night I evolved a two-page analysis of Mr. Herron. The next morning I took it to him.

Watch This Column

Look for the great baseball romance

"There's some good in the worst of us and some bad in the best of us." True, isn't it? And doesn't it make you feel fine when the good makes the grade and wins the biggest reward a man can receive—the love of a good woman?

* * *

It's that way in ***"Trifling With Honor,"*** Universal's new screen drama which revolves around the baseball diamond, and is so thorough in its Americanism that you've simply got to take off your hat to it, as I did. Of course I knew about it when it was being made, but I didn't know of the powerful romance that flavored it or the many thrills that were in it.

FRITZI RIDGEWAY AND BUDDY MESSINGER

The four great characters are the Messenger Boy, the Big League Star, the Girl and the Reporter, taken respectively by Buddy Messinger, Rockliffe Fellowes, Fritzi Ridgeway and Hayden Stevenson. I want you to see how the messenger boy's love of honor and American traditions, turns the baseball player from temptation and plants in his heart a savage desire to preserve the decency of the good old game.

* * *

By the way, one of the year's greatest pictures, ***"Merry-Go-Round,"*** is rapidly nearing completion. Keep your eyes open for this magnificent production of one of the most beautiful and powerful love stories that has ever been screened. Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry head an extraordinarily large cast, all under the direction of Rupert Julian.

* * *

I'd like to hear from those smaller communities which are just seeing, for the first time, ***"The Storm," "Human Hearts," "The Kentucky Derby," "The Flirt," "The Flame of Life"*** and ***"Driven."*** I want to know what you think of them. Tell me, in a personal letter. Mark it "personal" so it will come direct to me.

* * *

Don't forget that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals. And remember to write me, any time.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

Start The Trip *Right* With a Good Horn

THE first thing you do when you start your vacation tour is to sound your horn as you drive from your garage.

From that moment on, your pleasure and safety will be increased if your horn is a Klaxon. At every unfamiliar crossroad or turning, its far-reaching note unmistakably announces your coming, protecting both you and the other fellow.

It adds miles to your day's travel by giving slow moving vehicles ample notice of your desire to pass.

Through town and village, with a note lower if desired but equally clear, it protects unwary pedestrians and thoughtless youngsters.

Throughout your entire trip, you will find a good horn is safety insurance and only Klaxon quality is good enough.

Go to your dealer. Get your Klaxon horn today and enjoy the comfort that its superior quality assures

$7.50

Model 8 Shown Above; Other Models—$5 to $30

There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate shown above. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate.

"Here is your character," I said as I laid the sheets on his desk before him.

"My what?" He registered astonishment.

"Your character. I read it." I walked out of the office.

An hour later I was called from the floor. Mr. Herron wanted me. My handiwork still lay in front of him.

"Sit down."

He indicated a chair.

"What makes you think that I have a poor memory, an artistic temperament" he had checked items on the open page and was referring to them—"a fondness for abstruse reading, innate shyness? You have not spared me, have you?"

I disregarded his questions to ask one of my own.

"Is that résumé of you correct?"

He grinned. "I would not admit it to my own mother, if it were. But where do you get the data?"

"Data are facts. Am I right?"

Before he answered, a woman stepped up to the desk and made a request. When she left I inquired if she were connected with the department.

"Yes; my head cashier."

I wrote a dozen lines. "There she is," I said.

He read with interest. "Analyze all the floor assistants for me, will you?"

I most emphatically would.

We had a long talk about the business. Mr. Herron had been with the Store for more than twenty years and had witnessed some of its most important developments. I was interested to hear about them and at the same time to find out something of the general organization and system.

I wanted to get more thoroughly imbued with the system myself. On the theory that I could not teach what I did not know, I made a request.

Overstrained Nerves

"May I instruct a class of new inspectors? I believe I would follow a little different method from the one used in my class."

Like all new inspectors, I had been given a half hour of coaching every morning for the first two weeks after my induction into the department.

"Certainly. And if you think your method is an improvement, try it and let me know the results."

I had never put so much time and study into a college course as I put into that first class of inspectors. They must be a credit to me by showing a higher grade of workmanship than the usual run of wrappers. Sandwiched in with the system instruction I tried to include some of my own ideas about ambition and attention to duty.

One day I said, "We need not always be inspectors ——"

I had intended to conclude with a strive-and-succeed remark, but the rapt look on the face of one of the girls stopped me. I would let her complete in her simple fashion the beginning of my sentence. So I turned to her.

"Need we, Miss Lauden?"

"I should say not!" replied Miss Lauden emphatically. "We can get married."

For the time, I tabled the question.

On the day that the course was finished we had an enthusiastic meeting, at which we decided to go through an entire month without an error. We would meet in a month and talk over results.

Ten days later, shortly after Store closing, Mr. Herron called me as I was passing his office.

"Was Miss Branton in your first class?" I was at the time teaching a second class.

"Yes," I answered. "Why?"

"She wrapped a package incorrectly, and it was brought back to her. She is down in the shoe department, having hysterics, I guess. She says she is going to kill herself and resign because she has failed you. I was just going down to her to quiet her. It strikes me that this is your affair. Do you want to handle it?"

I found Miss Branton stretched full length on the floor and moaning an incantation that sounded like "Oh-o-h, ah-h,oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah, oh, ah, oh!"

Two sympathetic sales persons, a stock boy and a floor assistant were attending the rites.

"I will take care of Miss Branton alone," I said meaningly.

They dispersed at once, but the sound of my voice caused an Indian war whoop from Miss Branton.

I leaned over her.

"Shut up!" I said. She shut. "Now get up and wash your face, so I can talk to you. You are a sight!"

I put my hand under her arm and she arose.

Our talk was satisfactory and informing to us both. Miss Branton discovered that a mistake was not corrected by admitting failure, but by following it with a greater measure of success. I found out that by asking an almost impossible perfection from new girls I had them working under a nervous tension that defeated the very goal at which I was aiming.

I had a feeling that Mr. Herron would be waiting for a report on Miss Branton, so I made for the inspecting office as soon as I had started her home.

"What was the trouble?" he asked. "The floor assistant had just phoned me when you passed. Miss Branton's dying words were echoing your name."

I told him how the incident had ended, and also how the class had resolved to have no mistakes, hence the Branton reaction. He was interested and thoughtful.

At the conclusion of my narrative he said, "I am wondering if you could not spread that feeling over the entire department. Not to the point of suicide, but at least to the point at which a mistake would be an affair of serious regret. It is too much a matter of course."

"I should very much like to make a trial," I answered.

"Very well. Beginning tomorrow you will have a typed list of the errors of the previous day."

The mistakes grouped themselves into three divisions—those made by new girls who were learning system, those made by girls whom I termed chronic offenders, and those made by high-grade girls who had slight lapses at widely separated intervals. The first kind was easily handled. New girls were always placed with experienced girls for at least a week. The older girls were expected to show the younger ones all they knew about wrapping, merchandise and schedules. Without taking the new girls into our confidence and thus depriving them of a sense of responsibility, we notified the older girls that they would be held accountable for errors made by the new girls during the time of instruction. The third group might be termed the irreducible minimum. It was the second group that gave me to think.

How the Plan Worked Out

I lined up on paper the main instincts and decided to make the appeal through two of them—competition and self-preservation. A grading system was an easy sequence. A monthly report ought to appeal to the first instinct, and if the girls were promoted or demoted on the averages so made the second instinct would enter too. I enlisted the aid of Mr. Herron's two general assistants, Miss Hazleton and Miss Corning With their eager cooperation and a *modus operandi* mapped out, I laid the plan before Mr. Herron. He was willing to give it a trial, even favorably disposed toward a successful issue.

Miss Corning, Miss Hazleton and I denied ourselves to everyone on the last three days of the month, while we immersed ourselves in cash records, blunder lists, absent and late sheets and special criticisms. At frequent intervals, singly or in groups, we referred to Mr. Herron. Our first reports must be as nearly accurate as possible.

I was called to the inspecting office half an hour after the reports had been distributed. Mr. Herron was on the telephone.

"Right this minute," he was saying. "Yes, I will."

When he hung up the receiver he turned to me.

"That is the fifth already."

"Fifth what?" I did not know what he meant.

"The fifth cashier whose report has proved too much for her. The floor

(Continued on Page 44)

"Oh-o-h, Ah-h, Oh, Oh, Oh, Ah, Ah, Ah, Oh, Ah, Oh!"

Only as great an institution, with the same artists, the same manufacturing abilities, and the same thousands of skilled workers, could fabricate the wide variety of motor car bodies produced by Fisher. Thus, only Fisher can build into each and every type the artistry, the durability, the beauty which entitle it to carry the symbol—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

FISHER BODIES

Fifty years ago they laughed —but now...

The little Swiss village of Vevey was quite sure fifty years ago that Daniel Peter was crazy. But today everybody in this village thinks that he must have been a genius. For he made the village famous and created a new industry for Switzerland.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans which Daniel Peter collected and tested, he chose but six to go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. Even today only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods can do this work.

And only in *Peter's* do you get this fine, rare flavor originated by Daniel Peter.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in *Peter's*. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day.

Peter's is different—distinctive. It's *good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 42)

manager in books reports that the cashier is weeping all over the register and flooding the department. Wait a second while I arrange a relief for her." He made the necessary phone call, then continued: "The other four are in the rest room now. Miss Hazleton is with them. You might—what's that coming?"

One of the floor assistants was approaching in an apparent state of collapse. Miss Corning was heavily supporting her.

Mr. Herron flung out his hands.

"Women!" he said. "My heavens, women! Mrs. Morrison, this is your party. Will you take charge?"

He escorted the assistant to the rest room too. Miss Hazleton was applying simple first aid to four weeping willows. She had a bowl of ice water and was wringing out cold towels and laying them on streaming eyes. We seated the poor floor assistant, whose collapse was due to the fact that another assistant had outdistanced her by 2 per cent! I turned to Miss Hazleton.

"Is it true that the employe's discount is to be discontinued?"

I gave her a meaning glance.

We began to wonder about it. Soon one cashier joined in the conversation, then another, and presently the discussion was animated and general. It was decided that I should go out to investigate. I left the room, waited a few moments, and then returned with the report that the rumor was unfounded.

From that month there was steady decrease in inspectors' errors.

One day I was going over the blunder sheet with Miss Hazleton.

"Who finds these errors and stops them?" I asked.

"Weren't you ever in the delivery?" she returned.

"No."

"Wait until I see if the linen sale has inspectors enough and I will go down with you now."

The delivery on first glimpse seemed a place of moving belts, bins, hundreds of packages. Miss Hazleton threaded her way confidently and soon we were by the side of a girl from the inspecting department. She was watching all packages on the distributing belt and removing any that were not properly wrapped. I stayed with her for half an hour and felt that I could easily do what she was doing. Then I began to walk about the delivery. I saw girls writing numbers on packages. I asked one what she was doing.

She was a pleasant-faced, efficient-looking girl.

"We call this dispatching," she explained. "The city and suburbs are divided into districts and every district has a number. When we see a package we put on it the number of the route it is in. Then it will be sent to the proper garage for delivery."

Walking Directories

"You have to know all the little streets in town, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. And all the suburbs too."

I told Miss Dixon of my visit to the delivery.

"How would you like to teach dispatchers?" she asked.

"I would not mind the teaching, but how could I ever learn all the streets?"

"Think it over," she answered.

That night I took a copy of the city directory home with me. It was true; there were millions of streets. I turned page after page of streets that I had never heard of. The task seemed endless. Even streets that I knew had countless unknown little lanes between them. I was familiar with Market Street, and Main Street just below it. But between these two were Balz, Summer, Culvert, Hill, St. George and Dragoon.

My mind refused the task of committing to memory such uninteresting data. There must be a simpler method.

And then like a flash it came to me. I was on speaking terms, though not intimate, with several well-advertised memory systems. I would follow 'Omer, who went an' took—the same as we. I would use imagination and visualization. I came back to Market Street. How simple it was now! St. George Balz-ed—evidently Flemish for waltz! with the Dragon—what was an extra "o" between friends?—in the Summer—I could plainly see the rich summer foliage—from the top of the Hill, down to the Culvert—they made good time getting down—which led to the Market—I observed farmers on their way with fresh produce. It was too easy.

Three weeks later I reported to Miss Dixon that I was ready to teach in the delivery. I used the story method. The new dispatchers were thoroughly interested in it. After the first few lessons they made up their own tales in class. Some of them were wildly exciting. The more improbable, the more easily recalled. The class interest was excellent. They enjoyed the work, and so did I.

But I began to notice a new type of mistakes that were not made by cashiers but by service clerks. I spoke to several service clerks about their lapses before I went to Mr. Herron.

"I am sure that the service clerks give me fictitious excuses for blunders," I said. "They can, because I do not understand their work. I would like to learn about it. But how?"

"That is easily arranged." He pressed a button. When the office girl appeared he gave directions. "Tell Miss Purcelle that I want her, please."

The Omniscient Floor Managers

Miss Purcelle was the head service clerk.

When she joined us Mr. Herron said, "Mrs. Morrison wants to know service work. Will you plan to spend a couple of hours a day with her until you feel she is thoroughly conversant with the activities of service clerks?"

After I had covered the ground with Miss Purcelle I made a point of visiting every service desk to acquaint myself with its special details.

I was sitting with the service clerk in the house-furnishing department. A customer approached.

"I want you to call for a refrigerator I purchased on Tuesday."

"What is wrong with the merchandise, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Nothing," snapped madam, "except that the refrigerator is too large to pass through any door in my house. We are keeping it in the garage until your man calls for it."

When the customer had left I said to the service clerk, "You would think the sales person would have gone over those points before having a heavy article like that taken from the floor."

"I wish he had," said the clerk.

Another day, while I was at the desk in the silk section, a customer laid a remnant down.

"I cannot use it," she said. "I want my money back."

The clerk looked regretful.

"What was the trouble?" she inquired.

"I like the material very much," explained the customer, "but my dressmaker says that it is not enough. I wanted it for a slip."

"Did the sales person know your use for the goods?"

"Oh, yes. In fact"—the customer smiled ruefully—"I liked the silk so well that I let her overpersuade me. I was almost certain that four yards would be required."

The remnant called for three and three-eighths.

I kept notes of such occurrences. "If I were teaching sales persons," I thought, "this information would prove useful."

Many cases that the service clerks handled had to be referred to the floor manager for final decision. I recalled Miss Purcelle's instruction and her oft-repeated "In that event you would call your floor manager."

How did the floor manager know what to do? I appointed myself a committee of one to find out. It developed that there was a class for them, too, which met an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon. I gained Mr. Herron's consent to attend it.

The class consisted of three men, whose previous work had been in life insurance, in teaching, in accounting. They were clean-shaven, well-groomed individuals, but their mentality did not stagger me. The instructor was Miss Starling, a young woman who seemed alert and interested in her work. She was also in charge of sales teaching. I liked her at once.

I had always thought that the main prerequisites for a floor manager were to look vastly superior and to be able to say in a lordly manner: "Laces, madam? Certainly; two aisles over, madam."

After one lesson I made a mental apology for my underestimation. Returned merchandise, special promises, repair of goods, emergencies, department supervision and control—all focused in the floor manager. I carefully transcribed all that Miss Starling said, but not all that the prospective floor managers contributed. After giving an underlying principle, she would illustrate with specific cases.

We had had a lesson on emergencies. "Now, Mr. Winthrop, if a customer fainted or hurt herself what would you do?" she asked the accountant.

"I would call 44 on the telephone and get a wheel chair."

"Yes. You would see, of course, that simple restoratives were applied and have someone at your request do the phoning. And then ——"

"I would roll her off. But where would I roll her?"

I felt like saying "Give the chair a violent shove toward the nearest staircase." But I refrained.

"You would not roll her at all. The attendant who came with the chair would attend to that. Now, Mr. Horaley"—she addressed the teacher—"if you saw a boy picking up merchandise and stuffing it into his pockets, what would you do?"

"Grab him like a flash and take the goods away from him."

"No, no, never!" Miss Starling sighed and repeated the lesson.

One day Miss Starling and I were lunching together.

Apropos of nothing, she remarked, "I shall miss this place terribly when I leave."

"When you leave?" I echoed. "Why do you say that?"

She opened her purse, slipped out a ring and put it on her engagement finger.

"In August I shall have the other ring to go with this one. I shall not be staying after that."

I wished her happiness, and said, "Since you are leaving, and since someone must do your work, I wonder if it could not be I."

"That is why I am telling you first of all," she answered. "I thought you might want to formulate some plans. I shall speak to Mr. Teason in a couple of weeks."

Mr. Teason was the general manager. I had talked to him twice.

I conferred with Miss Dixon. She promised me her support and made a suggestion.

"Before you go to Mr. Teason, have your ideas clearly arranged, be thoroughly conversant with the subjects you expect to cover, know whom you want for your assistants, have your courses all outlined."

A Great Undertaking

The advice was sound, but it was a large order. I began to fill it. In the evenings I read books on salesmanship, on management, on the buyer, on business conditions. I added experience in service work, in floor management, in selling, in inspecting, in dispatching.

I talked to two girls whose appearance, refinement and personality had impressed me. I found that they would be willing to assist me. I revised courses of instruction and brought them up to date.

I enlisted the interest and assistance of Mr. Herron. I went to Mr. Watson, the sales manager, and showed him that I was conversant with the instruction needed by his people. I sketched some outlines for him.

Then I presented myself to Mr. Teason. From his reception I felt that Mr. Herron and Miss Dixon had preceded me. As tersely as possible I pictured the opportunity as I visioned it and asked for a chance to realize it. Mr. Teason was most courteous, but noncommittal.

Meanwhile, Miss Starling departed. Then Mr. Teason summoned me. He asked me many questions, but he maintained his poker face. Finally he concluded his cross-examination with:

"If you want work you have mapped your share. I assume that you know we will add two thousand sales persons and three hundred inspectors in the next three months in order to handle the Christmas business. I am to understand that you are prepared to handle them, as well as floor managers, service clerks, delivery people?"

"Easily," I replied.

"Not easily," he corrected. "That is impossible. But, I hope, adequately. May I wish you luck?" He extended his hand.

I quickly summoned Miss Howell and Miss Selman, my two promised assistants. We met in the office that was to be our headquarters. We drew up a tentative plan of operation—tentative, because we

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Single-Six had its origin, and owes its great success, to a very simple, practical purpose.

Packard determined to produce a very fine car *free from the haunting thought of costly maintenance.*

The owner of the Single-Six luxuriates in a sense of ease and well being—and does not take worry along as a traveling companion.

That is the simple reason why Single-Six has been accorded a welcome without precedent in the history of motoring.

Single-Six Touring Car, Five-Passenger, $2485—Seven-Passenger Sedan, shown above, $3525—at Detroit

Furnished in twelve popular body types, open and enclosed

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Light and Strong Goodyear Lawn Hose

It is a pleasure to work in the garden, on the lawn, or about the house and the garage with a hose so light and strong as Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose.

Specially built to withstand many seasons of use, to hold full pressure, and to resist the abrasive contact of walks and trees, Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is tough and durable.

Yet it is very light. A woman can handle fifty to a hundred feet of it easily.

This hose is non-kinking. That makes it easier to work with, and gives it much longer life; for, as you know, kinks are one of the chief factors of hose destruction.

The Goodyear name is on every 4-foot length of this better hose. That name on hose, as on tires and other products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, means good wear. Tell your regular dealer you want Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
WINGFOOT LAWN HOSE

(Continued from Page 44)

realized even then how elastic our arrangements would have to be. And we formulated a small working philosophy, which was, briefly—service, courtesy, promptness and self-reliance. We resolved quite solemnly to do everything that we were asked quickly, in an agreeable manner and without asking any outside assistance. We were in the midst of noble determinations, when the telephone rang.

"Miss Dixon speaking. We want fifty new people put on as sales extras tomorrow. Will you handle them this afternoon?"

"Certainly. Will they all come at the same time?"

"No. From 1:00 to 2:30."

"All right. Thank you."

I turned to my confederates. "Fifty to be rushed through as Saturday specials. Miss Dixon says they will be here by 2:30. You all go to lunch and I will have the details arranged when you return."

They demurred. "What about you?"

I smiled. "There will be many opportunities for lunch after Christmas."

The people began to arrive. They had wraps and purses, but lacked pencils. I had four dozen of the latter sent to me at once. I pinned an identifying slip of paper around every purse and put it into a desk drawer for safe-keeping. I arranged a place for the wraps.

Miss Howell returned at 1:30. "I want you to take this class now," I said. "There are nineteen people here and you might as well consider them your special group."

By two o'clock twenty others had come to the office. I put them under Miss Sellman. The last eleven I handled in the office myself. I took the smallest group, because they had less time to cover the ground, and therefore required the most individual attention.

Handling an Emergency

We compared notes afterward. Our classes had been both enthusiastic and responsive. We expected to get into personal touch with them while they were selling the next day.

Miss Sellman made a suggestion. "Could employment let us know a day in advance how many to expect? We could plan our day to so much greater advantage."

I called Miss Dixon and put the question to her. "Usually, yes," was the answer.

So we arranged to get in touch with her office at 4:30 every evening, by which time the next day's assignments were closed. The plan worked fairly well, though there were lapses.

One Friday the answer came that there were to be no additions the next day. Saturday morning Miss Sellman left the office at nine for the inspecting department. Her work there would require a generous two hours. Miss Howell departed on an errand in the delivery, which would likewise detain her until eleven o'clock. I had a class of floor managers from nine to ten, and of service clerks from ten to eleven.

I answered the telephone. It was Miss Dixon.

"I find that I can send you thirty sales persons and a floor manager today, after all. How soon do you want them?"

"Right away," I answered.

My watch read 9:30. I pushed six chairs into a small alcove.

"If you men will sit here you can talk over these questions that I am giving you." I handed to every new floor manager a typed sheet asking the location of various departments. There were one hundred questions.

I made further explanation. "I will let you all talk over the proper answers alone. This will give you an opportunity to make more vivid to you personally the arrangement of every floor. When you have finished, that will be all for today. On Monday I will make a hasty review of these questions with you."

The new floor manager was the first to arrive. I did not attempt to give him instruction, but told him to walk around on the third, fourth and fifth floors until he felt assured he could draw a map of those floors. I asked him to return to me at eleven o'clock. I called the inspecting office.

"Instead of sending the service clerks to me at ten, send them to desks for observation. Tell them to bring me at eleven o'clock a report of what they learned at the various desks."

I was now free for the sales group of thirty. And not a second too soon, for they were entering the room that very minute. At least, some of them were. It was seldom that all of an assignment reached us within the hour. I registered the eleven who had come and began to instruct them at once. As others came into the room I had them seated quietly. At the end of thirty-five minutes I had covered one topic. I registered those who had come in the interim, sixteen of them, while the others were having a brief respite. Then I began the second topic with all of them. The last three appeared almost immediately.

From that chance arrangement a mode of procedure developed. We had been annoyed by interruptions. We had had to begin the instruction as many as six times as new persons came filtering in. Now we divided the lessons into three parts. At the beginning of any part, new persons could commence their course. When the three parts had been finished, Part One and, if necessary, Part Two also were repeated for the late comers. About five minutes for relaxation were allowed between the three divisions. This method saved time and maintained interest.

In the inspecting department a longer course of training was required than in the sales department. I selected four girls from the department who were nice looking, interested in their work and of pleasing personality. I trained them to handle much of the inspecting teaching. We limited the classes of new inspectors to fifteen. In larger classes the results were unsatisfactory. After I completed the outline of the course with my four inspectors I attended a class under their supervision. They handled it very well. But to increase their self-confidence, I had with them a little meeting every morning twenty minutes before store opening, at which time we went over the important points of the lesson that they were to teach that day. This adjustment left me free for the sales training at nine o'clock.

I had all sales persons sent to me for a review ten days after their admission to the selling force. I limited any one group to twenty. The reason was obvious. I wanted to know them by name, to rate them in appearance, in system, in accuracy. As part of the review I let them all make out several sales checks for me. I filed these checks with my ratings. I told Miss Dixon what I was doing.

One day she asked me for all the sales ratings. She wished to use my data to help make out a permanent roll. I had classes every minute that day, so I asked her if the next day would be satisfactory.

Effort Rewarded

"Yes," she said, "if I can have the information the first thing in the morning."

"You can," I answered. But I had to work until eleven o'clock to have the material ready for her.

As the holiday season approached, the demands became increasingly insistent. Departments wanted people trained for them on the instant. And whatever they wanted, we did. Never could there have been a more obliging group to deal with than we were.

But Miss Sellman voiced our general thought.

"If Christmas came more than once a year," she said, "I would require a straitjacket or a shroud."

"No such thing," retorted Miss Howell. "You would be a squirrel. If I eat another nut ——" And she looked with distaste on the box of walnuts.

We had all been using nuts and raisins as a luncheon substitute and timesaver. Business was too brisk to take time to do any elaborate eating.

"Never mind," I reassured them. "Merry Christmas will soon be over."

"Don't say 'merry,'" they begged.

Nevertheless, it did pass, and I was again in Mr. Teason's office. I agreed with him. The task had not been easy, but it had been done.

Mr. Teason was at his desk. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"If my work has been satisfactory I would like your seal of approval," I said. "And that is ——"

I brought out a small typed page. It included various special points, and closed with:

"A place on management, as head of my own department.

"A salary commensurate with my work."

Mr. Teason scratched all but the word "salary" in the last line, and wrote in a very satisfactory figure. Then he made a large O. K. at the top of the page and at the bottom he signed his name.

"Was there anything else?" he asked.

BARREL-HOUSE BEN

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'm fixing to put me down a veli."

"Promotion?"

"You mean do I sell the stock? Listen at him! My Gawd, yes. But it is going to be a real vell. This is straight business I am giving you."

"Sure I want a job. My friend here wants one too. We'll be glad to work for you, Mister—what is the name?"

"Callahan."

"Well, Mr. Callahan, you've bought something. When do we start work?"

"You come with me now, yes, and I vill eggsplain everything. Me, I mean real business. But I need joost the sort of men what it is you are. Understand?"

"I ain't sure. But if it don't mean goin' to jail, we're on. Let's go."

They adjourned to a café, where Sol explained as much as he thought they needed to know.

"What's that guy up to, anyhow?" speculated the Big Un at supper. "I don't git the idee of that one acre."

"What Sol's fixin' to do," replied Ben as he rolled a cigarette, "is this: He's bought that one acre close to production, ain't he? Well, he bought only one because it came high—real money. Then he'll go away out on the bald prairie somewheres, twenty miles from a well, and pick up a whole lot of wildcat acreage for nothin' almost."

The Big Un scratched his head. "Still, I don't see ——"

"Why, he can advertise that he's drillin' a well a few hundred yards from some producing wells, can't he? And if he strikes oil, which is likely, he can advertise that he's got a gusher. How'll the suckers know he's only got one acre there, and that all the rest of his stuff is twenty miles from nowheres? They'll see only that well, and they'll figure all his acreage is A1."

"O-ho! I figured maybe he bought that there acre just to drain off some of the big producers' oil near by and hold 'em up for a good price."

"No, I don't think so. His lousy acre ain't close enough to production for that. And, besides, he'd make a bigger killing with the suckers."

"Anyhow, we should worry."

"That's what I think. All he pays us for is to drill a well. The promotion end ain't any of our business. And it's good pay, too, Big Un. We had ought to save a right smart of money."

"There's the trouble," said the Big Un with a sigh of foreboding. "Savin's just hell, ain't it?"

They ran into Callahan later in the evening, loitering near a fortune teller's booth. In front hung a curtain painted blue, and on it in red letters:

Look Whose Here. Madam La Valleyer and her temple of Mystery. the One with a Master Mind. Reads your life like an open book. Tells past present and future. Consult her on love affairs, marriages and divorces Change of business Law suits Lost and Stolen articles. Tells who your enemies are and how to combat them Also tells what you are adapted for and how to be Successful, in the future. This Wonderful Woman has lately came here to inform the public. Come on in, boys.

"Wow, ain'dt it the limit?" exclaimed Sol. "A graft, that's all it is. Suckers is what she takes us for—oi, oi!"

"Sure. There's nothin' to that bunk. They tell everybody the same thing," agreed Ben.

"Besides, she'd charge it us a dollar, I bet you."

"What's a dollar to you, Mr. Callahan? You go in. You've got more'n me."

(Continued on Page 48)

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Freight and Tax Extra

Aluminum Body by a Famous Builder, Custom-built Quality at a Quantity Price

Old and famous body builders—Biddle & Smart, Amesbury, Mass.—devote all their factories to the production of the Hudson Sedan body. For almost three generations they have turned out the finest custom carriages and automobile bodies. They are masters in design, and careful workmanship.

Now these workmen devote their efforts exclusively to the Hudson Sedan. It gives fine car buyers custom-built quality at a quantity price.

On the Famous Super-Six Chassis

Speedster . $1425 7-Pass. Phaeton . $1475 Coach . $1525 Sedan . $1995

Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

When the mood comes to write, have you letter-paper handy?

If there isn't any social stationery in the house at the moment you are in a mood to answer letters, the mood is likely to pass. And later you are probably embarrassed when you realize the letters are still unanswered.

People who always have a supply of note paper on hand can answer letters when the mood comes to them. And with the right kind of stationery, letter-writing is a pleasant occupation.

The pen fairly glides over the smooth surface of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery. For such good note paper it is most reasonable—35c to 75c a box. Druggists, stationers, and department stores sell it. There are three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—in eight different styles and sizes of envelopes. Keep a supply in your house.

Tablets, in all popular sizes, ruled and unruled, are also made of Hammermill Bond. You can get envelopes to match. These are convenient for use when traveling, for school, and, if you prefer, for regular correspondence.

ATTRACTIVE SAMPLES—SEND FOR THEM

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin) we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe.

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by
WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.
Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery
Holyoke, Massachusetts

HAMMERMILL BOND
Social Stationery

(Continued from Page 46)

"No; I vill tell you, Ben—one of you boys go in first, y'understand, and find it out vot luck I vill have it with the vell, see? And I put up the dollar."

"I don't wanta know nothin' about my past," rumbled the Big Un, "and I don't wanta know nothin' about my future neither. Maybe I wouldn't sleep good if I did."

"Besides, it's like she wouldn't say a word about a well," interjected Ben, "because we don't own it, Mr. Callahan."

Sol stood in indecision, eying the sign and jingling his money.

"The only good luck vot I got me in five years was brung by a fortune teller," he remarked nervously.

"Then take a chance. We'll wait here."

"No. You boys come with me, and I vill go, y'understand, but not alone by no means."

Madam La Valleyer—a small, thin woman of gypsy type, with a baby at the breast—evidently did not relish the arrangement, but finally consented to the presence of Sol's friends in the vestibule of the booth while she was unfolding the future to him in the inner sanctum. They could hear everything there. She put the child on a cot, seated Callahan on a soap box and asked him for a dollar. Then she went into a sort of trance, from which she only partially emerged once to glance at the baby when he grew fretful.

She told Sol a lot about his character that impressed him with her powers of divination. She said he was warm-hearted and foolishly confiding; he was inclined to spend money recklessly; and although he fondly imagined that his married life was happy and his wife true to him, in reality he had best watch out, because a tall fair man who posed as his friend would prove a snake in the grass. That rather puzzled Sol. He could identify the tall fair man, but which one of his wives Madam La Valleyer had in mind troubled him.

Next she requested that he place all his money in his hand. He turned his back to do it.

"This all you got, gentleman?" she whispered, fingering the odds and ends of small bills and silver.

"S'help me, ma'am," gulped Sol, beginning to sweat.

"Close your hand on it tight. You got more than that," insisted madam, eying him sharply. "Don't be afraid, gentleman. You are nervous. I no want your money. But you must trust me and tell me all you got. Else if you don't, how can I tell your fortune right? Where is it? Where do you keep it hid?"

"In the bank. I ain't got it any more with me," maintained Sol, who had several hundred dollars in an inner pocket, but was resolved to die before revealing its hiding place.

"You have too. I know you got more, and a lot more. Where are you stopping here?"

Callahan swallowed hard and replied, "The Waffle House."

"These friends of yours, are they stopping with you?"

"No, ma'am."

Despairing of extracting any further information of a financial nature out of Sol, madam proceeded with his fortune.

"You are in the oil business," Madam La Valleyer declared in the course of it. "I see a derrick and oil running out. You will be successful in what you undertake. I see you rising very high, but I do not see what happens when you get up there. You must ——"

The baby breaking into a wail at this juncture, madam abruptly terminated the séance.

"Say, that's jake about the well, hey, Mr. Callahan?"

"But what did she mean about risin' very high?" speculated the Big Un.

"Me, I do not bother my head vot she means. But vot did she mean when she asked me where was it I am stopping? Hey?"

Ben answered calmly, "It's like she'll pass it along to the gang so they can lay for you."

"Wow, let them lay it for me, the moiderers! I should worry—I pull out of here tomorrow morning, boys. Besides, I ain'dt staying at the Waffle House—tee hee!"

Long before city dwellers are astir, the trio were many miles from Smackover, headed eastward in a flivver. The day was cool and sunshiny, the dogwood and flowering peach were blossoming amid the pines, and all Nature seemed to smile. It was a sweet country they traversed, and the road they were on was exceptionally good for such a district.

"Say, you won't never get oil in a country like this, Mr. Callahan," exclaimed Gober in all sincerity.

"No? Why?"

"It's too pretty and the road's too good. If you want to strike oil you got to go way out in the sticks, where there ain't no roads and nothin' but mud or sand."

"Who said anything about oil?" retorted Sol with a wink.

Ben and the Big Un exchanged glances.

"The best place of all, you might say, is right next to a nigger graveyard, Mr. Callahan." It was the Big Un who delivered this opinion.

Sol displayed immense interest.

"Vot you say? That's queer, boys, I tell you. Because, y'understand, my location is smack up against a nigger graveyard."

"You mean that acre of yours?"

"Sure."

He showed them a number of long and short forties he had under lease many miles from any field, proven or prospective, and then an entire section.

All told, Sol owned leases on about a thousand acres, for a total outlay of as many dollars.

"I reckon you aim to sell this stuff with a rubber map, don't you, Mr. Callahan?" asked Gober.

"Vot you mean?"

"So it'll look like close-in stuff."

(Continued on Page 50)

Government Cabin at Muir Camp, Rainier National Park

PIERCE

Up, up and up through the cool, wooded trail. From the gorge below comes the majestic roar of the rushing mountain cascade. The air is tonic with the pungent scent of pine.

The glorious climb now becomes steeper—almost forbidding. Few venture here. The throb of the mighty Dual-Valve engine deepens as the car mounts higher and higher. Your heart quickens with the thrill of the moment.

Over the crest .... Down dips the hood. *Thoroughbred, is this Pierce-Arrow.*

• • •

Off the beaten path, exploring the real Vacation-land—here the sturdy Pierce-Arrow Touring Car is at its best. In it you may seek delights unknown to others, serene in the knowledge that tremendous power will carry you where you will—in complete comfort and safety.

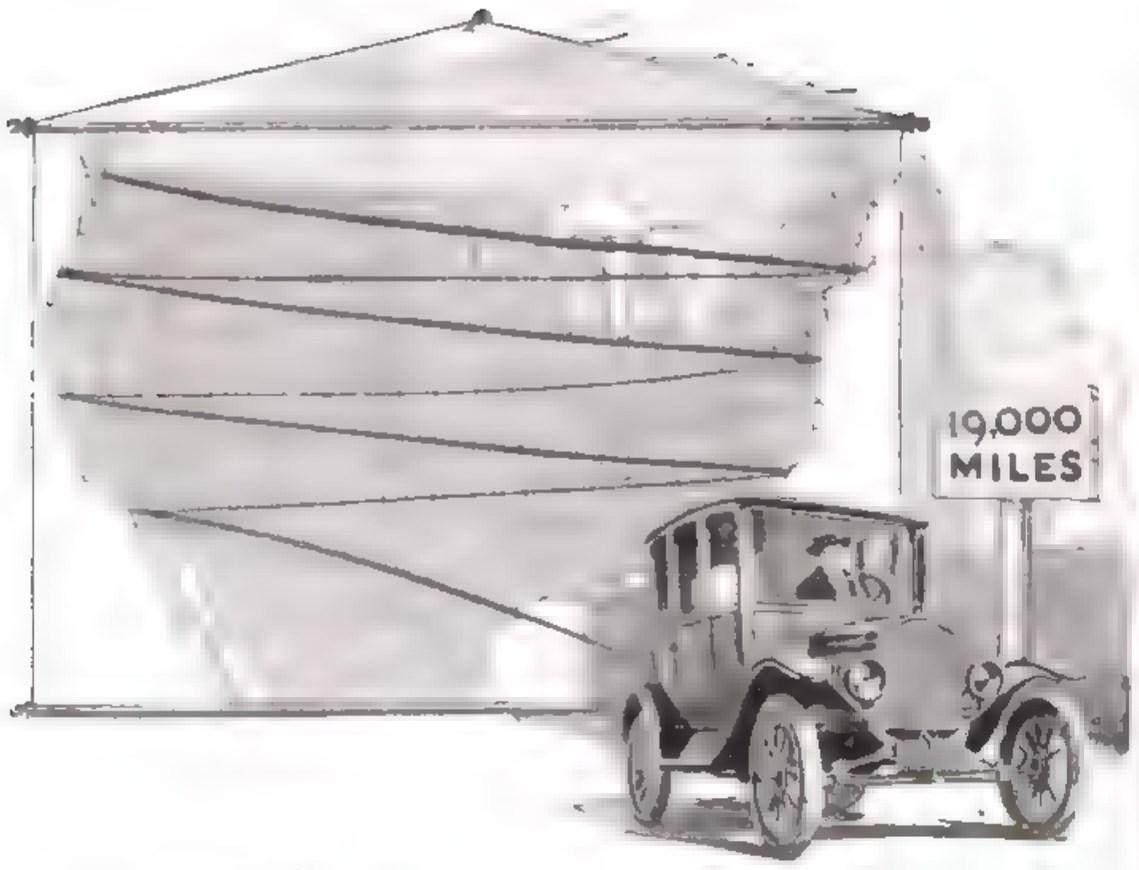
This quality of uncommon dependability is as old as the name Pierce-Arrow.

So pronounced a demand has developed for the present-day Pierce-Arrow Touring Car that the greatest production in the history of the company is inadequate.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.
BUFFALO NEW YORK

Open Cars $5250 - Closed Cars $7000
At Buffalo. Government tax additional. Prices in Canada upon application

ARROW



Ford Engine No. 4913404

Will your Ford engine make as fine a record?

FORD engine No. 4913404 is to be found in a Ford sedan sold in Great Neck, N. Y.

After 19,000 miles of driving the owner wrote:

"On delivery of this car I drained the crank-case of the existing oil and placed Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' therein.

"My car has run over 19,000 miles and the engine has never been touched, the head has never been off. At the end of the above stated mileage I had new speed bands installed. The old ones were worn down to nothing, but in good condition and had never chattered."

Ford engine No. 4913404 has been given every possible care. The owner saw that the old oil was drained off at proper intervals. Nothing but Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" was ever put into the crank-case. A Ford engine, like any other engine, pays handsome dividends to the owner who gives it fair treatment.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" today is used the world over by Ford owners who want to approach or even better the record made by the owner of Ford engine No. 4913404. And every Ford owner who uses Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" knows from experience that it *does* lessen carbon deposit, *does* reduce over-heating, *does* reduce repair bills, oil consumption and gasoline consumption.

Why experiment? There is no oil which has as thorough or wide-spread endorsements for the Ford engine as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication"

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Kan Indianapolis Des Moines Denver Milwaukee Rochester Oklahoma City Buffalo

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 48)

Sol threw back his head and laughed uproariously. It was plain that he liked Ben.

"Now let's go back and I'll show you my location."

The acre on which he proposed to drill was within reasonable distance of production and right in line with all the rock hounds' prognostications. Also, it adjoined a negro cemetery. The prospect looked all right to Gober and they settled the arrangements on the spot. Callahan would have a derrick put up immediately and also buy a good rig and pipe; it was up to Ben to get a drilling crew. This was to be a daytime job, as Gober would not take the risk of delays due to rain, even had he been financially able.

The derrick went up as though by magic. They connected up with a gas pipe from another well to run their boiler, spudded in, and very soon the Kelly and the Maude were hard at it. Once the work was under way, Sol bothered his head no further about that angle of the business. He had every confidence in Gober, and while Ben fished for tools he got busy on another kind of fishing

In a score of newspapers throughout the country he was advertising the Golden Torrent Oil Company, and guaranteeing a gusher. How a man can guarantee a gusher is a nice point, but Sol did it. Moreover, in addition to the gusher his experienced driller was now drilling, the Golden Torrent Oil Company would own a thousand acres under lease. Think of what this would mean!

"What will your answer be to yourself, to your children, and possibly your grandchildren, in the coming years if you fail to take advantage of this present offer?" demanded his appeal. "What will your answer be if you see the Golden Torrent Oil Company stock at $50 a share, then $100 a share, and possibly $500 a share, if you have failed to take advantage of your present opportunity to buy at $10 a share? When I say 'present opportunity' I mean just exactly that, because before many morning suns have cast their bright rays over Arkansas' oceans of oil, it is my opinion Golden Torrent stock will be advanced to $100 a share and I believe it will steadily rise.

"Again I ask you: What will your answer be? What will your answer be to the children and grandchildren when the history of petroleum wealth is written and the name of the Golden Torrent Oil Company stands at the top for producing dividends for investors? When your children say to you: 'Why didn't you make a fortune out of the great oil boom, daddy, as did Rockefeller and others in the days of long ago?' What possible excuse can you make to yourself, my dear friend, when the door is closed and this offer is withdrawn?

"The enclosed subscription blank is for your prompt answer"

These advertisements carried half tones of several famous gushers. Sol did not claim that the Golden Torrent company actually owned the gushers, but below these decorative pictures he ran a photo of their derrick, and the implied association became indissoluble. Besides, a derrick looks like a well to lots of people.

So, while Ben Gober and his crew were wrestling with the maddening delays and shutdowns inseparable from a drilling job Sol gathered in the shekels. The Smackover field was enjoying a heyday and any prospect in Arkansas gleamed like a rainbow. Widows by the dozens, doctors by the hundreds, school-teachers, preachers, stenographers, ribbon clerks and other shrewd investors sent feverish wires to Sol, begging not to be shut out, as special-delivery letter with cashier's check was following in the mail. Washington took note of the volume of his correspondence, investigated, and requested Mr. Callahan for an explanation; but he now had enough money to hire a good lawyer and obtain a delay from the Post Office Department on a technicality. This gave him time for fresh activities.

Meanwhile, Ben and the Big Un worked like terriers at a rabbit hole and spent their earnings regularly in town. The Big Un now had a crush on one of the Broadway Belles, a vaudeville troupe playing the town, and wanted to save her, and she was making the saving process expensive. He and Ben and the others of the crew lived in a farmhouse a quarter of a mile from the derrick, and boarded there also. It got so that they would bet savagely fifty dollars to a nickel they could name what sort of meat they would be served at the next meal. Nobody would ever risk the nickel, for they knew it would be pork. Ben could never afterwards look at one of the lean, half-wild hogs that roam rural Arkansas without murder in his eye and heart.

Sol dropped in on them regularly, more for the purpose of paying them and keeping them contented than from any anxiety about the progress of the work. The outcome of the drilling was now a secondary consideration, unless the Government should bear down on him about that guaranty. He had his pile and was already laying plans to get out from under responsibility.

One night the three attended a movie show in town. They never try any highbrow stuff on the oil fields. It's all good honest drama there, with the villain a black-hearted devil, and the hero arriving at the head of a bunch of cowboys just in time to thwart him and save Daisy from a fate worse than death. The audience yells itself blue in the face when those gallant cowboys swoop down from the mesa, and as the fight progresses, and the villain's ruffians bite the dust, they rise up and yell, "That's proddin' it to 'em! Stay with 'em, cowboys!"

On this occasion it happened to be a story of New England life, one of those wherein the village miser gets possession of the old Joyce homestead and the outlying acres by fraudulent deeds, and the Widow Joyce and her tender young daughter are thrust out into a heartless world while the orchestra plays Hearts and Flowers. Sol just couldn't stand it. He sat there and cried like a child.

"The lowlife!" he sobbed when they regained the street. "Boiling in oil, it vould be too good for such a bum."

As they separated Ben said, "We're down nineteen hundred and twenty feet and right above the Nacogdoches sand now, Mr. Callahan. Best come out tomorrow and see what happens."

"Sure, boys. I'll be there."

Something had halted work, and Gober and the crew were at dinner in the farmhouse when Sol arrived next noon at the well, so nobody could afterwards tell what happened. Probably he was dipping into the slush pit, after his usual habit. Suddenly the whole world rocked to the thunder of an explosion, the heavens seemed to fall, and when Ben picked himself up and ran to the door, a large section of the county was shooting toward the sky and the day was dark with falling débris. Tons of sand were showering down all around the house.

"What's happened, Ben?" shouted the Big Un in his ear.

Derrick and rig and nearly two thousand feet of pipe had been blown to heaven knows where. Their nine-thousand-pound boiler went up like a rocket. When it came down, the gas geyser caught it and sent it up again, whirling it around like a fountain tossing a ball. Finally it was flung far to one side.

The gas well's rumbling shook the earth. It had torn a crater more than a hundred yards in circumference and fifty feet deep. To Ben and the drilling crew it seemed that the end of the world had come and all the devils of ancient lore were shrieking for their victims.

And as for Sol, he never did come down. After all the earth and rocks and trees had settled, and the air somewhat cleared, they discerned away up in the sky a faint moving speck which some asserted to be Mr. Callahan. But this was never really verified.

The colored population of the region declared the place was directly over hell and ha'nted by ghosts from the graveyard. And they moved out. The gas well ran wild for a week, pouring better than sixty million feet a day. Then lightning set it ablaze, and a pillar of fire matching the beacon for the Israelites of old rose to heaven. The fire went out, but still the well roared and rumbled. It continued to shoot gas for months, then finally subsided. The bottom of the crater filled with water, which churned and seethed like the geyser pools in Yellowstone Park.

"Well," remarked Ben as he surveyed the wreckage the day after the explosion, "we've got to go find us another job, ol'-timer. This one has blowed up right in our face."

The Big Un nodded.

"Maybe you won't be so ready to laugh at fortune tellers after this, Ben," he said seriously.

"Why not?"

"Well, that lady done told Sol she couldn't see what happened when he got up there, but she could see him rising very high. And he sure enough done it."

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

BI-SWING

NORFOLKS DEVELOPED IN ENGLISH SPORTING WEAVES AND FLANNELS BY FASHION PARK ARE COMFORTABLE FOR BUSINESS.

THE BI SWING SLEEVE IS COPYRIGHTED. FORTY FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE AT ACCREDITED FASHION PARK AGENTS'.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

Perfect Beard Softener

Do you tan or blister?

A lot of Mennen users have told me that the time Mennen superiority is most impressive is on their vacations.

Sunburn no longer terrifies. Mennen-conditioned skin is healthy and not easily irritated. Mennen's, because of its blandness, purity and healing virtue, is actually soothing to the skin during the period when sunburn is changing to tan. There is none of that smarting caused by free caustic in less pure soap or cream. There is no temptation to pass up the daily shave and lose social caste on the beach or links.

Your beard is so completely softened that you can enjoy a quick, smooth shave without discomfort. You don't have to irritate a sensitive skin by rubbing in Mennen lather with fingers.

It's the Boro-glycerine in Mennen's that makes your face feel so fine afterwards—so soft, pliant and healthy. Boro-glycerine is the most friendly and soothing substance that ever conditioned a man's skin. It's an emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and provides a mildly antiseptic protection.

Another big advantage of Mennen's on vacations is that it is equally effective with hot or cold water—soft or hard. No matter what kind of water you use, you will always build up the same thick, moist lather that never dries on the face.

Buy a tube of Mennen's. It comes in two sizes—the big tube for 50 cents and the convenient traveling size for 35 cents. If after using it for a week you feel that I have overstated its virtues send the tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

FAIR AND SOFTLY

Continued from Page 25.

side the ground was marshy; now and then the brook bottom gave way under their feet in a startling fashion. More than once in the cedars near by they heard the crash of some fleeing beast their progress had disturbed. Once they caught a glimpse of a deer. Partridges frequently fluttered aside from their path, scuttling along the ground or perching stupidly in a tree to watch their passage. A rabbit leaped from its form beside the brook, startling Milton unspeakably. Off to the right, in the swamp, he heard the squawk of a duck. It seemed hours before they broke out of the cedars into a grassy flat a few rods wide and saw the pond beyond. Chan was waiting for him, wiping cobwebs and cedar browse off his face. Milton fairly staggered.

"Well, here we are," Chan said triumphantly.

Milton looked around and his soul sagged. "Maybe so," he agreed. "I'm damned if I'd have come if I'd known."

"You'll feel better after a night's sleep."

"Sleep?" The big man groaned. "I'm wet as a rat."

Chan swung to the right, along the shore of the pond. "We'll make camp and get dried out," he promised.

"Why not camp here?"

"Better find a little higher ground," Chan told him. "Come on. It's getting late."

Fifteen minutes later he had discovered a spot that pleased him; he tilted the pack basket against a tree. Covered with oilcloth, it had kept its contents reasonably dry. Ax in hand he turned into the woods; and Milton sat down and leaned against the basket, utterly weary. He heard Chan's ax going.

Chan came back with a young birch; he cut it into appropriate lengths and fashioned the framework of a fireplace. Found a dead cedar for firewood and got a blaze started. Milton huddled near it, wet and miserable. Chan brewed coffee and they drank it; fried bacon and put it between slabs of corn bread. "I didn't bring much grub," he explained. "We'll get some trout in the morning." When they had eaten he built up the fire. The rain had slackened to an occasional spit; the wind was now northwest. "It will be cold," Chan commented. "Better take off your clothes and wrap in a blanket while they dry."

It was well into the night before they rolled in the blankets to sleep. Chan had gathered boughs for a bed for the big man; himself was content with a spot where the needles from an ancient pine had spread a thick and well-drained carpet across the knoll. Milton, too weary to talk, slept stertorously. When he woke, sometime after daylight, and found the sun in his eyes, he sat up and looked about and discovered Chan a hundred yards offshore, on a raft rudely manufactured from logs. Chan was not fishing; he seemed rather to be studying the surrounding hills, and there was something in his bearing which alarmed Milton. He lay down, stubbornly covered his head and submitted himself to his fate. Chan came ashore by and by and called him.

"Better get up," he said. "You might take that raft out and try for a trout while I get some breakfast together."

"I guess I'll eat something first," Milton replied.

"Well, all right," Chan agreed. "But we'll be moving on right after breakfast."

Milton stared at him. "Why?"

"Well, this ain't the pond," Chan told him. "I thought it was; but I went out to look around and I can see it ain't. I know about where we are." He pointed to the northward. "We've got to cross that mountain there today. The pond we're after is over in the next valley."

Milton was too stiff with weariness to be vocal in his wrath. "You're a damned fine guide," he remarked with sullen sarcasm.

"Anyway," Chan amended, "I think it's over there. We'll go over and see."

"Why can't we go back the way we came?"

"We came way around," Chan replied. "We're off to one side now. That's the best way even if we go right back to the canoe."

Milton fell silent, submitting to misfortune. Breakfast done, they got aboard the raft and Chan poled it down along the shore to the end of the pond. Before they landed he pointed to a notch in the low mountain above them. "We go right through there," he said. Thrust the raft's nose ashore. Himself in the lead, Milton following doggedly at his heels, they started up the steep ascent, through tangled woodland. The big man was stiff in every muscle as a result of his exertions the day before; the first half hour of this day was fresh torture every step. Yet he held grimly to the task of keeping pace with Chan.

Before noon they ceased to climb, started downhill. "We've crossed the high spot," Chan told him. They were in tall spruce; caught glimpses of wide reaches of sunlit air through the lower branches of these trees; a tiny vista of distant wooded valley. Then Milton gave his attention to his footing again. He let himself downward step by step with painful care. Each jolt hurt him. About noon they ate a little johnnycake. "Got to get some fish pretty soon," Chan remarked cheerfully. Milton was silent. The basket repacked, they hurried on.

Toward two o'clock in the afternoon, descending the slope of a hardwood ridge they came upon a small cabin of peeled logs with rifted cedar roof. Chan stopped in surprise—said, "Look at this. I didn't know there was a camp in here." They went forward, approaching the cabin from the rear. A small spring had been dug into the form of a shallow well a few rods above the cabin. They passed an abandoned packing box, well gnawed by porcupines. The cabin windows were shuttered, the door was locked; but Chan pried out the lock staple with his ax and stepped inside. Dark within; yet they could see bunks for four men, a stove, a table, rude seats. A cupboard against one wall revealed some empty cartridges, and food! A few cans of beans; coffee; condensed milk; matches in a self-sealer jar; two cans of beef.

"Somebody's hunting camp," Chan decided. "Or a trapper's cabin. Didn't bother to pack this stuff out. Well, it comes in handy for us. But I didn't know there was a camp in here."

He opened shutters and admitted light and air. Milton sat down wearily on the edge of one of the bunks; the dry boughs, long since stiff and brittle, cracked under his weight. "Do you know where you are?" he asked.

"Why, I thought I did," Chan replied. "But this throws me out. There's no camp around Lost Pond anywhere."

"You make me sick," Milton told him bitterly.

Chan paid no attention. "You stay here and rest a while," he suggested. "I'll take a look around."

"You're right I stay here," Milton replied. "I'm not going to move till you find out where we are. Get a hustle on yourself, Corwin."

"Don't worry," Chan told him cheerfully. "We could stay here a year."

He took the ax and departed uphill. Milton stretched out on the bunk, his hands under his head, and relaxed with a great sigh. By and by he became conscious of the discomfort of his bed and got blankets from the pack basket to put beneath his body. After a while he slept, snoring loudly. The sun poured in through the open door; the little spring brook chuckled outside; a partridge in the edge of the woods lifted its head to listen, then went on its way. Small birds whispered about the camp. Somewhere down in the valley a fishhawk screamed.

Milton woke, vaguely conscious that someone had called him; listened, then got to his feet. Chan's voice, from a little way up the hill. The big man went around the cabin and saw Chan himself sitting down two or three rods away. His left trouser leg was slit open; a white bandage, stained heavily with crimson, showed beneath; and he sagged against a tree, weak and weary.

"I cut my leg," he called in a dull voice. "The ax slipped. Get me inside."

Milton's eyes were on that bloody bandage; he could not wrench them away. The hillside tilted and swayed beneath his feet. He tried to go toward Chan, but the crimson stain grew larger, filled his vision. The world went black before him and he let himself weakly down, full length upon the ground. Water in his face revived him; Chan had crawled to his side.

"Come on," Chan urged. "I can't walk."

"You'll have to do it," Milton whispered. "It makes me sick."

Chan hesitated, nodded. "I remember. The blood." He considered. "All right, Mr. Milton. You go get the ax. It's up the hill where you first saw me. You can cut some stuff for beds. Watch you don't cut yourself. I'll have to heat some water and clean this out."

"Don't talk about it," Milton exclaimed, eyes carefully averted.

"All right." Chan nodded. "You stay away till I yell for you if it bothers you."

An hour or two later Milton approached the cabin, and from outside hailed it: "Corwin?"

"Yes."

"You all right?"

A moment's silence. "Yes; come on in."

The big man, obeying, found Chan lying on the blankets he himself had spread. He had bandaged his leg with strips torn from his shirt. A wet handkerchief, clean, was drying near the stove. Milton took courage.

"Is it bad?" he asked.

"Well, I won't walk much for a few days," Chan replied. "I guess we'll have to stick around here."

Milton held himself rigidly. "How long?"

Chan shook his head. "Can't tell. Sorry, Mr. Milton. It kind of puts the load on you."

"What's that?"

"Why, you'll have to rustle wood and do the cooking for a spell." Milton said nothing. "Did you get some bedding?"

"It's outside."

"Better bring it in. I'll show you how to lay it. Or maybe I can do that while you get the firewood."

Milton exploded: "Damn it, man; I didn't come up here to wet-nurse a fool that can't handle his ax."

"What you going to do, then?" Chan asked mildly. "Hit the trail and leave me here?"

The big man stood helpless in the face of circumstances. There was nothing he could do. In the end he went sullenly outside to get the bedding, obeying the word of Chan.

VIII

THEY stayed in the cabin six days, and Chan kept to his bunk and Milton toiled. Chan in the mildest and most pleasant fashion found tasks for the big man to do. There was always firewood; the stove devoured it insatiably. There were the meals to cook, dishes to wash thereafter. Milton would have relapsed into slovenliness, but Chan drove him with a light hand. Under Chan's direction he learned how to scour cooking dishes till they shone, learned how to freshen the beds with new browse each day, learned all the housewifery of the wilderness. The canned stuff would have been scant rations for them; Chan told Milton how with a long stick he might kill the partridges, almost as tame as chickens, which were so plenty all along the ridge. Chan himself had to clean these birds; Milton could not bring himself to this. Two days it rained, and they were prisoned indoors together; but Milton, who had been so fond of his own voice, had little to say; they spent these days in silence, and Chan, watching the other covertly, saw there was a bitter resentment burning in the big man. One night Chan seemed slightly delirious; his wound, he said next day, had been feverish. Milton, in the opposite bunk, had twitched and twisted nervously all night long.

The big man had put on sullenness like a garment. This much Chan had expected when he saw what was ahead of them; but also, watching the other, he hoped each day to see this ugly cloak put aside. Milton was a good fellow when matters went well; it seemed probable to Chan that he would adjust himself to these conditions, carry his load with some philosophy. Chan himself always spoke the other fairly; his tones were mild; his smile was constant. His orders were suggestions, nothing more.

All about them dwelt the silence of the wilderness. The first day Milton suggested that people would be looking for them. Chan shook his head. "Not right away," he said. "They'll not expect us on time; they'll figure maybe we decided to stay an extra day. Then Makino will come up Dray Brook and find the canoe; and if

(Continued on Page 55)

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Continued from Page 52

it hadn't rained he might be able to follow our trail. But he can't as it is."

"What will he do? Can't they get some lumbermen on the job?"

"There aren't many people in here in the summer. Probably some other party will come through, and Makino'll get the other guides to help hunt for us. But it's blind work, poking around in these woods. And I never heard this cabin was here. It's probably some poacher's and no one knows it's here at all."

They settled themselves to wait till they should be found, or till Chan's leg should heal. "Soon as I can walk," he said, "I'll go up on top here and climb a tree. Probably get my bearings that way. Of course we can always strike easterly and hit the river or the lakes; but it may be quite a ways, and bad going. I can't tackle it yet. There's nothing to worry about, though."

"Nothing to worry about? I didn't come in here to play scullion."

"Why, it's too bad," Chan agreed. "I'm right sorry, Mr. Milton."

Milton snorted and stamped outside; Chan heard him talking to himself explosively.

The third day Chan suggested they ration themselves. "Eat all the birds you can get," he explained. "But I figure we ought to go slow on the other stuff. Make it last."

Milton made no comment. That afternoon he went for a walk and when he came back Chan saw blue stains on his tongue and teeth, guessed that he had discovered a patch of blueberries in some old burn. Next morning he suggested, "You might find some berries if you look around."

Milton shook his head. "Haven't seen any," he replied.

"Well, keep your eyes open," Chan urged pleasantly.

"If you'd kept your eyes open we wouldn't be in this mess," Milton retorted.

"That's right, I guess," the other humbly assented. That afternoon he told Milton to kill a porcupine if he got the chance. "I can show you how to cook them so they're pretty good," he explained.

"I haven't seen any," Milton replied.

"Well, watch in the trees," Chan advised. "You see something that looks like a bundle of twigs, and that's him. You might have to climb up and get him. Knock him out of the tree. You can kill them with a club, right easy."

But Milton killed no porcupines.

On the fifth day Chan's bearing vaguely changed. His tones were no longer so mild and courteous. He watched Milton with an attentive regard which the other found discomforting. The big man asked once, "What's the matter with you? What are you looking at me that way for?"

"All right," Chan told him shortly. "I won't look at you at all, then."

Nevertheless, he did, studiously. The smile was no longer on his lips. That evening after supper, the only light in the cabin flickering through the open front of the stove, he lay silent and thoughtful.

Next morning when Milton came back from chopping some wood Chan said excitedly, "Look here, Mr. Milton, I've been blind, sure enough."

Milton turned toward him sulkily. "I know you have."

"I've just thought of something," Chan told him. "You go out back and get that packing box we saw there. Maybe there's something on it will tell whose camp this is."

Milton stared at him, then departed on this errand. Came back shaking his head. "The porcupines have gnawed it so," he explained.

"I just thought there might be," Chan commented. "I'm pretty sure, anyway."

"Sure of what?"

"Someone's written his initials on that log back of the stove. J S N, isn't it? Look and see."

Milton looked where Chan was pointing, went closer to examine the scrawl. "N or M," he replied.

"I'll bet that's Jim Norton!" Chan exclaimed. "He had a camp —— I never thought of him: If this is his camp, you know where we are?"

"How the devil should I know?" Milton demanded.

"We're not two miles from where we left the canoe," Chan declared. "I've never been in here, but I know where Jim's camp is. He's told me. He always came up Dray Brook to it. Traps here in the winter sometimes."

Milton's eyes lighted. "You sure of that?"

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"Fairly sure."

"I don't want to go traipsing off and get lost again."

"I'll tell you," Chan suggested. "We'll go see. It's good walking. You cut a sort of crutch for me and we'll go find out. Right away."

The big man took the ax and went out. Twenty minutes later they were on their way painfully and slowly; and Chan once or twice groaned with pain. They followed the hardwood ridge, and at Chan's direction Milton blazed a tree here and there. Came at length to a tree already thus marked. Chan pointed it out excitedly. "I did that when we came in. This ridge leads right to the canoe. You go back and get the stuff, Mr. Milton. I'll work on toward the brook."

"Oh, leave the stuff," Milton said.

Chan shook his head. "We may need it. They may have moved camp. You go get it. You'll catch me before I get down to the brook. I'll take the ax if you want. You can't get lost. Just watch for the marks on the trees."

Milton's spirits were returning. "All right," he said more heartily. "I'll be mighty glad to get out of here. You go ahead."

He turned back the way they had come. Chan watched him go, then pushed forward.

Milton, returning with the pack on his shoulders, overtook Chan a few rods short of the brookside. Chan heard him coming and shouted, "The canoe's there!"

In sheer relief Milton gave an answering shout. A moment later they stood together beside their craft. Chan pointed to footprints in the soft ground.

"Makino's been here, you see. Left it here in case we got back to it."

Milton wrenched the canoe over and slid it into the water. Chan said, "I expect you'll have to paddle."

"Right," Milton replied. "Leave that to me. I'm used to a canoe. You sit down and rest, Corwin."

"That suits me," Chan confessed.

When they were under way Milton laughed. "I don't see how you've fooled folks up here so long!" he exclaimed. "Making people think you were a guide. If I'd looked out for things myself we'd have been all right; but I supposed you knew. You'll never hear the end of this, Corwin." He was thoroughly good-natured in his triumph now.

"It's a joke on me, all right," Chan confessed.

Milton sang variations on the same theme all the way down Dray Brook. He poked fun at Chan from a dozen different angles; derided the other's abilities; pitied his blindness; spoke condescendingly of the sort of axman who cuts his own leg. "Been your head, now, I could understand your thinking it was wood!" he exclaimed, and roared with mirth.

Chan, in the bow, grinned to himself, but attempted no defense.

When the lake opened out before them Milton swung the canoe toward the camp site, triumphant and assured.

But the tents were gone; no one awaited them on the shore. The big man, somewhat daunted, asked, "What do you make of that, Corwin?"

Chan considered for a moment, then said, "Makino's probably gone on down to the dam, where there's a telephone."

"How far?"

"About ten miles. We'd better camp here tonight."

It was late afternoon; Milton assented. "They're probably worrying, imagining a lot of things about me," he remarked complacently. "They're going to be surprised when we paddle in tomorrow; me paddling and you stretched out there like a sick horse. Joke on you, sure, Corwin."

"I guess it is," Chan mildly agreed.

"I expect Jane's been crazy," Milton said; but Chan did not reply.

They made an early start next morning; their breakfast had been scant and Milton was hungry. But wind opposed them; they found it necessary to hug the shore. Milton was not able to maintain a pace; it was after noon when at last Chan sighted the white gleam of a tent far down the lake ahead of them. Half an hour later they drew in toward the shore where Makino was waiting to receive them.

Milton shouted at him, "Don't want to take on a new guide, do you?"

Makino looked at Chan and asked gently, "You all right?"

"Cut my leg," said Chan.

"Couldn't handle his ax," Milton explained boisterously. His sister and Will Rucker and Jane were coming now. He shouted to them, "Corwin pretty near ruined us, but I took charge and brought him in."

Makino helped Chan out; and Jane came quickly to his side, looking up at him.

"Is it badly hurt?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Be all right in a day or two, miss," he told her. Hesitated for a moment, then added: "I'd have been up against it if Mr. Milton hadn't taken

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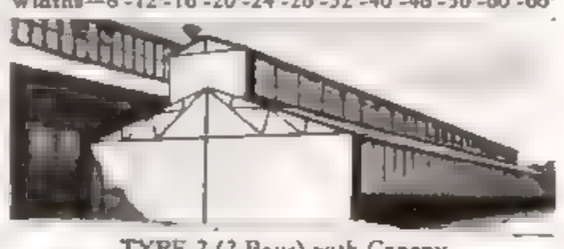

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hold so well. He's a good man in the woods."

Milton swaggered toward them, put his arm around the girl and kissed her. "Glad to see me again, Jane?" he asked.

"Yes, Steve," she told him. "Of course I am."

But her eyes were on Chan limping away with Makino.

THIS camp where Chan and Milton had rejoined the others was on a point of land half a mile above the great dam built by the logging company to handle their water. Around the eastern end of the dam a few log buildings clustered; a crew of men were stationed here. The camp was separated from the dam by tangled forest; remote as if it were miles away.

They made no attempt to move on that afternoon. Chan lay in his tent. Makino went down to the dam to telephone to searchers up and down the river highway that the lost were found. Milton, out on the end of the point, with Rucker and the two girls as audience, related his adventures; and Chan, hearing the other's loud boasts, smiled faintly to himself as he lay on his bed of boughs. When Makino returned he told Chan what had passed while the two men were away. "I didn't expect you right back," he explained. "I thought might be something would happen to you to make you a day late. Then I went up Dray Brook with Joe Tyng and we went in to Lost Pond and made sure you were not there. Then we came back, and I moved camp down here and telephoned to the fire wardens and got some men who would come to help."

"Anybody go in after us?"

Makino shook his head. "I was not so very much worried about you," he replied. "But Mrs. Rucker wished many things to be done, very loud and quick, so I moved back and forth for a show for her."

"Miss Otis worry?" Chan asked.

Makino's black little eyes were blank. "Oh, yes; she was worried," he said blandly; but went no further with his report in that direction.

Two or three men came up from the dam in a canoe and gathered around Chan, sympathetically deriding him. Milton appealed to them in a boastful tone for their opinion of such a guide. They offered no opinion; fell silent, chewed their tobacco and looked the other way. By and by returned to the dam, calling their farewells to Chan with ostentatious loyalty. Milton remarked on this to his sister.

"These fellows up here stick together, you see," he told her.

"You antagonize them, Steve," she replied impatiently. "You're always boasting and bragging. They think you're lying—even when you tell the truth."

"You know a lot about human nature, now, don't you?" he retorted.

"I know a lot about men," she assured him.

Jane and Will Rucker were, perforce, audience for Steve all that afternoon; they heard over and over every detail of his adventure. Listened silently and without comment. Only Edith dared remark drearily: "Well, I suppose we'll have to hear this the rest of our lives."

After dinner had been cooked and eaten and the dishes washed, the guides gathered in Chan's tent. They had a lantern there, fell into a mild game of pitch. The tent fly was drawn, excluding mosquitoes, excluding curious eyes, and Chan, thus among friends, no longer continued his pretense that he was injured. Between hands the four discussed with low mirth what he had done. He had to repeat the story more than once; his description of Milton's distress during the preliminary stages, while they climbed and descended and climbed and descended, made red-headed Joe Tyng laugh till he cried. Old Makino chuckled, Howdin grinned impassively. "Why, I walked with him back and forth over one ridge four times and he never knew it," Chan declared. "We'd climb till his tongue was dragging, and then we'd go downhill like rocks, a-rolling, till he was fairly jolted to pieces. Oh, I led him a chase."

Howdin had asked, when the facts first burst upon him, "Why?"

Chan, laughing carelessly, merely answered, "I thought he needed some rough stuff. Thought it'd do him good."

"It hasn't done him any good," Joe Tyng pointed out; and Chan nodded more soberly. Confessed that this was true.

"But how did you fool him about your leg?" Joe asked. "Didn't he want to take a look at it?"

"Don't you remember the way he keeled over when you cut your hand first day out? I thought of that; so I led him around to my camp. Knew we'd find some grub there. Left him there and went out and killed a porcupine and smeared the blood on my handkerchief. All he wanted to see was that bloody bandage. Rest of the time I just lay in bed and watched him work. Say, I taught him to wash dishes."

The red-haired man rocked to and fro. "I'd give a week's pay to see him playing housemaid. I'll bet he ——"

He broke off in the middle of a sentence, and his eyes widened comically. "Oh, Lord!" he whispered.

He was looking over Chan's shoulder, and Chan turned and saw Milton's head sticking through the tent flap. The big man's face was red with wrath, his eyes were bulging. Chan got to his feet; and Milton caught his shoulder and jerked him through the flap, outside. Makino picked up the lantern and followed. The four guides and the big man grouped themselves outside the tent. Milton was choking for utterance.

"You liar! You sneaking blackguard!"

Chan said evenly, "What's distressing you, Mr. Milton?"

"I've heard you in there," Milton retorted. He jerked his hand toward the tent. "Heard you confessing. All this business a fake. Dragging me through the woods to your own cabin and lying there on your back for a week while I did housework. You dirty ——"

Chan held up his hand. "Say, listen, mister," he interrupted. "Before you call any more names let me tell you what I think. You come up here with enough mouth for two men and not enough heart for a rat; you bragged about how good you were, and kicked like a steer when you had any work to do. You thought I was sick, hurt, living on beans; and you found a patch of blueberries and didn't bring any to me. You've been throwing off your mouth since we got back here; and now you've come listening outside my tent. I'll tell you what I think of you, mister: I think you could rake hell and seine the ocean and never find a man as mean as you."

Milton was beyond speech, but his fist flew swingingly. Chan ducked and jabbed for the big man's girth. They clinched, wrestled backward. A narrow patch of turf offered itself; there was lantern light, and the moon helped. In the semidarkness the slap of fist was loud on flesh. Chan was grinning happily, enjoying himself. Milton was heavier, had the reach; but Chan was hard as wire, his nerves and muscles perfectly attuned. Also, anger at this big man had been rising in his throat for days. He sought to punish mercilessly.

So his fists buried themselves in the soft body muscles; they cracked against the soft flesh of mouth and cheek. Milton, gasping for breath, did his mightiest, and once and then again his fists found their mark, staggering Chan to his heels. Makino and the two other guides watched without word. Howdin mildly chewed at a whittled twig; old Makino held the lantern high, his head leaning toward them. Joe Tyng bent double, and with every blow his hands slapped his knees ecstatically. The battle was fought without words on either side. Only the sound of their quick shuffling feet, the big man's gasps for breath, and the impact of their blows broke the silence. Chan took a methodical pleasure in the proceedings.

He had Milton staggering and shaken, was beginning to think of ending it, when as they circled each other he saw in the light of Makino's lantern the figure of a girl standing pressed among the boughs of a cedar which grew there. Almost invisible. The light glinted on her eyes. Jane Otis, watching them thus battle in the night.

Chan had almost forgotten Jane in the heat of the conflict; but he remembered her now, and his thoughts dwelt on her. A nice girl. He liked her—ever so much. All this folly with Milton, this week just past, had been well intended for her sake. He knew it had been folly now; knew that no man can be changed in a week; knew that a man is and must always be the product of a lifetime of victories and surrenders. Milton had won too many easy victories; he had never taken the trouble to achieve a

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

fine surrender. There was no changing Milton.

Yet this nice girl would marry him; and after all, if she loved him, why might not she be happy at his side? Women had loved less estimable men. Milton must be already in some part a hero in her eyes, since he had by his own telling borne himself so well in this emergency just past. She must be thinking well of her man; thus much, at least, Chan told himself, he had accomplished.

But if he whipped Milton now, what would she feel? Sympathy for Milton? That was unlikely, since the big man was a head taller than Chan and half again as heavy. No chance for sympathy there. She must, seeing him whipped by a smaller man, despise him; and what chance for happiness had she with a husband she despised?

Chan smiled a little, his decision forming in his mind. He had been fighting automatically, more on the defensive, his thoughts elsewhere. Now he shaped a plan. The guides, watching, sensed the change in the tide of battle. Milton's blows began to land; Chan's counters seemed less effective. By and by Chan seemed to trip and fall; came swiftly to his feet but went down again. Rose this time more slowly, as though uncertain of his muscles; and Milton's fist caught him fairly, so that he did not rise.

This the watchers saw. Chan only saw a burst of fire; then darkness. Saw no more for a while.

x

THE return to consciousness was for Chan confusing and unpleasant; he felt himself rocked and shaken as though the universe itself were unsteady and not to be relied upon. It was hard to breathe; water struck him in the mouth and choked him, so that he coughed. Seeking to sit up, he felt himself restrained by hands upon his shoulders. When his eyes opened it was to stare at the lantern, held close above him. Old Makino's dark face bent down to his, solicitous and kind. Another face glimpsed there, hanging, as it were, in the air above his head—Jane's. He knew, presently, that she pillowed his head on her knees and her hands were on his brow.

"Where's Mr. Milton?" he asked huskily.

"Gone," said Jane softly.

"Gone where?"

She shook her head, smiling down at him. "I don't know. I don't care."

"Why did you stay?"

"To see if you were all right," she replied.

He closed his eyes, considering this. Opened them again and said evenly, "Why, I'm all right, miss. I guess I'll sit up now."

"Lie still," she bade.

He was weak, and willing to obey. His eyes closed, he heard her saying, "I was with Mr. Milton outside your tent, you see. I made him come with me to see if you were all right; and we heard what you were saying."

Chan considered this, brow furrowed. "I didn't want you to know," he said apologetically. "I'm right sorry you heard all that."

"I already knew," she told him. "Knew what you meant to do."

"How?"

"Makino told me."

Chan sought for the Indian with his eyes, anger in them; but Makino some time before had set his lantern on the ground and slipped away.

"You mustn't be angry with him," Jane urged.

Chan did not reply. Silence of the night was all about them. Vaguely, from the direction of the tents, Chan could hear voices. Milton's, loud and angry. Some wild fowl flying past on swift wing cried in the darkness over the lake; a loon laughed far away. The little ripples broke plashingly against the rocks along the shore. There was a whisper of wind in the taller trees.

"I was worried, you see; and I made him tell me," Jane explained.

"What did he tell you?" Chan asked. His cheeks felt hot beneath her hands.

"He said you thought Mr. Milton would be better for an experience of that kind; thought it would do him good to—rough it a little."

Chan was immensely relieved at this; but the shameless girl plunged him in confusion once more when she added, "Of course I knew better. I knew it wasn't him you were thinking of. I knew you were doing it for me."

"For you?"

"And then when you saw me watching you fight," she reminded him, "you quit trying. You let him whip you then."

"Why, no," said Chan. "No. He outlasted me, that was all. I got kind of tired—and he caught me a good one, and I couldn't do much after that."

She hushed him, her fingers on his lips. "You took him off and tried to make a better man of him. You let him whip you tonight. Why, Chan Corwin?"

He wished to lie to her, could not find words.

"I thought you'd like him better; thought you'd like it," he confessed.

She sat very still for a little while, and he looked up at her, not daring to move. Her eyes, he saw, were very dark and deep; the night lay in them as in pools. He had never marked before the exceeding loveliness of her chin.

"Do you know what I would like?" she asked at last, so softly it was hard for him to hear.

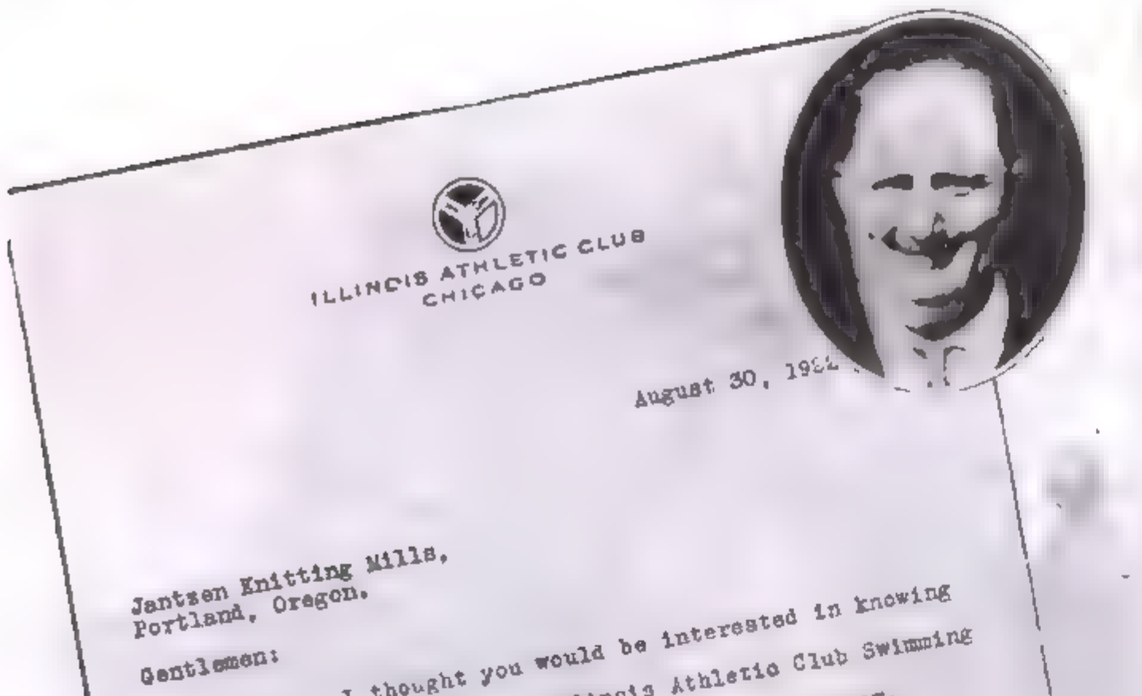
"What would you like?" he whispered.

"I'd like to live—forever—on a farm on a hillside," she told him; and her eyes now dropped to his. "On a hillside farm, with an orchard all across the southward slopes, where we could see the river, silver, far away."

The wind seemed to hush, sweet silence fell. From the direction of the tents came Milton's voice, loud and argumentative. "Damn the man, I say!" he cried so loudly all the world might hear.

Chan and Jane heard what he said; but they did not greatly care.

(THE END)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They say they are the best and, because of the special fitting features of your garment and the interest in swimming your concern has created, through its advertising. I am glad to give you this voluntary testimonial.
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World-famous swimming coach says: *"my swimmers all wear Jantzens"*

WM. BACHRACH, coach of the Illinois Athletic Club, is the man who developed Johnny Weismuller, new world's wonder; Norman Ross, and dozens of other celebrated swimmers. It means something when he says: "My swimmers all wear Jantzen suits for beach and all-around wear!"

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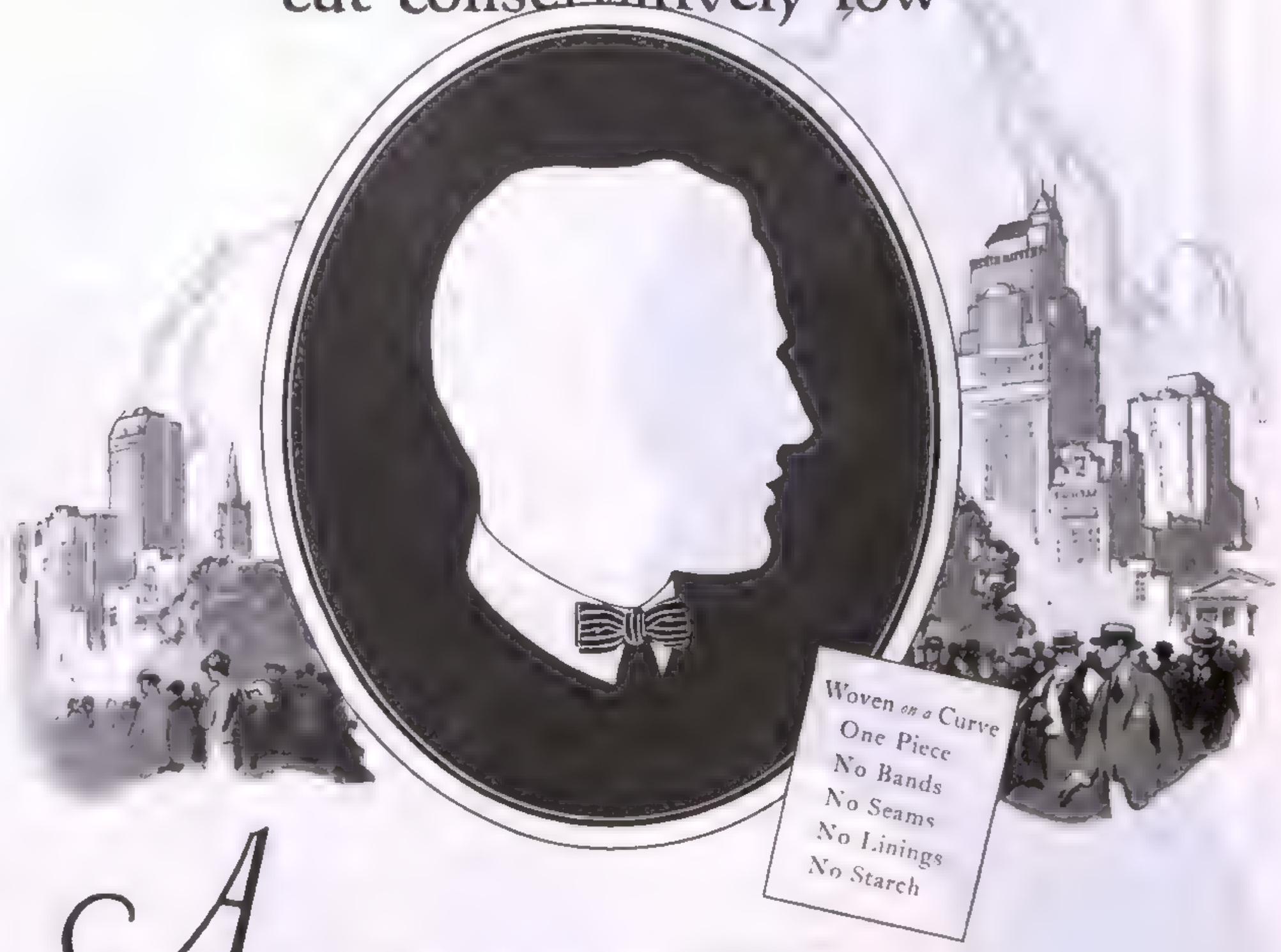

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INTO EACH LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

I came into their life when the third child was born, for I graduated out of the end of the pew in the Sunday school into one institution of learning and another until I was a doctor with a diploma and a shingle, and when old Doctor Blackmer died I took over his practice, and the Braiks with it. I was major-domo at the entrance of Ben's third child into the world, and the whole performance went off well enough. The first two had been girls and this was a boy, and the first thing Emmy said was that she was so glad it was a boy. Ben had always wanted a boy, she said. But Emmy got up too soon—she had to get out of bed to fire the laundress, who had not ironed Ben's shirt right—and I had to go back. At any rate that was what I thought I went to the house for; Ben had stopped at my office and told me Emmy was in bed and wanted to see me.

I went into the bedroom with my usual cheery professional air, which is by no means put on, I can tell you, for I'm naturally on the grin most of the time.

"Well, lady," I joked, "you wouldn't obey orders, and you're on the flat of your back again, hey? We'll teach you people to obey us, one of these days. What seems to be wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing to do with me, doctor," she said. "I'm a little tired and thought I would stay in bed. I'll be all right again by tomorrow. It's Ben."

"Ben!" I exclaimed. "What's wrong with Ben?"

"Doctor," she asked, easing herself up on the pillow a little, "what's the symptoms of appendicitis?"

I told her as well as I could.

"The right side?" she asked. "And low down? It's never up here? You're sure, doctor?"

"That's where the stomach is," I assured her. "No man could ever have appendicitis up there."

"Then do you think it is cancer?" she asked.

So I got at her to give me all the symptoms from which poor old Ben was suffering and it seemed that yesterday morning he had come to kiss her good-by and had said he had eaten too many pancakes and had a pain there. I asked how many he had eaten and she said twelve, besides two sausages, a roll, his usual two soft-boiled eggs, and his two cups of coffee.

"And wasn't he at that banquet at the Riverbank Hotel last night?" I asked.

"Of course!" she said proudly. "He made the principal speech."

"And after the big show," I said, "he probably went down to Casey's bar and had a couple of glasses of Casey's raw beer and an assorted free lunch consisting of bologna, hot sauerkraut, cheese, pickles and sardines with some dried herring and soused herring and pickled herring on the side, and maybe one of Casey's roast-beef sandwiches. Did your puny little six-foot husband complain bitterly?"

"No," she said, "he never complains. He only mentioned it."

"Well, all that's the matter with Ben," I said, "is a good honest old-fashioned stomach ache, and he deserves it. If he lets out another peep about his insides you just make him eat a bowl of good old salts. But as for you, lady, I want you to stay right here in this bed one solid week! Understand that? If I hear of you getting up I'll come here and tie you in bed!"

The next day she was up, but you can't do anything with such women. What I'm getting at was that from that day forth she was the little brown-eyed watchdog of Ben Braik's health. She fussed over every bite our Riverbank legal giant ate, and cooked his food with her own hands, and watched him eat it, and made him masticate according to the best authorities, and hunted up food rules in books. There had not been a thread of his clothes she had not supervised personally, and now there was not a crumb of his bread she did not personally conduct, as you might say. She watched his hours of sleep, and refused to let him wear himself out banqueting and speech making. Five o'clock was the hour she made him knock off his office work, and if he was not away from the office two minutes after five she telephoned and wanted to know why.

So she grew thin. She grew thin and her face took on an anxious and careworn expression, and as the two girls grew up she trained them as they should have been trained—to realize that their father was the important member of the family. As soon as the first was old enough to creep Emmy had her trained to bring Ben's slippers. Presently the two girls and the boy and Emmy were all waiting on Ben. If he looked toward the humidor on the music cabinet two or three of them would rush to get a cigar and three or four would hustle to get a match.

If Ben came home with a box of Aurora Perfectos Emmy would spot them in a moment and say, "Ben, don't you like the Dulcinea Corona cigars any more?"

"Sure, Em," he might say, "but Mike was out of them today and I had to take these."

"The idea!" she would cry. "When he knows you like the one kind and always smoke them!"

And off she would go to the telephone to haul Mike over the coals, and a day or so later she would trot downtown with the part box of Aurora Perfectos and make Mike exchange Dulcinea Coronas for them.

We all liked Ben—liked him and admired him. But we did get a little more Emmy in his conversation than we cared for.

I like to hear a man say his wife is the finest ever, and so on, but when most of your wives are just good average wives it does weary you a little to have a man eternally proclaim the virtues of his better half. But Emmy did seem to deserve all he said. There couldn't be a white cat hair on his coat but she saw it, and he never went out but she straightened his black bow tie. If he sniffled one sniffle she had his feet into hot water and hot lemonade into him, and mustard plasters onto him. She chose what he was to eat and what he was to wear, and kept up with the literature of the day so she could tell him what to read.

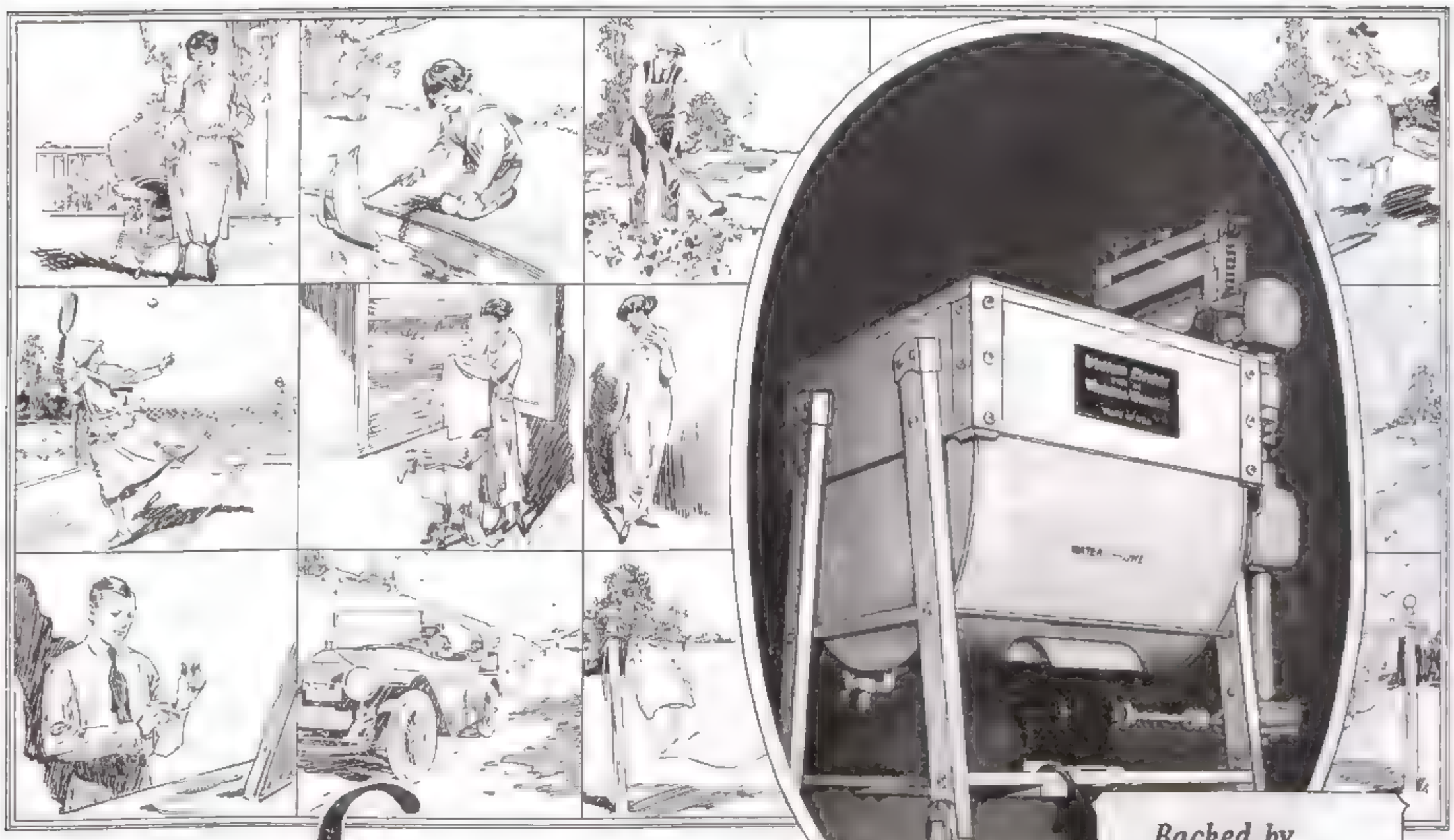
Then Holden ran for governor, and Ben was selected to tour the state for him. That was a big thing for Ben, the point of the wedge that was to open big politics for him, and Emmy was delighted. She bought more new clothes for herself than she had had in twenty years, and she went with him on the tour. He had a stomach, you see. Of course I had told her fifty times that every other man also had a stomach, and that Ben's was better than most, but what can you do with a woman like Emmy? She knew what hotels were. She knew the kind of food they shoved at their victims. She knew the sheets were damp. She knew how men get together in a bar after a meeting and talk until all hours of the night, and don't get enough sleep, and do get too much liquid. And how a campaigner has to start out at two A.M. and catch a train, and forget his rubbers, and doesn't keep his feet dry. A million things!

So off she went with Ben—and she was a wonder! She corrected his speeches and verified his figures and statistics, and stood between him and all the roughness of a campaign. He wrote me from away out in Tagus County:

"As soon as we get back I want you to give Emmy a good looking over. It seems to me she is getting too thin. I know she is wiry and can stand a lot of punishment, but I'm a little worried about her. She is wonderful, though! I can't take a step but she is there to show me where to put my foot; she is with me every moment; she actually writes out my speeches with her own hand and I don't mind telling you, doc, that some of the best things in them are the things she tells me I ought to say. I feel fine except for a little headache now and then, but if it was not for Emmy I'd be dead, I expect. I wonder if you couldn't fuss up some sort of tonic for Emmy and get her to take it."

Holden was elected, and presently we heard that old Senator Wimbleton's health was so poor he meant to resign, and that the governor was considering Ben Braik for the unexpired portion of the senatorial term. It was a wonderful thing for Ben, and he went around with a grin. I liked to see that grin on Ben's face, for he had not been grinning much the last few years. If Emmy had become anxious looking and worry faced, so had Ben. He was, indeed, carrying quite a load—keeping up his big law practice and nosing into politics. He had lost his snap and resiliency somehow. I dropped up to see him in his office.

(Continued on Page 62)



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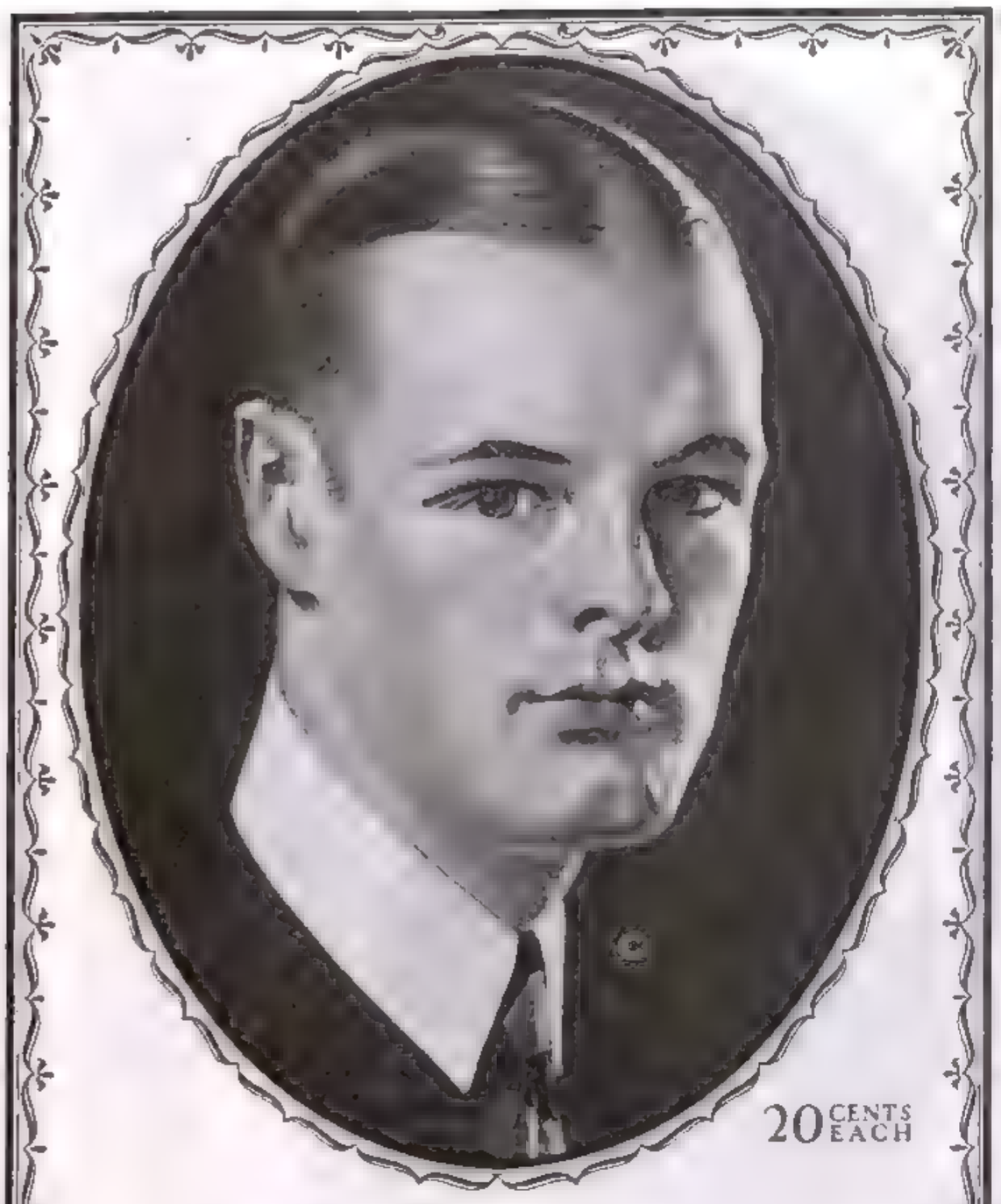
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(Continued from Page 60)

"What do you think?" I asked him. "If the governor does offer you the senatorship will you take it?"

"Yes, I will, doc," he said. "Emmy has talked it all over with me, and she thinks I should."

"Ben," I said, "how is that headache of yours?"

He looked at me queerly.

"How do you know I have a headache?" he asked.

"You wrote me in one of your letters," I said. "When you wrote asking about a tonic for Emmy."

"Did I?" he asked. "That's all right then. I was afraid Emmy had got onto it and—I don't want to worry her about a fool thing like that. She worries about me enough. She's a wonderful ——"

"Yes—all right! But what about the headache?"

Ben looked at me.

"Doc," he said, "you're a good fellow. Let me show you something."

He went to the side of his office and laid his hand on one of the big law books there and pulled at it. A whole section of shelves swung out, and standing on narrow shelves in a sort of shallow closet were more bottles of gin—common nigger gin—than I ever saw in one place in all my life.

"There's my headaches," he said.

"You're drinking?" I said.

"Not for fun," he said quickly. "Don't think that, doc. It's for the lift it gives me; the lift I have to have. I'm carrying a whale of a load on my shoulders."

"Well, cut out the drink, Ben," I said. "It's bad for you. Never do you a bit of real good. You eat too much, and you pour this stuff into you, and you're bilious, and that gives you the headaches. Drop it, Ben."

"I guess I will," he said. "I don't like a headache any better than any other man does."

He put his hand on the back of his neck, up near the base of his brain.

"Is that where your headaches are?" I asked him.

"Yes; back here."

"You cut it out entirely—the drink," I warned him.

The next day I caught one glimpse of Ben on his way to the railway station.

"Hey!" I shouted from across the street. "Where away?"

I crossed over and walked with him half a block, and he explained that the governor had wired him to get on the first train and get down to Washington to talk with the senator. The senator had policies that he had been working out for twenty years or more, and would not agree to a successor who could not understand them or would not agree to follow them. He wanted to talk with Ben. If Ben could satisfy him he was willing to resign and let Ben have the job.

"First trip I've made alone since I was married," Ben told me, "and I feel like a lost child. I'm going to miss Emmy every minute, but since our boy fell out of the tree and sprained his arm she thinks she can't come with me."

The next I heard of Ben was from a physician in Colterville, New Jersey. Bardo was his name—Dr. P. K. Bardo. It ran something like this:

"Senator Wimbleton advises me you are family physician of Benjamin Braik. If so, request your presence here for immediate consultation. Braik acting queerly; insanity feared. Advise family."

I called up Emmy immediately and broke the news as gently as I could and then read her the telegram. Of course she instantly decided to go with me, and as the boy's arm was doing nicely—nothing much the matter with it, but I had him taken to the Riverbank Hospital, put him in a private room with a special nurse—and we got away on the evening train, and reached Colterville, New Jersey, by way of Chicago and Philadelphia. At Chicago I was able to get a stateroom for Emmy, which was a good thing, for she wept the whole distance, day and night, and almost drove herself insane, thinking of things she should have done for Ben, or should not have let him do.

Neither of us knew anything about Colterville, New Jersey. We had no idea how Ben had got there. This was made clear very soon after Doctor Bardo met us. Old Senator Wimbleton had accepted a hurry call to speak at the North New Jersey Republican organization meeting and had hastened there, leaving word for Ben to follow him. He wanted Ben to meet Senator Oskins, of New Jersey, for the policy discussion. It seemed that on the way from Washington Ben must have been drinking, and when he went into the dining car for his noon meal the colored waiter leaned over him as soon as he was seated and suggested that the fried chicken was very nice. Instantly Ben began to rant and curse. He shouted that the world was in a conspiracy to boss him, and that he never had a minute he could call his own, and that no one would let him do a cursed thing he wanted to do on his own hook. Then he jumped up, still ranting and cursing, and took the negro by the throat and threw him across a table—simply wiped the table with him—and left him there.

Everyone in the car jumped up, of course, and the dining-car manager came running. The other waiters picked up such weapons as they could find. Ben stood in the aisle and met the car manager with a scowl.

"Look here!" he shouted. "Can I or can't I have a broiled lobster? It's here on the bill of fare. Can I have it or can't I?"

"Why, certainly, sir; of course you can," said the car manager.

"Then what does this fellow mean by forcing his confounded fried chicken on me?" demanded Ben fiercely. "I'm full grown and white; I pay my taxes; I'm a citizen of the United States."

"That's quite all right, sir," the car manager said. "George, you take this table. Henry, you take Number 11. I'm sorry, sir, if the waiter was too insistent. We'll have your lobster here in one moment."

So Ben sat down, growling and muttering, and presently the lobster came, and he ate it, and paid his bill and left a tip, all quite orderly. And that was all until he stepped from the car at Colterville, New Jersey. It was raining cats and dogs. Ben stepped to the platform and motioned to a cabby to come and get his suitcase. Instantly a man in a raincoat and a derby hat stepped up to Ben.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but Senator Oskins' car is here and you are to let me take you to his hotel ——"

That was as far as he got. Ben yelled and brought his suitcase down on the derby hat, and the man went flat on the platform.

"You'll tell me what I'm to do and not do, will you!" he shouted. "You'll boss me! I'll do what I choose!"

He did it too. He opened his suitcase and scattered its contents up and down the platform, and stamped on his shirts and underwear, and kicked them off the platform into the mud, and threw the empty suitcase after them. Then he took off his hat and threw it in one direction, and his coat and threw it in another, and jerked off his collar and sent it flying, and shied his vest to the top of a taxicab, and gave one wild yell, and dodged through beneath the car wheels of the train and up a bank and through a hedge and was gone. They found him three miles out in the country, up a tree, sitting on his heels on a limb, close against the tree trunk. When they told him to come down he went farther up the tree. Every time they shouted to him to come down he climbed a bit higher until someone hit on the idea of shouting to him to sit still. Then he began to climb down.

They held a consultation under the tree and decided that he would have to stay there until they went back to the town for a painter's ladder, but Ben heard this, and down the tree he came.

"I don't have to stay in any tree!" he told them. "If I want to come down I come down; and if I want to stay up I stay up! Nobody can boss me! I do what I please. I'm my own boss. I can do what I want to do!"

"No, you can't!" some smart fellow said. "You can't walk back to town. We won't allow a wild man like you in our town."

So Ben doubled up his fists and pushed through the crowd and went back to town. He put his shoulders back and his head up and strode off like a general. And that was how they got him into Doctor Bardo's sanitarium—they told him he must not go there. So he went.

We found the Bardo Sanitarium a rather beautiful place. It was well to one side of the town, on a hill, with fine old trees and abundant shrubbery. The word "sanitarium" was all well enough, and meant to save the feelings of the town and the friends of the inmates, but the place was nothing more nor less than a private insane asylum—and one of the best in the land, as I easily

(Continued on Page 64)

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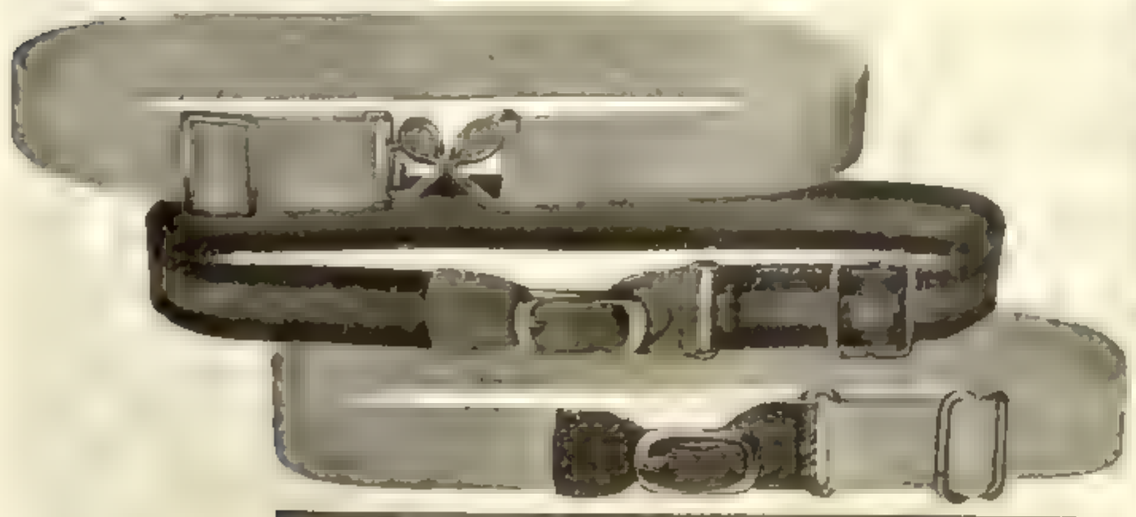

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(Continued from Page 62

discovered. We had a long conference with Doctor Bardo before we attempted to see Ben, and the eminent specialist told us there was no hope. It was paresis, he said, and nothing could be done; Ben would get worse and worse, gradually losing his remaining mind. A horrible business in every way. And let me say that I agreed with Doctor Bardo in his diagnosis

So Ben, of course, was only to be considered as a care and a charge and a semi-human thing to be made as comfortable as possible until the end came. It was Emmy I feared for now. I was afraid for Emmy. Emmy had been so wrapped up in Ben that this blow might well enough kill her. But she was noble—nothing less than noble! After the first cruel shock, which drove every vestige of color from her face, she accepted this trouble bravely. She herself made the admirable proposal that Ben be allowed to remain in the sanitarium at Colterville.

In every way this seemed wise to me. I had, and have now, nothing but praise for Doctor Bardo and his institution. Emmy saw that it was good too. She knew that Ben's career was ended, and she proposed that she come to Colterville, bringing her family and buying a small house, so that she might be near Ben and do what could be done for the poor man.

"If I can't do anything else," she said, "I can see that he is properly fed and that he is properly clothed, and that he is not neglected. I can see that he has exercise. I can see that he is not mistreated."

Only then, when we had all agreed that this was best, did she go to meet Ben face to face. It was a beautiful day—sunny and warm—and Ben was on a side terrace with a male attendant, called a nurse for the sound of the thing. As we came down the steps the nurse looked up, but Ben was looking off across the valley. He merely said, "Go on, Bill; it's great stuff!" And the nurse continued his reading. The book was Alice in Wonderland.

I think Emmy, when she recognized the book, showed more signs of breaking down than she had yet shown. She grasped my arm, and the look she gave me said as plain as words: "And this is what his fine mind has come to!" Then Ben looked around and saw us.

He turned to the nurse calmly enough, and with a certain dignity.

"You see," he said. "It's as I told you. They won't leave me alone. They won't let me do what I want to do. You were wrong. I'll have to take steps."

With that he slowly removed his coat and vest, laid them on the bench on which he had been sitting, seated himself on the grass and took off his shoes and socks.

"Ben! Don't you know me?" Emmy asked.

He did not answer her at all. He arose and shook hands with the nurse very gravely, and the next moment he was climbing a huge oak tree that stood there. He went up and up and up, and when he was quite in the top of the tree his pants and shirt and underwear came fluttering down, and there he sat entirely nude on one of the highest limbs of the tree.

"Don't worry, ma'am," the nurse said. "He'll not fall; they never do. He spends a lot of time up the trees; it takes him that way. He explained it all to me—he says woman is a civilizing influence, and the only hope for happiness is to go back and be a monkey. Whenever he sees a skirt he ups a tree. It takes him that way."

It truly did. As the days went on poor Ben no longer needed a skirt to drive him up a tree; he lived in the trees. He practiced swinging by his hands and jumping across from bough to bough. He was quite harmless and very happy, and in the tree tops he had the books he wanted to read—Lear's Nonsense Verse, Through the Looking Glass, Misrepresentative Men, Why They Married—all the nonsense things. He let his beard grow, and let his finger nails get black and, when he wore a vest, buttoned the bottom buttonhole on the top button.

I had to get back to my practice here in Riverbank, and Emmy came with me to arrange for the sale of the house; but that took time. The house was in Ben's name, and there is a lot of red tape when it comes to selling the property of a man who is insane. Emmy gave a lawyer a power of attorney, but even then she had to linger in Riverbank, for the boy's arm was not right yet. Finally she became so nervous that I told her she had better go back East and leave the moving of the family until a little later; and she went.

She wrote me almost immediately. She had gone to see Ben and the instant he set eyes on her he had peeled off his garments, made a wild dash for liberty, cleared the spiked iron fence in some miraculous way, and was forty miles away before they caught him and could persuade him to return. Doctor Bardo told her, Emmy said, that it would be best for her not to see Ben at all. To his enormous surprise Ben seemed to be improving, but her visit to him had set him back again. The sight of her seemed to irritate him and intensify his trouble. So, she said, she was coming back to Riverbank immediately—it broke her heart, she said, but it seemed best.

The reports we received from Bardo after that were amazing to me. Ben was recovering rapidly. He did not have true paresis at all; bad gin had done the mean work, and the gin was working out of his system and he would doubtless be a sound and sane man soon. One letter said Ben had taken a new slant of oddity and was reading Shakspere—was thinking Shakspere was the salvation of the world. Then came a report saying Ben had dropped the Shakspere craze and was to all intents and purposes normal again, and could be brought home to Riverbank if we wished. I went East to get him. Emmy met us at the train.

On the way home Ben had been a happier Ben than I had ever known. He was noisy and rough and cheerful, tremendously talkative. He talked of his crazy spell and of the evil of gin and of the wonderful mind Shakspere must have had, and he quoted reams of Lear and Lewis Carroll. He was like a boy released from school, but as we neared Riverbank he became silenter, and his old frown came back.

"I've got to get down to business now," he told me, "and forget all this nonsense."

It was a warm day when we reached home, but Emmy had a blanket to tuck around Ben, and she made the cab stop at the barber's while I went in and arranged for the barber to come to the house and cut Ben's hair. A meal was ready, and Emmy saw that Ben did not eat anything he should not eat. Then she made him lie on the couch and take a nap.

In a few days Ben was out and at his law affairs again, and everything was normal. A year passed, and ten years, and fifteen years. Ben was well over sixty then, and Emmy near it. She was a shriveled little old woman, always looking at Ben anxiously, always picking a thread off his coat or hurrying to the door to tell him to come back and put on his rubbers. And then we had the famous Riverbank typhoid epidemic and Ben went to his bed never to get up again alive. At the last he knew he was going to die. I was alone with him a few minutes on the afternoon of the night when his life ended, and he was lying back on his pillow.

"Doc," he said, "I'm going, ain't I?"

"Yes, you're going, Ben," I told him.

"Well, I don't mind," he said. "I'll be glad to go. Life isn't much, is it? A man gets born and his troubles begin, and it's all worry and fret and annoyance and trouble. But I don't know—I can't complain. I've had my share of happiness, doc. I've had my happy days."

He lay still, smiling a little, thinking of the past.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "I certainly had a grand free time while I was crazy! I can't complain; I had a good time then. Nobody bossed me."

And then Emmy came in and straightened his pillow and made him let her move him up a little in the bed, and buttoned the top button of his nightshirt, and asked him if he was too cold or too hot, and the patient resigned look came back on his face.

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HEAD WINDS

Continued from Page 36

She had stood listlessly; now with a great sigh she walked out. He noticed that she had grown thin; her face was white and pinched, her eyes enormous.

"My George!" he thought. "What will Win say?"

She was staying below too much, and she wasn't eating enough. He would settle it. There was a limit!

He had a conference with Woo Lang, and that day they put into a narrow sheltered inlet of one of the larger islands. The shore was precipitous and the water deep. The schooner was able to lie close in, snugged under one of the towering bluffs. Every detail of fissure and growth was visible and sharp. The air was damp and cool from the rocks. Directly before them a tumbling waterfall dashed down from rocky ledge to sea in one gigantic leap. High up, gnarled trees marched down beside the stream or clung precariously to steeper way, with outthrown roots, bleached and bare. Almost within reach, it seemed, there grew in shaded recesses, damp with spreading mist from the cataract, delicate ferns—ebony and transparent green of maidenhair—lacelike wild bleeding heart with pale blossoms; feathery sprays of huckleberry, coraled with fruit.

To Peter it was entirely beautiful. There was a wild and untamed quality about the place, and yet it was still. Here, where they lay outside the boiling caldron which received the fall, the water was blue, deep beyond imagination, mysterious. She must like it.

"I know you can't forgive me, and I am sorry." Peter felt as if he were talking up against a stone wall. It exasperated him, but he held onto his temper. Tempers in a case like this got him less than nowhere, as he'd learned from recent experience. He did it tactfully, but he laid down the law: "You can't mope down here. You're beastly thin, and you've lost your color. You can't expect me to take you back to Win and Ted looking like this, can you?"

No response, so he took a deep breath and forced a light and jesting tone: "I am captain, and allow no mutiny! There is to be no more staying below—get that! You are to be out on deck every day that the weather is fine. And by the way, this is good salt water, just what you need; we'll swim. And we can take long tramps inland to find an appetite. Do you like the program?"

"Expect the rational and thereby obtain it," he had said in the old days. He must follow his own directions more carefully; he'd been shirking.

"Then it's agreed!" he said heartily, taking her delight for granted; but she remained looking down at her hands, lying idle in her lap, and made no sign.

Her early scrapping resistance had been play compared with this passive opposition.

She came on deck when he asked; and though he watched, hoping she might be betrayed into some glance of pleasure in the beauty of the anchorage, he was disappointed. She carried a book and sat down in a steamer chair, beginning to read without one look at the waterfall, the stream, the trees. She read absorbedly, never lifting eyes from the print, until he placed his big hand over the page.

"Haven't I been punished enough, Patricia? Let yourself enjoy this. It's too much to lose."

She waited until he removed his hand, and then went on reading as if there had been no interruption.

"It's nearly three o'clock and the tide perfect for a swim. If you will get ready we can have a dip."

He waited uneasily to see how she would take the suggestion. He thought for a few minutes she was not going to move; but she finally stood and sauntered indifferently below. He dashed into his own stateroom while she went toward the case to replace the book. When he came out she was still in the cabin, not only not dressed for the water but deep in another book.

"Oh, by George," he said sharply, "this is too bad! We'll miss the best of the afternoon. Hurry!"

She lifted her head. Peter thought she was about to speak, to protest; but instead she pressed her lips together and said nothing—read on. He gave the cord of his bathrobe a savage tie about the waist, strode over and took the volume out of her hands. She looked up at him then, and he reddened under her lazy stare.

"Curse the Van Pelts!" thought Peter, rightly ascribing her power of silent expression to its proper origin.

He covered his flush with a nasty curl of the lip and had the satisfaction of seeing a faint color creep up into her own cheeks. When he spoke, though, it was with gentleness; the satisfaction of making Pat flush before a sneer of his was not long lived.

"I want you to go swimming," he said.

She made no move.

"Where do you keep your bathing suit?"

No answer.

"Never mind," he offered; "I'll get it for you."

He had every drawer of the chest out and was pawing through the wardrobe before she came to the door. Over his shoulder—"Fear I'm making a mess here; but I'll find it." At her look he proffered quarter—"Rather get it for yourself?"

Wordless as ever, she crossed to the padded seat, opened it and took out a gay little garment; but the gayety in that room was all confined to the dress.

"Will you put it on?"

She nodded.

She came out on deck wrapped from throat to heel in a flame of silken color that held Peter gaping, and it wasn't until she moved to the rail and looked down into the impenetrable depths that he spoke.

"We can dive from here. When I count three, in we go! Take off the what-you-call-it," not venturing to name the silk marvel.

As she hesitated he lifted it from her shoulders.

"Now"—his robust confidence an inspiration to less masterful men—"in we go! One—two—three ——"

He went in with a clean, straight dive. Patricia did not budge. He came up with such speed as to shoot half out of the water. Gasping for breath, blowing, he pounded for the accommodation. It was his first introduction to one of the ice-cold streams which flow into the Sound. The Averna lay in the middle of one. The cold was benumbing; it was all he could do to lift the dead weight of his arms. He clambered up the ladder and tore into his dressing gown, wrapping himself in its folds.

"Good note you didn't go in," he chattered. "It must be a glacial stream. Thought I liked cold water, but I never had such a shock!" He laughed as he shook. "We'll find a much warmer pool. I believe this would kill you."

Patricia gazed over the side, contemplating the clear iciness, and then she dived.

"Of course!" said Peter as he followed her.

He came up first and watched anxiously, not knowing at all what to expect next. He did not feel the cold—never thought of it. But he had hard work getting out of the dressing gown. By the time he was clear she had come to the surface and was swimming, hand over hand, to the Averna. He overtook her and kept near, ready in case her strokes should falter; but she swam with fair strength and climbed out without aid.

He thought it good omen that she came on deck that evening of her own volition. He tried to stay away from her so as not to spoil her enjoyment; but on his rounds he noticed that she seemed cold. He brought rugs and she accepted them, but without speaking. It had been so long since he had heard her voice that he no longer expected it, but her taking his rugs was encouragement. He remained beside her.

They sat there together, side by side, but how far apart he could only conjecture.

The Averna was to lie up for the night in the same anchorage. It was not a wise harbor, excepting for the schooner's safety, which was Woo Lang's one consideration. She lay in deep water, strongly roped and anchored; but dampness and cold poured in, penetrating and very chill. Peter, finding pleasure in its wild loneliness, had thought of nothing else.

The sun had disappeared; but the two stayed, each buried in his thinking; Peter so inattentive that the girl took courage and came out, as if from hiding within herself. The sky clouded over; the water, no longer blue, dulled to somber gray. Patricia shivered uncontrollably.

There was no creature besides themselves in sight—no sign of habitation, no living thing; wet, cold rocks; dim forest; a ceaseless roar from the waterfall. All made her feel small and alone in immensity. There was nothing but gray sea, gray sky and cold gray eyes. And nowhere on the wide earth was there one to care if she lived or died.

The man beside her, who had not been thinking of her, or caring how unhappy she was, put a handkerchief into her hand as she was blindly searching.

"Patricia," he said, "do believe that your brothers and I took steps to guard you from evil tongues. Why would we save you from one unhappiness if only to subject you to another?"

"None of it matters," she said dully, and left him.

She had spoken! The spell had lifted! But what had she meant? He was wrenched suddenly by terrible doubt, the first that had assailed him as to the rightness of his act. How far had man the right to interfere with the life of another? What justification had he? Oh, he knew he had been right! He could prove it—he would prove it! But why did it no longer matter—to Patricia?

XII

HE THOUGHT he heard her, and then he was sure; but it did not sound like her voice. When he turned on the light he saw that she was sitting up dizzily.

"What is it, Patricia?" he asked unsteadily—but he knew! His hands clenched.

"I am cold," she said pantingly, "and very hot—hard to breathe ——"

He forced a heartening smile.

"I'd lie down if I were you," he advised reassuringly. "We'll have to get out of this inlet; it's too damp. You've taken a chill or something; but chills aren't serious, you know. I can find a cure for that."

But he knew the one-sided scarlet of cheek, the eyes too brilliant under heavy lids, the laboring chest—and he was sick with terror. They had killed her; among them all, they had brought gallant little Pat to this.

"If you—will kindly—ask Aunt Angela—step here—for moment," came with labored politeness, "and phone Doctor Wendell—gives very good—cough drops ——" And her eyes closed.

Peter went out, closing her door behind him. What fools they had been! He hadn't understood how to take care of her. Why hadn't they known she might not be able to stand it? They had tricked her into a prison, and because she had taken it gamely he had shown her no mercy. Not only had they taken her liberty away from her, all freedom of action, but he, like a brute, had bullied her in every petty way he could contrive; he who more than another should have understood her love of freedom and independence! Sweat stood out on his forehead, and he prayed.

"God," he bargained, "if You will let her live, if You will forgive me for being a fool, I'll make up for it. But if You let her die ——" The threat failed. Peter came to a halt and, cravenly submissive, capitulated. "Oh, God, You know! But do Your best. Give me my chance!"

For amen he fell with a roar upon Woo Lang, ordering him to make for the nearest harbor to get doctors and nurses; tore the lascar bodily from his blankets, threw him at the engine, calling for speed, and more speed, until he got it; and then he went back to Patricia.

Pneumonia! He had seen too much of it not to know; many of his sailors, and Over There—too many of his buddies ——

While the Averna raced through the night, Peter sat beside Pat and learned his lesson. She dipped in and out of unconsciousness fitfully, troubled; muttered about head winds and wept—wept because Peter would insist upon bucking them.

"Go way out!" she begged. "Take them on an easy reach; then we can have easy sailing. I am so tired of tacking back and forth, and back and forth, and back and forth ——"

She repeated it endlessly, until Peter thought he would go crazy.

"It isn't necessary to head into the wind all the time. Why can't you sail with the wind part of the time?"

"I will, Patsy," he soothed her; "no more head winds for you and me."

Continued on Page 68

Westinghouse

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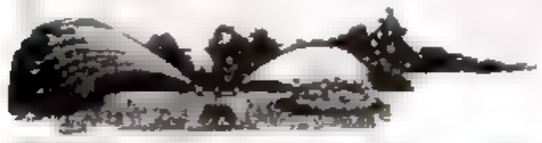

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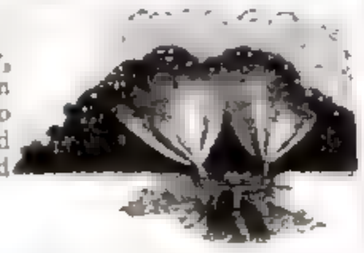

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Rain King
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(Continued from Page 66)

"You make my head ache when you tack back and forth and back and Peter Rosslyn does not wish you to say that any more, Patsy. Makes his head ache, too; mustn't make Peter's head ache; must do what Peter Rosslyn wishes, all the time; never, never what Patsy likes. Poor girl!"

She cried sorrowfully, and Peter—Peter kept right on learning lessons.

"It's too cold to go in swimming, Peter. Can't you see for yourself that it is not a good place? . . . Oh, I am tired—tired—too tired. . . . The water is deep and dark and cruel. I do not like it. I like happy, bright, sparkling water in sunshine. I like long sandy beaches, all warm and white; not high, black rocks so wet and slimy green, with twisted trees and bleached bones of roots reaching—reaching out for me like a Chinaman's long, bony fingers. . . . Peter! I am afraid!" He held her close.

"But don't let Peter know I am afraid. He likes fearless women; women who aren't afraid to look life in the face and tell it to go to—hell, I suppose he meant; because, you see, I went with life—and here I am!

"Poor Peter! Did you, too, believe life funny and happy? And did you, too, learn what Patsy learned?

"He likes broad-shouldered women, does Peter; women who can take an oar in a tight place; who can lift their end of a canoe; but 'Drop it!' says Peter, like that, hard and hurting. 'Drop it!'

"He likes candid women, truthtelling ——" The monotonous voice held silent, and then an echo of an old giggle. "Put your head down so that Peter won't hear. I fib and fib and fib, Peter! Oh, we hate Peter! Don't we, Peter?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"He does not like us, Peter. We keep him away from the China Seas, the South Seas, and we keep him away from his schooner. He can't watch the topmast because we might fall overboard. He took us because we were his duty; and he does not like us; and he never will like us; but he is very, very fond of Win and Teddy; and there isn't one thing he and Win and Ted would not do for each other. We know that now, don't we, Peter? But there isn't a thing he will do for Patsy. He won't say one word of it, because he always tells the truth; and it wouldn't be the truth, would it, Peter? So now you can see why we have to hate him."

"Yes," said Peter.

"'Eat!' says Peter. 'Don't dare get thin and pale! Win and Ted like their sister fat, the better to eat you, my dear.' But it is very hard to swallow sometimes, Peter. You know how hard gray eyes are? That is exactly how hard it is to swallow. Did you ever have a lump in your throat, Peter?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"And can't you swallow it out?"

"No," said Peter.

"No more can I—no more can I—not since I learned what I learned."

He whispered desperately, "Tell me what you learned, Patsy."

"Close your eyes so they won't be reminding me of Peter's eyes, and put your ear close down so that Peter cannot hear. . . . Peter, there are stickers on your chin, and your hair looks like a porcupine."

And for five minutes she slept before falling again to muttering; but through all of it there was no word of the other ——

They anchored off a small town, in a tiny harbor of low green hills. Woo Lang himself went ashore in the launch to find a doctor. All the little hamlet slept in those first hours of the day; even the drowsy dogs bayed half-heartedly; but Woo Lang, without compunction, blandly unaware of the effect his piratical countenance had upon the half-awake householders, pounded at doors and asked directions until he found the one medical man in the place.

The doctor was small, fierce and positive; but after one look Peter decided to confide in him. The button in his lapel was silver in place of bronze, and he was youngish—he might understand.

The former regimental surgeon understood. It smacked enjoyably of the classic penny-dreadful read behind the barn. But mainly, he liked the yachtsman with his level eyes and tousled hair.

Peter's story was hurried, the doctor's keen eyes busy. At the end the small man nodded, become violently partisan; barked out, "What's your name?" as a matter of form. Men, not names, concerned him; but at Peter's reply he exclaimed with satisfaction:

"Huh! Heard of you! Over There! All right, leave it to me! Where's my patient?"

His arrangements were as swift and decisive.

Everything considered, the ship was better than his hospital. Fair weather too! Ideal! He'd send his own nurse, only one of her kind in the district! His wife, in fact! No talker; he'd warn her, though no use going into the details. Best ever, but a woman! Women were apt to look at things from a different angle.

Open-air sleeping room! Patient must have it!

"We can rig one up with canvas and awnings on deck," said Peter.

It was done.

And directing that the launch be sent in for him each morning, the doctor shot over the side.

His wife, the nurse, came out on the return trip. She was big and quiet, and knew her work.

But Peter helped in that fight. At times only his Rosslyn inability to acknowledge or accept defeat stood between Patricia and no Patricia.

To Pat the whole affair was a dreamy state of being, in which a large pink and white and motherly cloud merged into a somebody else of brown and black and gray forcefulness; in which a soft comfortableness of cool, sure hands—but which could be evaded—changed inexplicably into a wide grin of compelling cheerfulness which offered one "Drink this, Patsy" after another, until a person grew sick and tired of it; until a person would have quit and been done with it all, if refusing had not meant that the brown and black and gray cheerfulness, white grin and everything, would be shut away in a cold prison for piracy, where his head would ache, no doubt, and his chest would burn, and he'd not be able to get a single good breath of air to save his life.

Then the troublesome exclamation point! The way it hopped in and hopped out, and prodded and poked, and said "Fine! Fine! Keep it up!" when nothing was fine in the least. It was most trying; but the cool, comfortable hands smoothed the exclamation points all out; and back of the motherly pink cloud with the comfortable hands came and stayed the cheerful grin, and she could sleep.

The last she saw of the pink cloud—and she didn't care a bit when it was gone, ungrateful Pat—was when that cloud disappeared into a big-black-bear hug, where it seemed for a moment as if it might be swallowed entirely; as if a great, joyful, wide, white grin might be the end of it.

"H'm!" said Patricia. "How like a man!"

Pat was getting well.

As for the exclamation point, he put only a period after his last remark: "My dear, you may thank Peter Rosslyn that you are alive." Just as if it made any difference!

To Peter, in last advice, the doctor spoke privately: "Now don't be a fool, Rosslyn! Let well enough alone for a while! She isn't worrying so much as you think!"

"But I'd like her to know that ——"

"Rot! Forget it! Heart is weak after this kind of a bout; any little thing upsets it! For six weeks, don't let her be disturbed or excited! Keep your conscience to yourself!"

"D'you say six weeks?"

"Six weeks!" the doctor exploded positively. "Go on with your cruise! Best thing for her! Middle of August she'll be fine as silk!"

And the good little chap clapped his hand into Peter's and for the last time popped himself off.

The Averna was headed southward, but there followed only listlessness and apathy on the part of Pat, during a confusion of half-awake nights and half-asleep days on the part of Peter. At last one morning he found her looking interested.

"Sorry to bother," she greeted him, "but I'm most awfully hungry."

One minute later Peter was raging like a cyclone in the galley, with Li Sing and Wah Sai dodging about, trying to keep out of the way. For once Li Sing was quelled. Bitter had been his fight against the nurse. In spite of Peter he had taken ahrill command, had pursued her with objections and advice from galley to deck; but this was different. Peter cooked this breakfast himself, and he carried it up to Patricia himself, and he fed it to her himself, bite by bite—and drowned himself in sea-blue eyes, quite unrebuked.

The first day she sat up Elliott Bay was crossed, well out. To their left was a wide-winged city, like a bird taking flight, thought Patricia; a great bird of varicolored plumage lifting above a fringed nest of ships, masts, derricks, long warehouses; her wing spread curving about the half circle of the bay, the wing tips lost in a cool flurry of green. It was Seattle. In the west tumbled the jagged crests of the Olympic range, roughly towering; while in the east, across the hills of the city, Peter drew her attention to the Cascades, rolling southward. From out of them rose the great mountain, Rainier, cloud-bathed to midriff; eternally white, serene, age-old; and before that presence, the young city, her wide wings lifting ——

To Patricia, this first day, it was as if she saw freshly, with new vision. Even Woo Lang seemed different. When he came with his felicitation she offered her hand. There was nothing sardonic or piratical about him! She did not flinch from his alien fingers; they did not seem alien.

Li Sing, grumbling and growling, set a tray before her; Wah Sai carried the napkin; all he had been permitted.

"Whaffo' you keep him topside?" demanded Li Sing.

"She needs fresh air," explained Peter.

"All time cold ai' and wally"—disgustedly; cold air and water being a Chinaman's pet idea of hell. "Not good! She all same cat." One long finger touched lightly the back of Patricia's hand. "She wa'm?" And finding it warm, he was mollified, though he gave a final suggestion before going—"You bling him back cabin, heh?"

Peter, remembering her prejudice, smilingly shouldered him away; but she was looking curiously at her hand where the yellow finger had touched it, and she glanced up at Peter.

"They are a friendly people."

"Yes," he stumbled, "they—we—all we ask, Patricia, is to be allowed to be your friends."

Without speaking she held out her small hand, gave him grip for grip. It was what he had desired; but when the proof of friendliness came it gave Peter Rosslyn no particular delight. She was friendly, also, to Woo Lang, to fat little Wah Sai; to everyone excepting Foo. That zealous giant she could not forgive, though he had performed only that which he had considered simple duty. Peter, recognizing the trait of unforgivingness in Patricia, rumpled his hair over it. How far would the trait extend?

At all events, life on the Averna became tranquil. The stretches of forest they found farther south, often reaching from calm sea to snow line in rolling foothills; the distant glimpses of peaceful homes, farms and small villages, were quieting. And Peter bucked no more head winds.

Patricia convalesced rapidly, lost her pallor; read less, spent more time on deck, generally with Woo Lang, who taught her the trick of the wheel and much philosophy. Peter, hovering within earshot but trying not to be too insistent with his presence, grew wistful. He remained thoughtful, considerate and gentle, as he had learned during her illness; but his sole reward was the satisfaction it gave him; her friendly aloofness was more forbidding than her earlier resentment.

Actually, he had no right even to her friendliness until she had heard his explanations, and had passed judgment on them; but raking up the past might excite her, according to the doctor; all that must wait until after the middle of August.

Peter was shocked at a transformation going on within himself. Of evenings when they sat in the cabin, she deep in a magazine and he watching her over the top of a book, perfectly outrageous words clamored in his throat.

How could a man feeling like this spend hours with a girl who looked like that, and remain silent? He remembered the hair falling across her forehead to be astoundingly soft and thick and warm. When she had been too ill to repel him he had touched it—that was the sort he was.

He wondered if he leaned now and touched it again, what would happen. He leaned, he stretched a hand which trembled—and adjusted the light. It was a shaded thing fitting into a slot on the table, always needing adjustment. He dropped back, and after a while went on breathing as normally as if he had never fixed the light.

(Continued on Page 71)

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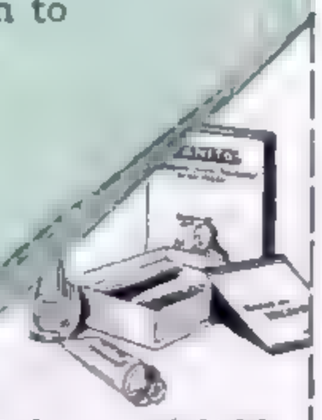

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(Continued from Page 68)

He jerked his book right side up and turned ten pages one after the other, and following this eternity looked up to find her blue eyes in the act of lowering. Had she been studying him? She had not met his eyes, not satisfactorily, since her illness.

Her hand was lying negligently on the table. He adjusted the light again and, finding it not yet to his liking, changed his seat to one near Patricia's corner. The hand, unquestionably, still rested upon the table.

The hand was long and tapering, tanned a smooth brown, pink-tipped and giving a glimpse of rosy palm. There was a limit to what a man could stand.

He laid his hand over hers, his long fingers closing; eyes fixed upon her eyelids, he drew the hand toward him insidiously. His face approached hers; she looked up; her eyes held him.

"Patricia! Don't—don't—you can't be afraid of me!"

She stood up. He stood, facing her. She was as serene and as cold as ever. She wasn't human. Afraid! He had imagined it.

"Patricia," he tightened his hold, "haven't you any heart?"

For a wild moment he thought she was about to speak, about to give him some idea of how she felt toward him; but her gaze wavered past his.

"Say it!" he begged. "You don't know how I am suffering! Do you hate me? Have you forgiven me? Tell me if you have. What is your feeling toward me? Can't you tell me?"

She waited, and then in an odd sort of way—"Have you any particular reason for asking?"

Particular reason! Did she enjoy torturing him?

"What can I say?" she added.

How could he answer, when, after the middle of August, she might be treating him as she did Foo? The plan which had seemed so justifiable in San Francisco he saw now for what it was.

Could she overlook it? Would she?

One thing he ventured: "You did not betray me to the doctor or nurse"

"No," said Patricia softly, "I did not betray you." And she half closed her eyes.

He dropped her hand and left her. It was not safe for him to stay.

If he had been watching from the end of the passage he would have seen her head droop; he would have seen her hide her face in her hands. If he was watching, as would no honorable man, and which Peter was—give we thanks for ambiguity—how would he have suffered with her, and hated himself, nor dared intrude! Well for Peter that the fierce little positive doctor could not know how his orders were being trifled with!

XIII

THE middle of August was come and by two days gone, and a Rosslyn was procrastinating! Too wonderful was the present relationship for it lightly to be risked. Ever since one night when he had thanked her for not betraying him to the doctor and his wife she had lost the last trace of her sadness and of her aloofness. Thenceforth he had experienced a new and warming companionableness, a complaisance; he actually found that he walked in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and mirth.

Certainty on certainty! Nothing equals applied psychology when applied by a resolute man who knows what he wants. He had proved it.

Though he could not name the immediate cause, Patricia's changed attitude proved that his theories were, after all, sound; they had held up under practical test.

His first firmness had conquered her perversity, thereby winning the initial point—her respect. Next, by means of resolute gentleness, applied at the proper moment, he had transmuted her chill respect into this heavenly state of friendship. Not anything in a glorious future could be impossible!

Fruitful had been even his one mistake, though it had been partly accident and partly Foo; but since she had not died of it, the results were not to be questioned. However, never again! So harsh a step was not to be taken deliberately with a spirited personality. He was convinced that she was fully capable and contrary enough to have died of hurt pride and wounded sensibilities.

As to his confession—he must be cautious; he must move with discernment lest he lose that which he had gained. He must wait the perfect opportunity, for every outward circumstance as well as inward mood to be propitious.

Meanwhile Patricia took a lively interest in affairs of the schooner. She learned the ropes and sails; picked up, amazingly for a girl, the theory of sailing; and, safely secured in the wheel pit, where she could see all there was to be seen, enjoyed squalls to her heart's content.

During calms she hung for long hours over the side to watch with Peter the changing shore slip by, or to discover the thousand and one curiosities, floating multicolored, fascinating. And there was much silence, but of the pleasant sort, loud with peace.

Peter was constrained to watch himself. One false move at this juncture, and he shuddered to think of the result.

"Go warily, Peter; mind your step," said Peter to Peter, and warily he went.

It was not easy. Patricia was brown and ruddy with health; her bright hair crisped, her eyes danced; he was given heady, if infrequent, smiles; sidelong glimmers, oddly provocative. But Peter took no chances; he bided his opportunity.

However, no opportunity rose up and presented itself to Peter, not until chance words from the girl happened to give him an idea.

"What do you suppose," she said as the Averna ambled by unspoiled woodland—"what do you suppose is beyond the beyond in there? Just more and more forest, or would there be open glades and little valleys and hills and rivers?"

"Yeh; full of fish," amplified Peter lusciously. "There would be all of that—and more."

"I've always been afraid," mused Patricia, "of the other side of the beyond. Romancing and imagining are one thing, but in reality there are so apt to be—piggeries."

"Don't you ever believe it!" Peter was indignant and shocked with untrusting, unpoetic Patricia. "Not out here."

"Imagine," she went on dreamily after a while—"imagine how top-o'-the-morning one would feel to wake up in a fairyland like that."

"Top-o'-the-morning," repeated Peter, while she leaned to watch an enormous rosy jellyfish expanding like an exotic blossom.

"Perfect!" said the girl.

"Top-o'-the-morning!" said Peter again, the idea taking shape. "Top-o' ——"

It was then that Peter got it—and it was not the jellyfish!

There had been a slight drizzle one morning, and the sun during the afternoon set everything dancing in the rising heat waves. Fat, pearly clouds banked and made pictures against a blue sky. The sails were up and Patricia, drowsing on deck, enjoyed the lazy flapping between gusts.

Peter was in the motor room holding consultation with the lascar. Something had happened to the vitals of the engine, and with reason what can a monkey wrench not accomplish in the hands of a masterful man?

Peter came up from below, looking a printer's proverbial devil, black smudges from hair to chin, and with a grin wider than usual bisecting his face.

It was necessary to make for Seattle to get a technical mystery which meant nothing to Patricia's ear but that the engine was out of commission until the part was replaced.

Pat was all attention.

Peter did not believe for a moment that she would hand him over to the law. He doubted if she would willingly shorten the cruise, whatever she intended at the finish; but he held that gay city life was no life for Patricia at the present time. He told her this apologetically.

"Am I to stay on board again?"

"No, the schooner goes to Seattle; not Patsy."

"Where am I to be left?"

"On shore." Peter waved a hand at the evergreen, silent mainland lying in the near distance. He answered her smile of incredulity. "It is necessary. Even a sailor like me can see that the engine is not itself."

"Who will stay with me?"

"You may have any one of us you wish," said Peter invitingly, "excepting the lascar. The engine needs him. If the weather is bright, we'll land you tomorrow morning early. The engine can be patched up, in case there is no wind, to limp as far as Seattle, given time. The schooner ought to be back before dark; but to play safe, we'll leave you supplies for dinner. With a rug or two, an umbrella for shade, pillows and some books, you should be comfortable enough for the day. We can choose a pretty spot."

"It may be dark before you get back."

"Possibly; but not later than ten or so."

"Ten at night! Alone!"

"Who said alone? You can have any one of us—Li Sing; he can cook; or the boy ——"

But she did not want either Li Sing or Wah Sai.

"Woo Lang is companionable."

She had no need of the friendly pirate either.

Peter looked about worriedly until his eye fell upon giant Foo, the unforgiven. Peter's brow cleared.

"You shall have Foo! He is our best sailor, and in an emergency—handy!"

His frivolous mood had not been able to resist it, and he hunched his shoulders to avoid the blue fire coming his way.

Humbly, then, he offered, "I was hoping you might choose me."

But he made more of a mistake than he knew by reminding her of the handy first mate.

He brought out all the virtues he could muster and laid them before her for consideration: "I am an uncommonly good camp cook; I can fish, read aloud, build fires, tell stories. I can make clam nectar, and know how to obtain the wherewithal on a lonely beach."

The clam nectar decided her. She did not believe it.

Peter laid his plans with all the excitement of a small boy getting ready for a first camping trip. He spent the evening wrapping with colored silk threads his already adequately wrapped fish rods; he hounded Li Sing and Wah Sai to laying out cooking utensils and to filling an absurd number of hampers. He selected books enough to last a week instead of a day. He brought out boots for Patricia's inspection; he insisted upon seeing hers. Was she sure they would hold up for an inland tramp? Could they by any possibility be big enough?

When he told her the hour they were to land, she left him. He was giving himself the longest day possible for his fishing trip.

It was still cold gray dawn when she heard him stirring about. He kept breaking into uncontrollable warbles, continually suppressed. So, become merciful, Patricia called, asking if it were time to be starting.

"No," he admitted; "but so long as you are awake, why not make it early? Sing has coffee on. We are scouting along shore now, looking for a good landing."

They ate in the galley, Patricia idling sleepily over her toast until Peter, who had laid away several eggs and enough marmalade to deplete a fruit ranch, finished his third cup of coffee, fidgeted with impatience and finally bounded on deck to make sure nothing had been forgotten.

Perfect coöperation was evident; the supplies were in order, the plans for the day ordered to a nicety. He had seen to every outward circumstance; remained only to pray for Patricia's inward mood to make this day propitious. Today must bring him opportunity. Today would he make the confession. The future rested with Patricia. Surely he had been justified. Patricia, this new, understanding Patricia, would see it his way. He could make her see it his way!

XIV

FOR miles, as they had skirted the mainland, not a house or a farm had been visible. Most of the shore was high and rocky ledged, or heavily wooded, with frequent draws or gorges running back into the hills; and there had been mysterious lagoons, from which, in the gray light, cranes winged flappingly. The morning foretold a perfect day. The water was oily calm. Slow-rolling porpoises were cartwheeling in the tide rips; sleek heads of hair seal, rising to challenge, blowing as they rose, turned doglike heads at curious gaze.

One of the draws, running back and up between two peaks, was chosen for their camping place, offering, as it did, a stretch of sandy beach and plenty of driftwood. Grooved into the shore ran the outlet of a sizable stream; and for the heat of the day the fringe of the gorge, with its big trees, promised shade.

The tender, heaped with supplies, was in waiting, and Peter ran down the ladder.

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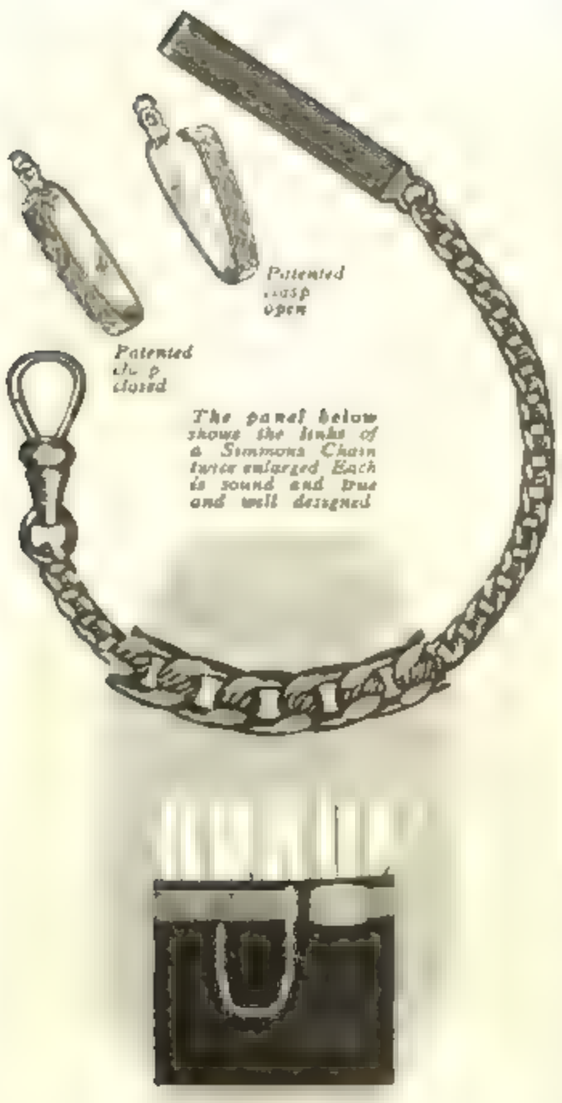
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Wah Sai, beaming fatly, sat in the middle of the paraphernalia.

"What the devil!" said Captain Rosslyn.

The small Chinaman, eyes lost in pleasurable creases, explained that he was to be of the party.

"Why the devil?" then from Captain Rosslyn, outraged.

"Wah Sai take ca' missy boss. Have blung cakes."

Peter made one long arm, and when he drew it in again there dangled from his fistful of jacket slack the round ball of Oriental devotion.

"Don't hurt him!" cried Patricia from on deck. "I told him he might go."

"And I'm telling him he can't!" roared stormy Peter, bundling him up the ladder.

Patricia giggled at the sight, and the squall subsided—became a grin before they landed.

They stood on the sand with their equipment about them. The boat was swinging again at the stern of the yacht, but the Averna still lay at anchor, while a pounding hinted at troubles for the lascar. Peter's hair rose cockily; he could not hide his anticipation of the coming hours.

Beside him was Pat, a pygmy in knickerbockers, soft shirt and jerkin. Watching from the corner of his eye, he noticed her attitude, and appreciated how funny an imitation it was of his own—feet braced apart, evidently ready for chance seas, knuckles on hips, she scrutinized the weather, her eyes asquint.

He grew tender over the flattery; it was like that of a small boy for a larger one, adorable in its unconsciousness. His heart swelled—and then he caught a blue twinkle, heard a choked giggle! Suffocating with unspoken reproach, Peter stooped to his belongings and set about carrying them to a spot he had already selected, Patricia sauntering debonairly behind. He ignored her.

He had refused to permit the boys to take so much as a rug—this was his party; and he made several trips back and forth for hampers and utensils; and though Pat, at last conciliating, followed him on these journeys, he remained unconscious of her, heard none of her remarks.

Head cocked on one side, she studied him; thought she saw an injured air; slipped her fingers through a basket handle beside his fist as if to help with the weight. Her hand touched his, but with open suspicion he searched her penitential overtures for ulterior motives; found nothing but a sweet blue eye—capitulated, grinned.

He made their camp on the grass beneath two maples in the open, vanguards of the forest, and just off the beach. He spread rugs, tossed down pillows and books, discovered a box of chocolates, added to it an extra package of tobacco.

"So much for the drawing-room," he said. "Now for the galley!" Plainly this was the important part.

At what he decided was a proper distance from the trees, so that there could be no danger of their fire spreading, and at a point out of reach of high tide, he set the lunch hampers.

"Plenty of driftwood; white, clean-washed, salt-scrubbed logs for table and chairs—nothing better."

The sun's young rays were now reaching them over the trees.

"Some scorcher of a day 'twill be; but cool here until eight or so. We'll put everything shipshape before the heat strikes us, and then beat it back into those hills. We'll take a lunch with us"—he pursued his monologue—"and explore till evening." He glanced at her with happy eyes; she smiled back at him sympathetically. "You'll like it!" He knew it; there was no need for words; but "Oh, boy!" burst out from the depths of him.

While he went on with his preparations he dropped phrases: "Good old Li Sing! Sandwiches what are sandwiches; ham, with mustard; beef, ditto, and thick enough; relishes don't need 'em, wasters of capacity Have I had breakfast? What are these frills? Must be for you. Something to drink." He shook the vacuum bottle inquiringly. "Cold anyway. Rest of this junk is for—later on.

"We'll probably have fish for dinner tonight, and hot coffee will go fine. I'll make it—must lay a fire. One thing about this country you can count on—cool evenings and nights. No matter how hot the days not that they get too hot at that ——

"We will spend another summer up here, and do the Alaska waters mountains up there all to the good; close up, you know. You can get the big peaks from foot to crown; awfully impressive—and the glaciers! Wait till you see those colors! Yep, you will like it."

Patricia's eyes widened, but his tongue wagged on. He was filled with the intoxication that the out of doors carries for men who belong. She retreated to the "drawing-room," sat down, and chin in hand went into introspection.

He laid a small fire for later lighting, and placed all things handy for their evening meal. He was searching out fish rods and fly books when Pat came down to where he worked.

"Peter," she said tentatively.

He looked up, stirred divinely with hearing her speak his name.

"What do you want, Patsy?" holding his riotous joy in check, and answering with an affection he kept successfully paternal; he knew it from the unalarmed way she sidled closer.

"Promise not to say no?"

Docile! Coaxing! Pat! His head spun. Before he had time to recover she said, "I want to go swimming in that smoothy cool water before we start."

Lovable, fanciful little creature!

"Where's your bathing suit?" he asked indulgently.

"I have it—on!"

He roared, looked about consideringly.

"I can rig up a dressing room with rugs."

"N-no," she said, and bent to brush a speck of sand from her knee. "You are not to see my bathing suit—at all, please!"

Why, the darned little kid!

"I don't see how it can be managed, Pat, unless you wait for the Averna to be on her way. We can do that; we've all the time in the world."

"No!" said Pat. "I can go up around the point there and be out of sight."

"But it's foolish, Patsy; a half hour at most and the Averna should be gone."

"But you won't be."

"Yes, I shall, as far as you please."

"I wish my swim now!"

She was absurd with her impatience; but to Peter adorably absurd; and it was the first time she had asked a favor; had called him Peter too. It was a small enough request, and, foolish or not, she should have her way.

"Trot along!" said Peter, dropping the knapsack he had filled.

He went up to the shade of the "drawing-room" with her. She took off her heavy leather jerkin, left it on the rug and ran up the beach, turning at the point to wave to him before disappearing.

Peter sat close beside the jerkin, then filled his pipe and smoked; and dreamed—and dreamed—never such a day—for inward mood—and outward circumstance—perfect — cruise — schooner — Patricia — the future ——

He roused from his drowsing. The Averna's anchor was rattling up into place. Then, her crippled engine thumping sickly, her white sails idle in the breathless morning, she slowly rounded the curve. He wondered whether Patricia had had sufficient warning—in her bathing suit!

He strolled down to the water's edge, walking along, keeping the schooner in sight. Well off the point he noticed a phenomenon.

Floating against the tide, an impossibility to a sober eye, he saw a piece of driftwood, and it was making remarkably steady progress. There was a patch of shining brown or tan, now as if upon it, now, more plainly, floating beside it. The driftwood, almost as he realized the direction of that steady progress, was bumping along the side of the tender, which still hung from the stern of the ship. The wood was bumping along; then floated free, but without a sign of its former shining accompaniment—and it no longer drifted against the tide.

Peter started on a run. The Averna's going was so slow as to be all but negligible. He saw the tender, miraculously, of its own volition, approach gradually its convoy.

He shouted frenziedly, but not a sailor showed his head. In the cockpit dreamed an inattentive, stupid helmsman. By the time Peter had reached a point opposite the Averna the tender had parted from its rope, but was still sidling up toward the accommodation, not yet taken in. The uncanny sight enraged Peter, and he frothed with words between yells.

He ripped a knife blade across his boot laces, threw the boots up on the sand, where they dropped beside a second, smaller pair.

And then he waded out, hurled himself forward and began swimming, hand over hand, head buried with every stroke, his big body boiling through the water in tremendous plunges.

In brief seconds that he gave himself he saw a vagrant puff of wind catch the sails. The Averna slipped along with more speed; the tender swung clear, and away—was left behind. A small dripping bundle of wet knickerbockers and soft shirt was creeping up the schooner's ladder. Peter put more power into his driving arms. The Averna, aided by the light wind, was distancing him in spite of his efforts. He steered for the tender.

The bundle that was Pat had not ventured on the deck, but was lying flat on the platform, plainly waiting her chance to dash for cover, once she was sure of no observers.

When Peter climbed into the dinghy he saw she was no longer in sight. He could imagine her on deck, creeping inch by inch to the safety of the cabin. He bawled again to the yacht, now going at a smart clip; no answer. He cursed the drowsing wheelman; fixed oars in the locks and, taking a full sweep, put his back into such a stroke as New London had never seen. It did for him.

The port oar broke square off, and the Averna, hell ship rightly named, jockeying to take advantage of the freshening breeze, caught it and was away.

Peter became immediately calm. Patricia was on her way to Seattle. With her devilish ingenuity he knew she would land in spite of Woo Lang, even if he discovered her; but which Peter had good reason for believing would not be until Patricia was ready to be discovered.

He had been a fool to teach her not to fear the men. His one hope lay in Foo; but Foo had been trained to stay forward. There was only one chance in a hundred that the devoted fellow would see her before she was on a wharf. Not Woo Lang himself would dare stop her then. There would be too many idlers about—white men who would not understand.

She had no money—he had seen to that; and her liberal intentions toward The Rotter had successfully taken out of reach any opportunity for her converting the bonds. But she could wire collect to Winthrop! Win would send her plenty; he, the supine ass, who had fought against the original scheme; who had called it a crime, even if it was necessary.

She would be on a train and speeding south long before Peter could reach Seattle. This ended their cruise. This ended—everything! She would learn about Arnold now, and not from Peter. . . . She would learn about Arnold! And Peter would not be with her to make her see, from his own point of view, all that he had done. If he could have been the one to tell her, he could have made her condone it and forgive; but this—this ended it!

She had tricked him, just when he had success in his grasp. He was shaken more than he had thought Peter Rosslyn could be shaken or moved. No more schooner for him. He was done with it. Every line would remind him of her. He wanted no more adventuring without her. Every place in the world was empty of her; every place he loved would be without her; there was nowhere left.

Why couldn't she have given him his chance today?—and he could have made everything right. How could Pat treat him like this?

He looked blindly down to the one good oar in his hand—and then he stood, threw away the broken shaft, and dipping his blade, with all cocksureness gone, with nothing left but one oar, a pair of arms and his habit of seeing a thing through resolutely, he set out. He started on his sixty-odd miles to Seattle in the wake of the Averna.

"If the wind fails them," said Peter, "or if the engine becomes entirely unmanageable, and they do not speak a tow—I'll get her!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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"Good work!" you may say. "If my grocer gave me short weight I'd quit trading with him. I wouldn't try to guess how heavy a pound is, and I won't let *him* guess either—not when *I'm* paying."

But if it weren't for the standards established by the Bureau of Standards and the regular inspection of scales and measures, you would go right on *guessing*—and *paying* without knowing whether you were cheated or not.

Guessing and paying—just as you do with your eyesight! For you *do* guess (and pay for your guess dearly) about your eyesight, the most precious of your senses. Yet there is an Eyesight Standard. Just as all our weights and measures are right solely because of the standards at Washington, so an eye-examination is the absolute standard for normal, effective eyesight.

Do you want to lie to yourself about your eyes? Do you want your eyes to cheat you of happiness and success? If you don't, then have your eyes examined at once.

No comparison with what your friends see at the same distance will do anything but mislead you. You can't see through their eyes nor they through yours. But, thanks to the Wellsworth Scientific Staff and other workers who have transmitted and broadcast a priceless heritage of optical science, there are men in your town who can measure your eyesight in terms of what it should be doing for you today. By examining your eyes they can tell you if your sight is up to standard; if it isn't they can prescribe glasses to bring it up to standard.

Do for your eyesight what you've long since done for your butter and sugar. Stop short-weighting yourself. Test with the *only* standard that can tell you anything. Have your eyes examined now!

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

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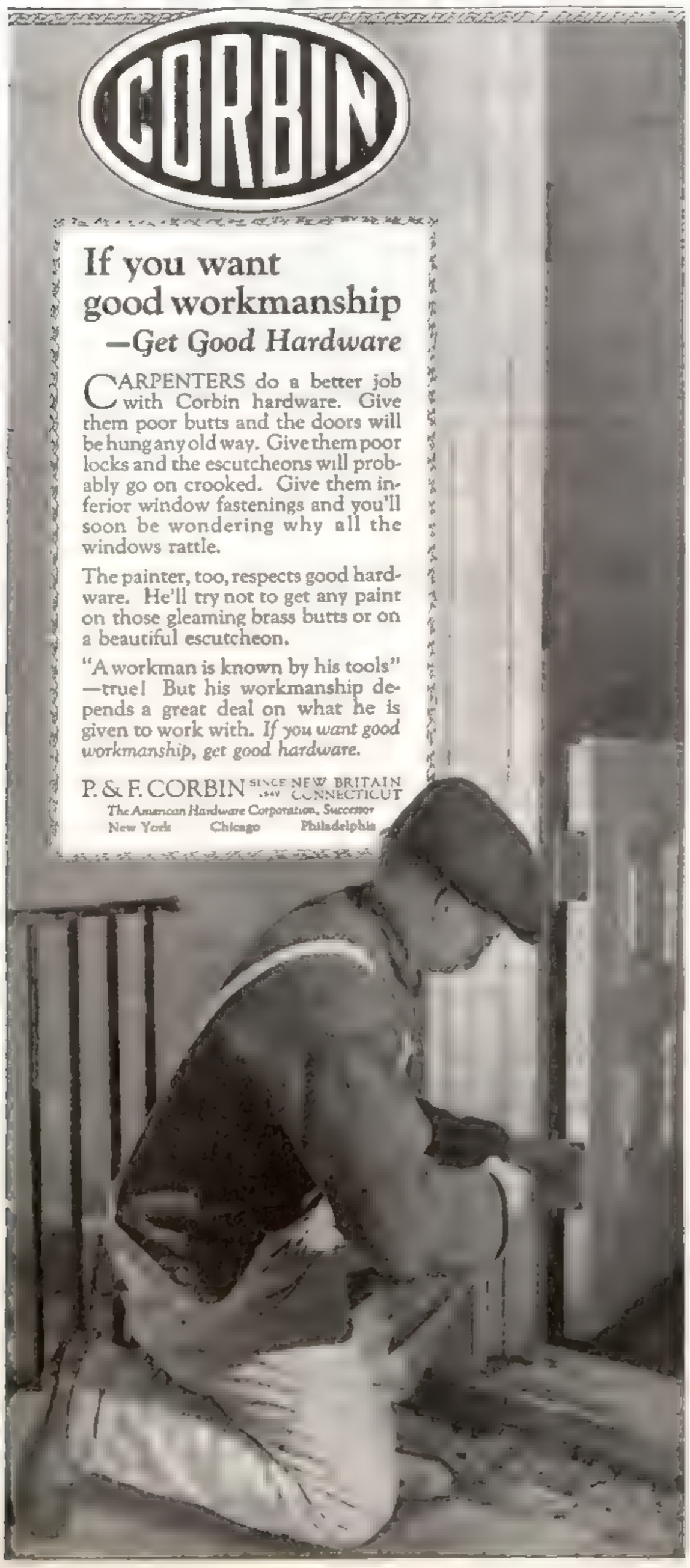
CORBIN
If you want good workmanship —Get Good Hardware
CARPENTERS do a better job with Corbin hardware. Give them poor butts and the doors will be hung any old way. Give them poor locks and the escutcheons will probably go on crooked. Give them inferior window fastenings and you'll soon be wondering why all the windows rattle.
The painter, too, respects good hardware. He'll try not to get any paint on those gleaming brass butts or on a beautiful escutcheon.
"A workman is known by his tools" —true! But his workmanship depends a great deal on what he is given to work with. If you want good workmanship, get good hardware.
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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

A BARGAIN IN THE KREMLIN

(Continued from Page 10)

make-believe. It was that reminder, those eyes in the audience, and the suffering of old friends—not so lucky as I—which made me listen to that fool Barkoff."

It appears from Anton's narrative that this Barkoff was a young painter inflamed against the soviet government, not only because of its severities in the time of terror but because of its continued oppression of free thought and individual liberty. His smoldering fire of discontent burst into a flame when his mother, whom he adored, was put into prison—like thousands of others in Moscow and Petrograd—for the crime of speculation. That was a name given to private trading when people bartered their boots or furs or underclothing with the peasants for sacks of potatoes, packets of butter and cheese and other foodstuffs which supplemented their miserable rations. Everybody in the cities was doing it secretly, but every now and then they were rounded up by the police and sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Barkoff's mother caught typhus in prison and died. It maddened the poor boy, and he started some kind of plot among his comrades, the main idea of which was to organize a secret propaganda among the officers of the red army for the overthrow of Lenine and Trotzky and the establishment of a moderate government of free intellectuals. It was all very visionary and fantastic, and did not go beyond some secret meetings in Barkoff's studio behind the opera, and once in Anton's rooms in the Sophieskaya. A list of names of the alternative government was drawn up and typewritten. That was the most idiotic thing, endangering the life of every man on the list. Two or three women were admitted to the plot. They were dancers in the ballet, and one of them was Lubimovka, most wild in her way of talk, most passionate. She declared herself ready to assassinate Lenine with a little dagger which she wore in her corset.

Anton disliked this lady. From what I gathered from him, she was for a time very warmly in love with him, and plagued him by her wiles and seductive ways. But at that time he was absorbed in his music and as cold as ice towards all women. Very rough in his way to them, I imagine, having seen his sulkiness and almost extravagant rudeness to ladies in England who made an idol of him.

With this lady, Lubimovka, he had a distressing episode one day behind the scenes of the ballet before the curtain was raised for that night's performance. She was in her ballet dress, and looked charming, Anton said, in a flaxen wig. Yet not charming to him in that morose mood of his when, finding herself alone with him for a moment in the rather dark, dirty labyrinth of stage scenery, she suddenly put her arms about him and said, "I love you! Why are you so cruel to me?"

"I'm not cruel," he said, calmly and coldly. "But I'm too busy for sham romance. That kind of thing bores me. I'm more interested in my work, and I shall be glad if you will take your hands off my shoulders. The scene shifters are bashful men."

His irony—one must admit its abominable discourtesy to a pretty woman—seemed to enrage her as though he had struck her with a whip. She sprang back from him, panting, with her eyes blazing like a cat's eyes in the darkness.

"I'll make you pay for those words," she said in a hoarse whisper. "I offered you my love. It's now hate between us—and I'm dangerous when I hate, Anton Balakireff."

On the following night word was passed down the orchestra that Ivan Barkoff and Serge Tchichighanioff, two of the free intellectuals, had been arrested and taken before the cheka on a charge of counter-revolution.

Anton heard the news with cold terror, and could hardly play because his bow trembled so badly. A thousand times he cursed himself for a fool, and believed that he was doomed. Someone had betrayed his comrades. His own name would be revealed—perhaps was already known to the police. Who was the traitor? He racked his mind for an answer to that until suddenly it came upon him with a blinding flash—Lubimovka! That cat-woman! She was dancing in the ballet, and he raised himself in his seat to watch her as she pirouetted towards the footlights. She was a great artist, he admitted that. But there was a devil in her soul. She saw him looking at her, and smiled. He knew then by something in her eyes that she had betrayed him.

That belief, that conviction, was shaken when he was still free from arrest one week, two weeks, three weeks later. Barkoff and Tchichighanioff were still in prison. No news could be gleaned about them. They had just disappeared, like so many others in Russia. Night after night Anton expected to be arrested when entering or leaving the opera, and he was in a constant state of fear until his nerves were so shaken that he almost jumped out of his skin if the director or any friend touched him on the shoulder.

One day he spoke to Lubimovka and charged her with treachery. She denied the charge, but was clearly lying, frightened and perhaps repentant. They had a frightful scene together, and he threatened to choke her unless she told the truth. But, of course, she lied again, and was a spitfire.

It was three months later that he was arrested, when, after so long a time, he believed that he had maligned the lady and was safe. It was when he left the opera house, muffled up in his ragged old coat. Two men stepped up to him, and one spoke sharply.

"Anton Balakireff, you are our prisoner. We have orders to take you to the Kremlin before Comrade Radeff."

Radeff! Old Redbeard! Anton shuddered at the name, because it brought back the memory of that night when he had played for his life and that man was his judge, his critic and his savior. It could not happen twice. Redbeard had said "No parties!" He would show no mercy to a man whom he had saved once and who was now implicated in a treasonable plot. He had seen Redbeard many times at the opera. He always sat in the box on the right side of the proscenium, wagging his head, thrusting his plump fingers through the red hair about his flat face, applauding generously at the end of each scene. Anton had always felt sick at the sight of him, not because he was ungrateful for his having saved his life, but because this man brought back the memory of the time of terror, that awful prison, his agony and fear.

"I will go with you," said Anton coldly to the secret police.

"Yes," answered one of them; "it's best not to argue with things like this."

He drew his hand out of his greatcoat just enough to show that he held an ugly-looking weapon.

"We may as well get a droshky and save boot leather," said the other man.

So, in a droshky driven by a young boy in a blue cloth coat with wide skirts, Anton and his two guards passed through the old gate by the shrine of the Iberian Virgin and then across the Red Square which is flanked on one side by the high walls of the Kremlin. The square was lonely. Only a few people from the opera crossed its broad space over the rough cobblestones.

"Which gate?" asked the young droshky driver.

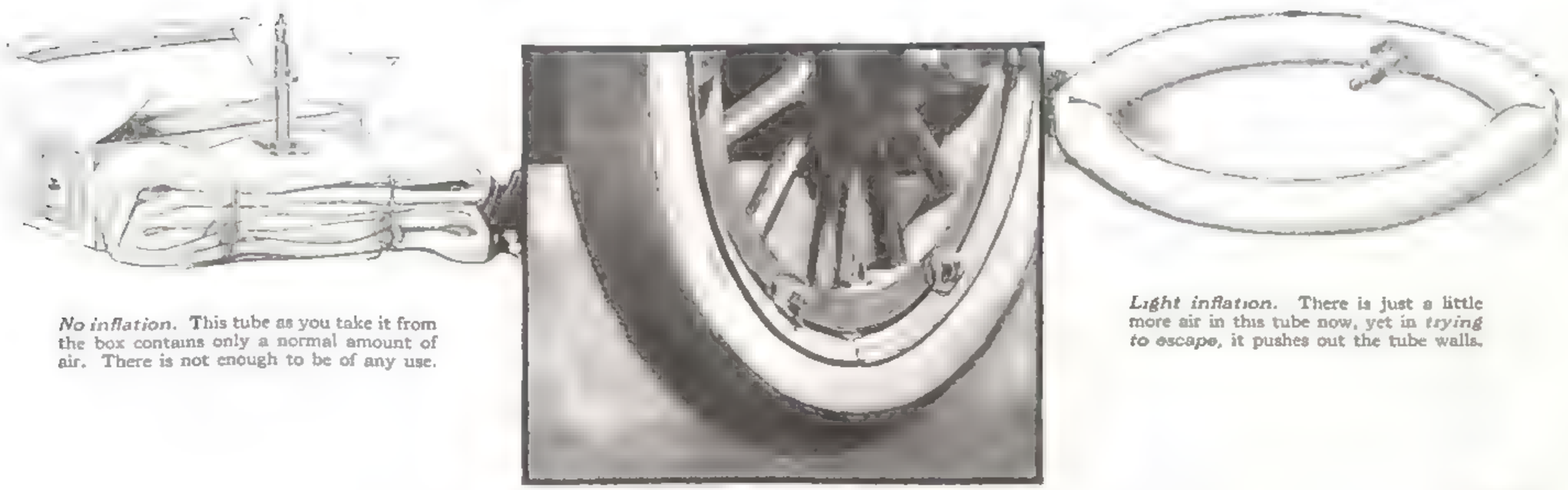
"The Cavalry Gate," shouted the taller of the two policemen.

Anton Balakireff felt his heart turn to water as the lean horse of the droshky pulled up with a jerk and stumbled almost to its knees outside the gate, where two red soldiers paced up and down, their bayonets gleaming as they caught the light of a hanging lantern in the archway. The moon was high and bright, and the dome of the Ivan Veliky and a score of other pear-shaped domes of the old towers and palaces and chapels within the fortress walls were golden and glistening in the white radiance. Black shadows were flung from wall to wall and tower to tower, but the palace walls gleamed white where the moonlight fell upon them between those gulfs of darkness. Not far from the Cavalry Gate there was a high flight of steps within the wall, lighted by a hanging lantern, and a red sentry stood there motionless on guard, the silhouette of his figure, with his long coat and spiked cap, like an Assyrian soldier.

Anton was familiar with this aspect of the Kremlin. On his way to his cheerless room in the Sophieskaya he passed it every day. But at this midnight hour, when he

(Continued on Page 75)

What confined air does



No inflation. This tube as you take it from the box contains only a normal amount of air. There is not enough to be of any use.

Light inflation. There is just a little more air in this tube now, yet in *trying to escape*, it pushes out the tube walls.

Full inflation. The air has filled out the heavy rubber tire. In its attempt to escape it is exerting enough pressure to support hundreds of pounds of weight.

Air is the most restless thing in the world

CONFINE air and it seeks to slip away noiselessly through the tiniest crack and crevice. Or it breaks explosively through its confining walls and hisses triumphantly as it gets free.

Putting this force to work

This restlessness and eagerness to get out is present in every pneumatic inner tube. Forced through the mouth of the tire valve, air pushes out the retaining walls of the tube.

Inflation, then, is nothing more than air searching constantly for an avenue of escape from the tube, resulting in rounding out the tire so that it becomes a pneumatic cushion on which the car rides.

What the tire-maker did

That inner tubes successfully hold air is due to the efforts of the tire-maker.

From the time the first pneumatic tube was made, however, the tire-makers had to rely on the tire valve to stand guard over the air in the tube. A good tube is a product of the most skillful workmanship, and its life depends upon the ability of the valve to keep the air in.

Schrader Valves on all tubes

The Schrader Tire Valve is the result of more than thirty years' experience in constructing valves that are absolutely air-tight. Because tire-makers can rely on the Schrader Tire Valve's constant, unfailing performance in holding air in pneumatic tires, they have made it standard equipment on their tires.

Each and every tire valve undergoes exacting tests before it is shipped. The tire-maker in testing his tubes subjects the valve to a further test, thus assuring the user of the tube that the valve is as nearly perfect as human skill and care can possibly make it.

Use the Schrader Valve complete

Unless you use every one of the Schrader parts—valve inside, valve cap, rim nut bushing and dust cap—the valve may not perform its function of confining air satisfactorily. And if you run on under-inflated tires, you must pay the price in tire renewals.

All the Schrader Valve parts are shown on this page and their use and purpose explained. Every part, no matter in what section of the world you buy it—in England, the Transvaal, Canada, or the United States—will fit any Schrader Valve.

Saving your time and money

These parts protect the valve and help keep air in the tube. You may lose air because you haven't tightened the hexagon nut at the base of the valve before inserting a new tube. Or the compressed strength of air may burst the weakened walls of an old patched tube.

You can never rely too much on a worn-out tube to do the difficult work of holding in air. A new tube, however, equipped with a Schrader Tire Valve saves you money and trouble by keeping the air in.

Keep Schrader parts handy

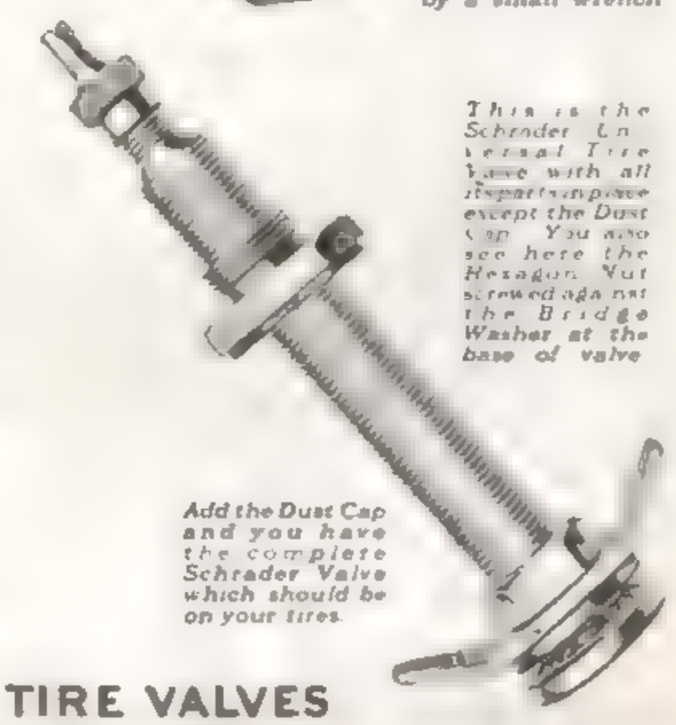
Keep an extra supply of Schrader Valve Caps, Valve Insides, Rim Nuts, and Dust Caps in your tool kit. Carry also a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge in your kit. You can get them at motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores.

This is the Schrader Dust Cap that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand. Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is the

Schrader Valve Cap. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube. Protected by the Valve Cap is the—

Schrader Valve Inside, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube. The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by the—

Schrader Rim Nut Bushing which also holds on the Dust Cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench



This is the Schrader Universal Tire Valve with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

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(Continued from Page 74

walked there as a prisoner, the moonlit walls and towers and those high fantastic domes of shining gilt were invested with a kind of terror. In the old days when the medieval czars had ruled from this fortress palace, the Red Square was the place of execution. Their enemies had been hanged in batches under these walls, and within them cruelty had sat enthroned. Now Lenine was there, and Radeff, and those cold brains which had imposed their will upon the Russian people. They, too, had no mercy for those who conspired against them. Anton Balakireff was being taken to his death. So he believed, being conscious of the folly which was now betrayed. He felt already dead, though his limbs still moved.

The guard inside the gate challenged them and then stood on one side when the two police agents showed their passes and spoke the word "Radeff." They had to pass three guard posts in this way before coming into the great quadrangle flanked by immense blocks of whitewashed buildings with many windows in which lights were gleaming. They were the old offices of the imperial court.

Anton's two guards led him through an archway, and then into the lower corridor of the main building and up three flights of stone steps to a higher floor and another long corridor, down which were many doors. At each end sat a young soldier huddled up in his long overcoat with a rifle between his knees and a long bayonet above his spiked helmet of gray cloth.

Doors opened and women clerks came out carrying sheets of typewritten paper. Through an open door Anton saw a family scene. A slatternly woman nursing a baby, a man with a shock of black hair sipping tea out of a glass, two small boys sprawling on the floor listening to a gramophone playing some American ragtime tune. Other families were in other rooms down the corridor. Anton heard babies wailing, the shrill voice of an angry woman, and farther along the corridor the sound of a piano. A young girl with short black hair curled like rats' tails darted into the passage and emptied out some tea leaves from a big kettle into a tin bucket. An elderly man with a gray flannel shirt tucked into his trousers, and carpet slippers, stood in an open doorway smoking a cigarette, while behind him, in the room, two young officers of the red army were playing chess by the light of candles stuck into empty wine bottles. Anton was behind the scenes of the soviet government. The Kremlin was like a swarming rabbit warren of soviet officials with their wives and children.

One of Anton's guards tapped at the last door of the corridor. A voice shouted "Enter!" and in another moment Anton was face to face with old Redbeard, as on that night when he had been taken from his cell into this man's presence.

He was lolling back in a cane rocking-chair, wearing a tattered old dressing gown of blue silk. On the table by his side were a glass of hot tea, and sheafs of papers in a wild litter. Around the room were bookshelves, from floor to ceiling, crammed with paper-bound volumes and stuffed with newspapers and bundles of letters tied up with tape.

"Ah!" he said without rising. "Good evening, my young fiddler! Push those papers off that chair and sit in front of me."

Anton was astounded by that friendly greeting, and a little cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

The two police agents stood in the doorway, and Redbeard waved to them and said, "Wait outside."

Anton sat stiffly on the wooden chair, alone with this chief of propaganda of the soviet republic.

Redbeard smiled at him through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You have been a naughty boy," he said. "A very naughty boy—and after I saved your life at a difficult time! What have you got to say about it?"

Anton had nothing to say. He could not speak a single word, not knowing how much this man knew, nor what lay behind those smiling, watchful eyes.

Redbeard stretched out his hand and laid it on a cardboard-covered *dossier* filled with papers.

"There is evidence here which would cause you to be shot, young man, if I sent it to the cheka. I am loath to do it. I don't like the thought that you must stand up against a wall and fall with a bullet in your heart. Those hands of yours, those quick fingers, those sensitive young ears of yours—they make better music than a volley of rifles. It would be sad to see you lying crumpled up like an empty sack of potatoes. Such a waste! Such a loss to music in Moscow!"

Anton did not know whether he was gibing at him, playing with him as a cat teases a mouse before it pounces. It was like a pounce, a show of claws, when the smile left his face for a moment and he struck the papers a heavy blow and spoke with an angry snarl.

"This sort of thing is very vexing. So stupid! Can't you boys and girls cease such foolish nonsense? Seditious talk! Silly little plots to overthrow the soviet government! A government so strongly established now that not all the world can overturn it! Don't you see how silly it is?"

Anton spoke for the first time, moistening his lips with a cold tongue.

"It was mere talk. Nothing more than that!"

Redbeard laughed harshly.

"Dangerous talk! Wicked talk! It gives an excuse to the cheka to revive old activities which we want to forget and have done with."

He suddenly swung forward in the rocking-chair, and stood up and paced about the room, pulling at his red beard.

"We have got beyond the time of terror. I never liked it. I'm a man of tender heart. Blood is not a pleasant smell to me. But it was necessary to destroy those who tried to undo the work of revolution. All governments are cruel in self-defense. A revolutionary government has enemies from within as well as without. It can only live by terror. . . . Bah! It's an ugly business, and I have been rejoiced that with the ending of counter-revolution executions have been rare of late. Now you and a pack of young idiots try to revive the monster!"

"It was the folly of youth!" said Anton miserably.

Radeff snorted with scorn.

"It is youth that ought to be wise! We older men are tainted by the folly of the past. We can hardly wash our hands clean. The future of the world belongs to youth; but if youth plays the fool, what hope is there?"

"We are agonized by the misery of Russia," said Anton. "We are deadened by the suppression of free thought and free speech. The famine on the Volga makes us weep with its tale of death and pestilence. There seems no hope for Russia."

Radeff cried out, "My God! What folly these children talk!"

He put a heavy hand on Anton's shoulder and shook him a little.

"The agony of Russia? Yes. Don't you see that it's because of that agony that Russia must have peace and the cooperation of all its citizens? Free speech? Will that bring food to the mouths of starving peasants in the Volga Valley, whose harvests were burned and blackened by the destroying drought? There has been too much speech. Too much theoretical talk. Abstract theories! Russia dies of them. We must get trains to move. We must get our factories to work to make plows for the fields. We must buy seed grain from foreign countries and get it to the starving peasants so that next year's harvest may be sowed and reaped. Otherwise death and disease will creep close to Moscow and destroy us all. . . . You talking boys and girls! You intellectual rebels! Supposing you were to overthrow the soviet government, hang the heads of Lenine and all of us on the Kremlin gates—do you think that would help Russia, feed her hungry folk, restart her factories, bring fuel to her engines? It would be the death blow of the Russian people."

He stopped speaking, and expected Anton to answer him; but that young man sat silent, staring at the tattered carpet and wondering what all this talk meant to him, why he had been brought here under arrest to listen to it, whether it was a prelude to his death or imprisonment.

"My people," said Radeff, speaking again, "were peasants of the Volga Valley. Do you think that I have no heart for the folk down there? That drought was not the fault of the soviet republic. It was Nature's merciless cruelty, which is worse than that of men. I want to save them. I am working to save them. You can help me, Anton Balakireff!"

"I?" said Anton, stupefied.

"If you have any loyalty," answered Radeff, staring at him through his spectacles. (Continued on Page 79)

A Special Tire for Closed Cars
The Sedan Tire
Meets the New Tire Problem
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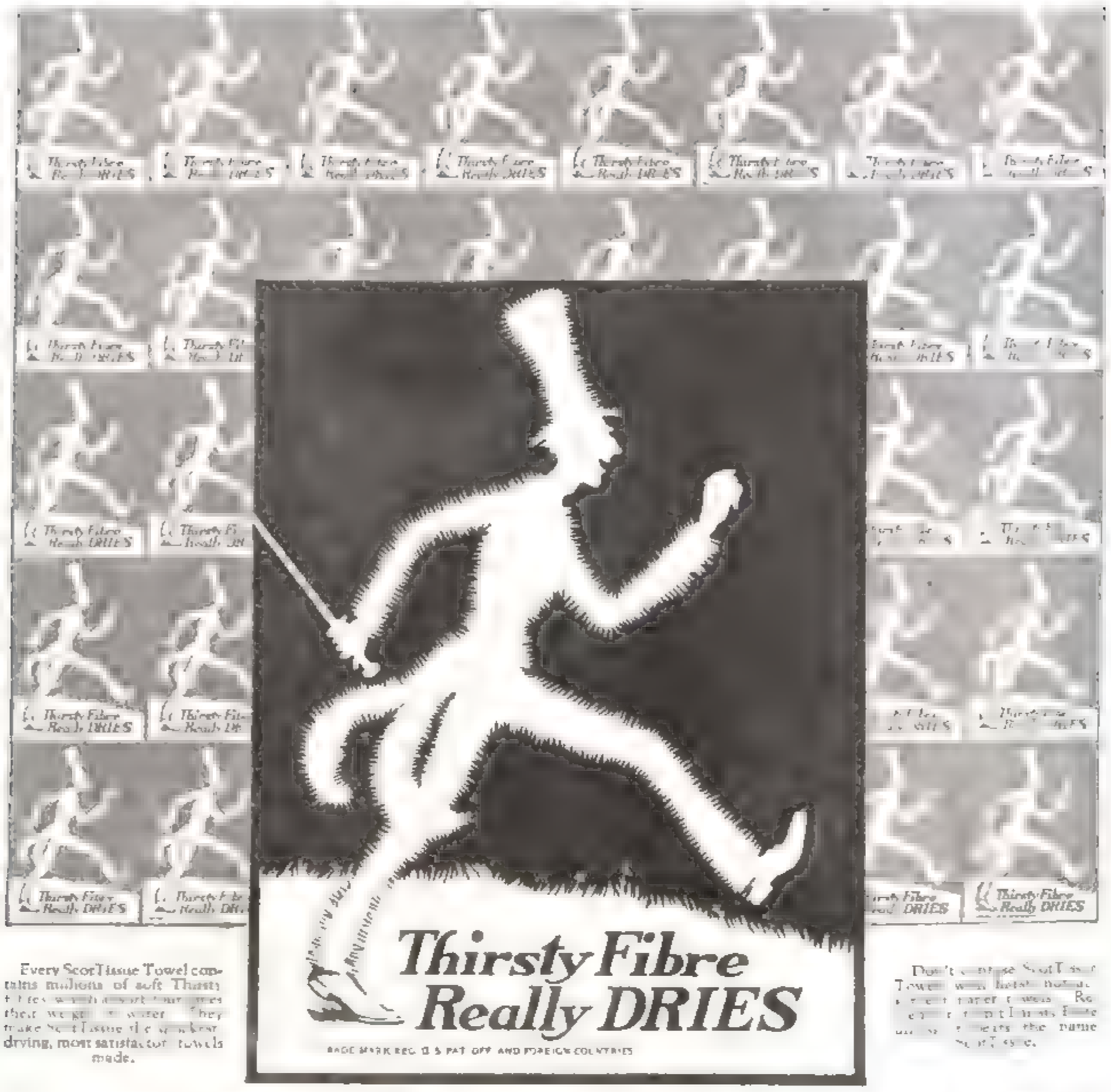

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Send us your order and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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(Continued from Page 76)

He opened the *dossier* of papers on his table and took out a typewritten sheet.

"This is a letter to you," he said. "You have not read it, because our police censor brought it to me first. It contains an offer to you—from England. A good offer. A great sum of money for a few months' work."

"An offer? A great sum of money?" Anton stammered his questions. He could not understand.

"It's a musical agency in London," said Radeff. "They have heard of your great talent from some of the refugees—those foolish traitors who escape from Russia to tell lies about the soviet, to conspire against the life of Russia. Never mind! It is the offer that interests me. Ten thousand English pounds for a season in London. That is nearly ten thousand million rubles at the rate of exchange. That money would save many peasants' lives in Russia. You shall go and bring it back, and save your own life at that price. Is it a bargain?"

So that was the secret of his visit to the Kremlin! That was why Anton Balakireff was not in prison like his two comrades, or dead from a volley of bullets, as they might be.

Anton's heart leaped within him. He could feel the thump of it. England! A journey to England! Escape forever from this life in Russia, with its hunger, its misery, its secret police, its political executions! Never again would he come back, if once free of its frightfulness.

"I will go!" he said breathlessly. "It's a miracle!"

"Yes, you shall go," said Radeff. "But only to earn the money and come back. Every ruble of it for the starving peasants. You understand?"

"They shall have the money," said Anton. "That is understood."

"It is well understood. I believe you to be an honest young man, though very foolish. In case you are not honest—and life is full of temptation—I shall keep hostages for your home-coming. If you are not back in Moscow by October tenth of this year—that is, three and a half months from now—two poor young men will be shot on that day. I mean your comrades, Barkoff and Tchichighanioff."

Anton drew a deep breath and put a trembling hand up to his pale forehead.

"I will come back," he said; "I will bring the money."

Radeff was pleased with him. He accepted his word. He enlarged at some length on the great opportunity that had come to this young man for the service of his people. He would also be able to do a little propaganda in England on behalf of Russia. People would listen to him. They would believe what he told them. He might earn more than ten thousand pounds by appealing to rich English people on behalf of his famine-stricken people.

"England is corrupt and hypocritical," said Radeff; "but she would be glad to ease her guilty conscience by so-called charity."

The conversation ended by Radeff ringing a bell which brought back the two police agents.

"I have no further need of you, comrades," he said pleasantly. "This young man is a loyal citizen. Our suspicions were not justified."

"As you will, comrade," said the taller man obediently. He saluted and left the room with his companion.

"You will need a paper to get out of the Kremlin," said Radeff.

He scrawled his name on a printed slip and gave it to Anton.

"I am your guardian angel," he said, with his chuckling laugh. "This is the second time I save your young life."

Then he struck Anton a light blow on the shoulder.

"Do not risk a third time, young man. I have not unlimited patience."

That was a threat. It was spoken as such, with sinister and deadly meaning. Then he held out his plump hand.

"You will start for England next Friday. I will arrange your passport—and in three months and a half we meet again! Good luck and a safe return!"

Anton took his hand and stammered a few words of thanks. Then, he told me, he burst into tears. This relief from the fear of death, this great adventure before him, and this escape, were too much for his frayed nerves.

"Foolish child! Foolish child!" said Redbeard.

He patted him on the arm, and then drew him close and kissed him, so that Anton's tears wetted his hairy face. There was something human and kindly in this extraordinary man who had become one of the chiefs of terror. So—to write a platitude—is human nature compounded strangely of mixed qualities, evil with good, cruelty with kindness, and no mortal man may unravel its mysterious threads of instinct and impulse.

That, briefly—for I have omitted all but the salient things—is why Anton Balakireff came to England, after that bargain in the Kremlin by which he bought his life for ten thousand pounds in English money, to be paid at the end of a concert season, with two other young lives as hostages for his return.

Rather a tragic bargain when one knows what followed, as I do, intimately, from Anton's own confession, told to me in an English country house, late at night, before a log fire in an old chimney place, when the flickering light of the burning wood played ruddily upon the white face of this young Russian and cast dark shadows about his deep-sunken eyes.

Life seemed so secure in that English house where all the household were in bed at that hour, long past midnight. We were so far from the agony of the Russian people, from the power of the cheka, from the prisons in Moscow, from the great famine on the Volga, where in hundreds of villages Russian peasant folk saw their children wither and weaken and laid themselves down to wait for death, more kind than life, as afterwards I saw with my own eyes. It was before the great work of British and American Relief which saved so many of those folk.

I have said in the beginning of this narrative that Anton was tempted by cowardice. Imagine the force of his temptation, if you can. That promise he had made to go back seemed hard enough when he had crossed the Russian frontier at Sebezh, and knew, with a sense of ecstasy, that he could speak freely again, without fear of police spies; that he was beyond the reach and authority of the cheka itself; that he had the liberty of the world before him and in his soul.

It was as though he had been uncaged. He found himself singing, laughing, shouting, because of this sense of liberation. It was the lifting of fear from his spirit, and relief from that oppression which weighed heavily on him in Russia, as upon many minds which intellectually or emotionally rebelled against the communistic system and its establishment of equality by universal wretchedness.

In England, after a quick journey by way of Riga and Berlin, he tasted for the first time since boyhood the luxury of life, the refined comforts of an old civilization, unchanged—so far as he was aware—by the cost of war. Since 1916, at the latest, he had fed on rough fare, not always enough for physical well-being, and often not better than semistarvation. He had shivered in unheated rooms, gone dirty for lack of soap and water, dressed in old threadbare, grease-stained clothes, kept company with men and women as shabby as he, as hungry as he, as dirty as he, as miserable, though they made jests about life and death. The melancholy of people reduced to ruin by war and revolution, followed by famine and pestilence, was the dark background which overshadowed the spirit of Russian youth.

Now, in England, as the guest of rich folk who admired his genius, he wallowed, as it were, in the luxury and grace and beauty of life. Out of the money advanced to him on account of expenses—over and above his fees—he was able to dress with elegance, and found a positive joy, an almost spiritual thrill of exquisite emotion, in his clean white shirts and collars, in his wonderful trousers and polished boots and white spats, in his silk handkerchiefs and colored socks. Those things represented to him not only the foppishness which is a natural instinct of youth but the contrast between the grace of life and, for example, that prison cell in Moscow where he had lain on filthy boards among typhus-stricken, lousy, unwashed comrades.

Is it any wonder that his mind searched for a thousand reasons why he should be absolved from that pledge to go back—into the cage again, into the squalor?

When he sat at a table covered with snow-white linen in any private house or public restaurant, and touched the gleaming silver, and saw the light of candles twinkling on wineglasses and flower-patterned plates, the memory of his little old room in Moscow with its iron bedstead, its dirty walls with cracked plaster, its unwashed dishes from which he ate his meager rations like an animal, with beastly hunger, overwhelmed him with shuddering disgust. Never could he go back to that! He would not go back! He had escaped by the grace of God!

Russian exiles in England crowded round him after his concerts, embraced him, kissed his hands, sent him flowers, which were heaped in his dressing room.

Some of these people were friends of his father and mother who had greeted him as one risen from the dead. His father, General Balakireff, was now living in an old English country house, complaining bitterly of poverty, cursing the soviet republic which had ruined him; yet, as Anton saw, still rich enough to live in good style, to entertain a crowd of friends like an English gentleman.

All these Russian refugees complained in a tragic way of poverty; and there was, indeed, a horde of poverty-stricken Russians in Europe, paupers on foreign charity. Yet Anton met many who were driving in motor cars, dining at expensive restaurants and behaving as though they were on a holiday in England, as in the old days before war and revolution. The wisest of them had invested their money in foreign securities before the crash came.

It was in his father's English home at Godalming in Surrey that Anton met the lady who added the last and most tremendous temptation to his desperate desire to break the pledge he had made with Redbeard in the Kremlin—that promise to go back. She was Lady Mary Wickham, and he came to desire her with the whole ardor of his Russian temperament. That was inevitable, seeing her beauty—utterly English in type—and this young man's sudden awakening to the beauty of life.

I have told that he was cold to his women friends in Russia, and especially to that lady, Lubimovka, who betrayed him. That I think was because of his melancholy surroundings and the dark shadow cast on his spirit by the misery of his country. Anyhow, he was set on fire by Lady Mary Wickham.

She lived near Godalming, and rode over to see his mother, and, as I can vouch, was a pretty picture on that black horse of hers in her riding coat and breeches. A gallant-looking girl, with merry brown eyes and a complexion not found among Russian women. She had a brain, too, which is not so usual with English girls of that class.

She was not like the other women who sent him flowers and kissed his hands on the concert platform. She laughed at all that, and treated him rather as a sulky boy who was getting spoiled by admiration; sometimes as a rather wild animal whom she was inclined to tame by kindness or, if need be, by cruelty.

He had been deliberately rude to her at first when his mother had introduced them; and then, afterwards, when she came to a garden party and said "Tell me about Russia," as they walked together in the rose garden, he talked to her with a stark brutality of the things he had seen and suffered in the time of the terror, not sparing her any detail of horror and loathsomeness. She was not shocked.

She listened gravely, and nodded her head and said, "That's life at its ugliest. We've been saved from that in England—so far."

He tried to shock her again by saying, "It might do you some good—you comfortable English people in your sheltered gardens and your pretty clothes. The cruelty of life hasn't touched you. You'd be all the better for a little misery and dirt and lice and hunger. It would be a spiritual lesson."

She was not at all put out by that speech, but she denied the necessity for such things in England.

"Our men—and the best of them—went through the dirt of war, all right. They weren't soft. They did not escape from the lice which you seem to think so good for their spiritual education. The trenches were crawling with them."

That was their first argument. They had many others, in evenings when this lady came to dinner with some of his father's friends, and afterwards when he went riding with her on one of her horses.

He found himself defending the soviet leaders and their philosophy—even their tyranny—which in Moscow he had hated. He raged against the Russian refugees who had fled from their country and spent their time abusing the Russian people and trying to persuade European governments to invade Russia again and so create more anarchy and revive more terror and spill more blood.

"Then you're a Bolshevik?" she asked coolly.

"No," he answered sullenly. "But I'm a Russian, first and last. I prefer a communist who tries to serve his country rather than a czarist renegade who tries to ruin it."

One can imagine these conversations. Anton told me the gist of some of them, and laughed in a melancholy way at that devilish trick of his brain which prompted him to quarrel with this girl, to say brutal things to her, to break down her English simplicity and to startle her sweet, frank mind by revolutionary ideals against which, in Moscow, he had argued interminably with his Russian friends.

"A guilty conscience," he told me. "Every time I sat down to a good dinner I thought of the starving peasants on the Volga, and sickened over my food. The more I gloried in the elegance and beauty of English life, the more I was disgusted with myself for yielding to its charms, while friends of mine were pining in the prisons of Moscow, and others living in squalor on short rations. Besides, the self-satisfied complacency of you English people, your hypocrisy, the brutal contrast of wealth in London, made me swing, against my will, against my own intelligence, in favor of the communistic ideal which has dragged Russia down to hell, or at least to an equality of misery in which one faces the stark truth of human tragedy."

Some of those arguments with Lady Mary Wickham took place before General Balakireff, and distressed that old gentleman acutely. There was a violent scene one night when the old man denounced his son as an agent of Bolshevism and threatened to turn him out of doors.

Anton's mother was hardly less distressed, and wept bitter tears when Anton vowed—sincerely, he told me—that the famine on the Volga was not to be put down against the soviet government, but was an act of Nature which they had done their best to overcome by heroic effort.

All this time, you must understand, Anton was giving his concerts at the Queen's Hall and entrancing great audiences by his mastery as a violinist, so that his reputation reached Paris, Berlin and New York. Of that side of his visit I know very little, being ignorant of music and the musical world.

The crisis of his agony—for his mental conflict reached that point—came toward the end of September, when he received one word from Moscow, by way of Riga. It was a telegram from Radeff, and the word was "Remember." It was handed to him as he left the concert hall before motoring down to Godalming.

That evening Mary Wickham was coming to dinner with his people and he had decided to declare his passion to her. She knew already that she had tamed him, and that her wild beast, as he called himself, was ready to lick the dust off her riding boots or to lie down at her feet in adoration.

They had had a little scene together the very day before, when he had suddenly seized her hand—they were in the garden, so I gather—and kissed it. She had pretended to be angry, and walked away; but he had seen something in her eyes which told him that she was not really angry, and that by some miracle he had gained this girl's good will and grace.

He had quarreled his way into her heart! Because she had tamed him, she loved him, in her quiet, mirthful, English way. He was sure of it, and by that revelation life had become a glory, and joy pervaded him.

Now this word came from Moscow, and that "Remember!" chilled him like an icy whisper from the voice of fate. Only two weeks remained before the fulfillment of his pledge. He would have to leave London in five days' time to get back to Moscow by the date fixed. Well, he would not leave London! He would be damned rather than go back. They could have the money. But they would not get his body and soul. He would stay in England with Mary Wickham, and the devil take Moscow.

As he stepped into his motor car he tore the telegram into small pieces and let them flutter to the pavement. That was the last of Redbeard so far as he was concerned.

(Continued on Page 83)

PALM

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In early youth the skin does its own beautifying because nature has provided a skin oil intended to keep the complexion smooth and soft.

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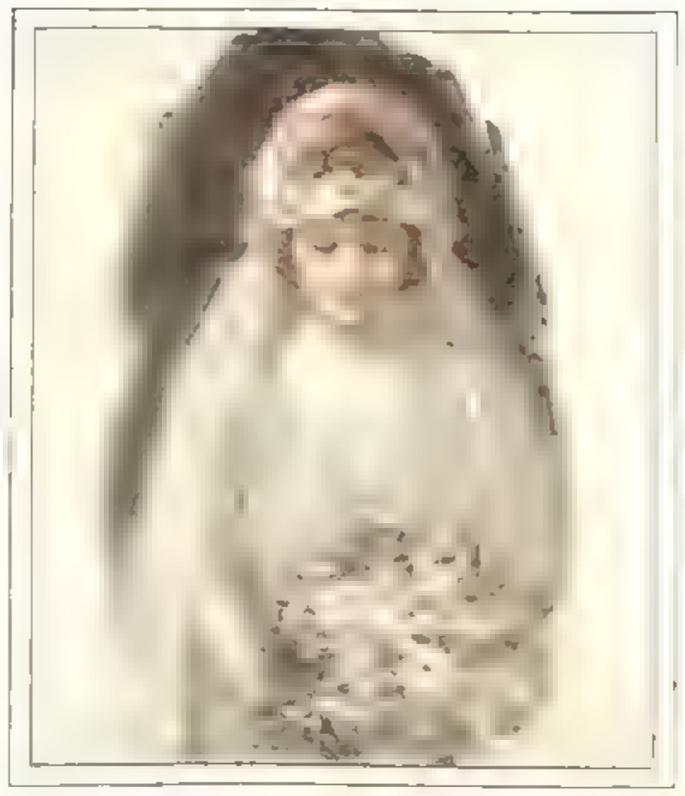

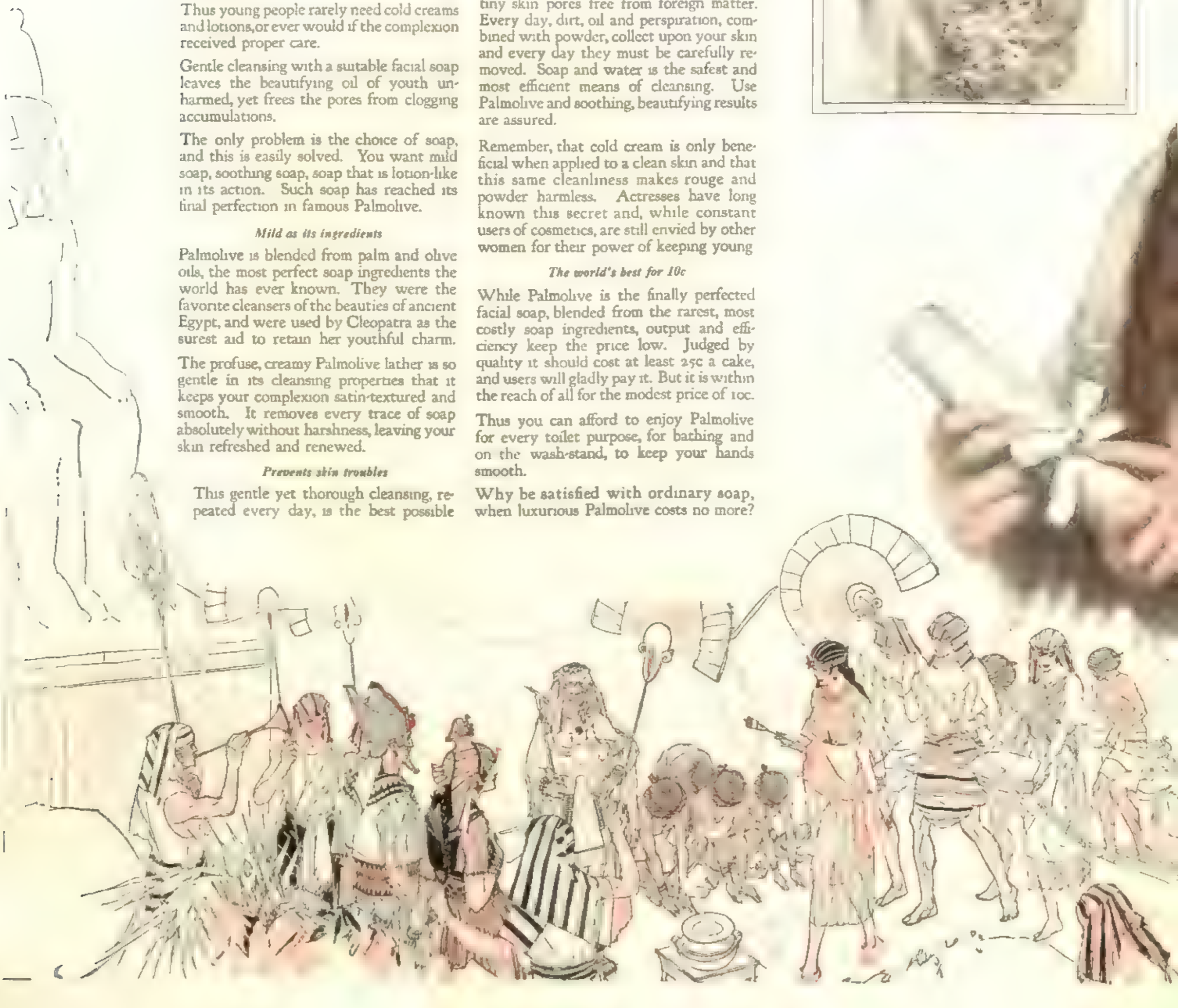

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Palm and olive oils — nothing else — give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c

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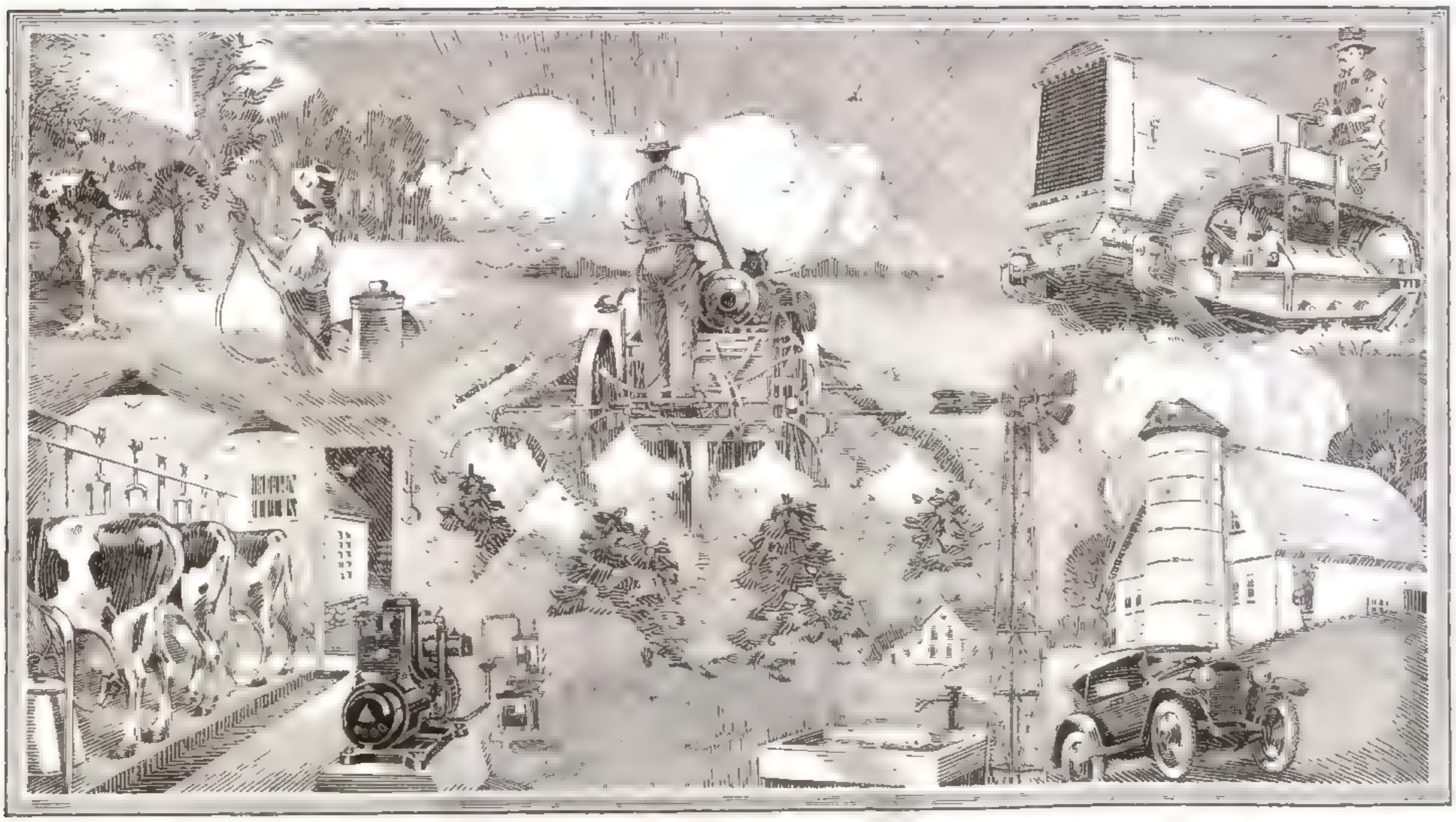


How lead keeps the wolf from your door

LEAD helps to protect you from famine. Even before the farmer plants his seed, lead is working to produce fertilizers. And each year your daily food supply grows more dependent upon the proper use of the fertilizers lead helps to make.

Lead is also the farmer's assistant while crops are growing and fruit trees are bearing. Indeed, the farmer would be greatly handicapped without lead, and this loss would be felt throughout the world in inadequate food supplies.

Enriching the soil

Phosphates are the basis of nearly all artificial fertilizers. The phosphates mixed with sulphuric acid give one of the elements plant life needs. No lead enters into the fertilizer itself, but lead successfully resists the action of sulphuric acid. Hence it is used for lining the rooms and tanks in which the fertilizer-manufacturing processes are carried on, for making the pipes which convey the corrosive liquids, and for the pails and other containers used about the factory.

Guarding fruit trees

Lead aids the farmer in protecting his fruit trees, vines, and truck crops. He sprays them with arsenate of lead to poison insects that would otherwise destroy them.

Lead in batteries

The modern farmer's tractors, trucks, and automobiles depend largely on lead. A storage battery, mostly lead, provides electric current for the tractor's ignition system and for the starting, lighting, and ignition of truck and automobile. Lead-tin solder seals gasoline tank and radiator. Litharge, an oxide, is used in refining the gasoline that makes the tractor, truck, and automobile go.

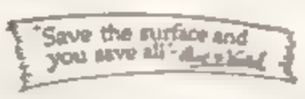
Where the farm is isolated from central electrical plants, the lead storage battery provides power for lighting and for running farm machinery. In the generators which charge the batteries are bearings of babbitt metal that often contain lead.

Electric light bulbs and lamp chimneys throughout house and farm buildings are made of a superior lead glass.

Painting with lead

As paint, lead helps to protect the farmer's house, farm buildings, and equipment.

Red-lead, an oxide of lead, makes a paint that guards the metal of his wind-mill and machinery against the attacks of rust and thus prolongs their usefulness indefinitely.



White-lead is the paint usually used for wood and other non-metallic surfaces on farms and throughout the world. Practically everywhere one goes—on sea or land—he can see or touch white-lead paint.

More property owners than ever before are learning the value of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." They are thinking more of what proper painting will mean in protecting their investments than of the cost of applying the paint. They are, therefore, saving the surface with white-lead or at least with paint containing a high percentage of white-lead.

Look for the Dutch Boy

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Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are bar lead, litharge, glassmakers' red-lead, lead pipe, battery red-lead, orange mineral, and die castings.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

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(Continued from Page 79

That evening there was quite a large party at General Balakireff's house in Godalming, including two Russian princesses, the painter Laleham, Vardon of The Times, Woodgate the novelist, and myself. Lady Mary Wickham came with her sister Evelyn.

Anton sat next to Mary Wickham, and looked to me as though he had been drinking. His face, very pale as a rule, was flushed, and there was a wonderful shining brightness in his eyes. He was a little drunk, not with wine, but with passion and exaltation.

I noticed how tender his voice was when he spoke to the girl at his side, how he gazed at her now and then with the devotion of a dog's eyes. But they spoke very little. Mary Wickham was aware of his mood, and guessed the cause of it, I think. She had a queer little smile about her lips and a shy look in her brown eyes.

After dinner there was tea on the covered terrace outside the house—it was a warm night and very beautiful in the purple dusk. Anton Balakireff and Mary Wickham moved away down the garden, and I saw their figures at the bottom of the pergola, where they stood a while above the tennis lawn. Once it seemed to me—though I am not absolutely certain—that Anton tried to take her hand. Presently they came back to the terrace, not speaking at all. Anton was very pale, but there was still that shining light in his eyes.

"Play something, Anton," said one of the Russian ladies. "Out here in the garden, on this charming night, your music will sound divine."

He refused for a time, sulkily, until Mary Wickham touched him on the sleeve and said "Play!" Then obediently he went into the house and fetched his violin.

Standing there below the porch of that old house, looking towards the garden with its purple twilight under a blue sky in which the afterglow of the sun still lingered, Anton played some little Russian melodies, very simple and sweet, such as peasant women might sing to their babes. Then suddenly, after a pause in which the company murmured their pleasure, he raised his head, thrusting back the long black lock from his forehead, and struck a strident, savage note, and then played the queerest maddest stuff I have ever heard.

Frightfully Russian! I could tell that, though I do not understand music. I am bound to say I neither understood it nor liked it, except here and there when the rhythm of it was rather stirring and when I could follow some kind of melody of the old folk-song kind. But my likes and dislikes do not matter. What was more interesting was its emotional effect upon the musician himself, and upon the Russians in his audience.

They seemed to understand its meaning, which, plainly, was tragic and pitiful. I now know from Anton that it was the thing he had played that night before the cheka when he was brought from prison and saved his life by his fiddling. The two Russian princesses became very pale, sighed, and wept a little, as I could see by their glistening eyes in the half darkness.

As for Anton himself, it is certain that he saw nothing of this English garden before him. He was staring far away—to Russia, where his own people were dying of hunger and living in misery, so many of them. His black eyes were large and luminous. His lips were firmly pressed into a line of pain. Sweat broke upon his forehead.

I looked at Mary Wickham. She was sitting up rather straight in a white wicker chair, staring at Anton. She had a queer smile about her lips, as though this strange foreign music startled her and perhaps amused her. I think now she guessed the meaning of it to herself. It meant the call back to Russia of this man who was her lover.

In those wild notes of his was the spirit of his race, and its voice claimed that man's soul and gave him courage to resist the lure of England and this English girl and the beauty of life, because he could not desert his people in their tragedy or forget his pledge of honor on their behalf.

The last strident notes shrieked into the English garden, and then Anton, with trembling hands, put his violin and bow on a little wooden tea table, and after a few words of Russian, ending in a harsh laugh, went abruptly indoors.

"Very fine! Wonderful stuff!" said Woodgate the novelist.

One of the Russian ladies murmured the word "Sad!" and then whispered to the other princess.

General Balakireff, the father of Anton, sighed with something like a groan and said "Our poor Russia!" Then he invited the company to go indoors because of the falling dew.

Mary Wickham took Madame Balakireff's hands and said, "It's time for me to go. Tell your son I think I understand the meaning of what he played. Give him my love."

She bowed to the other ladies and moved away with the general towards the garden gate. It was her last visit to this house before Anton left.

It was that night when Anton and I sat together and he told me his story, for an hour or more. It was what I have written, but it was told in broken English—though very fluent—which I have not tried to imitate. It was also a more intimate confession than I have given of the conflict in his mind between honor and dishonor, cowardice and self-sacrifice.

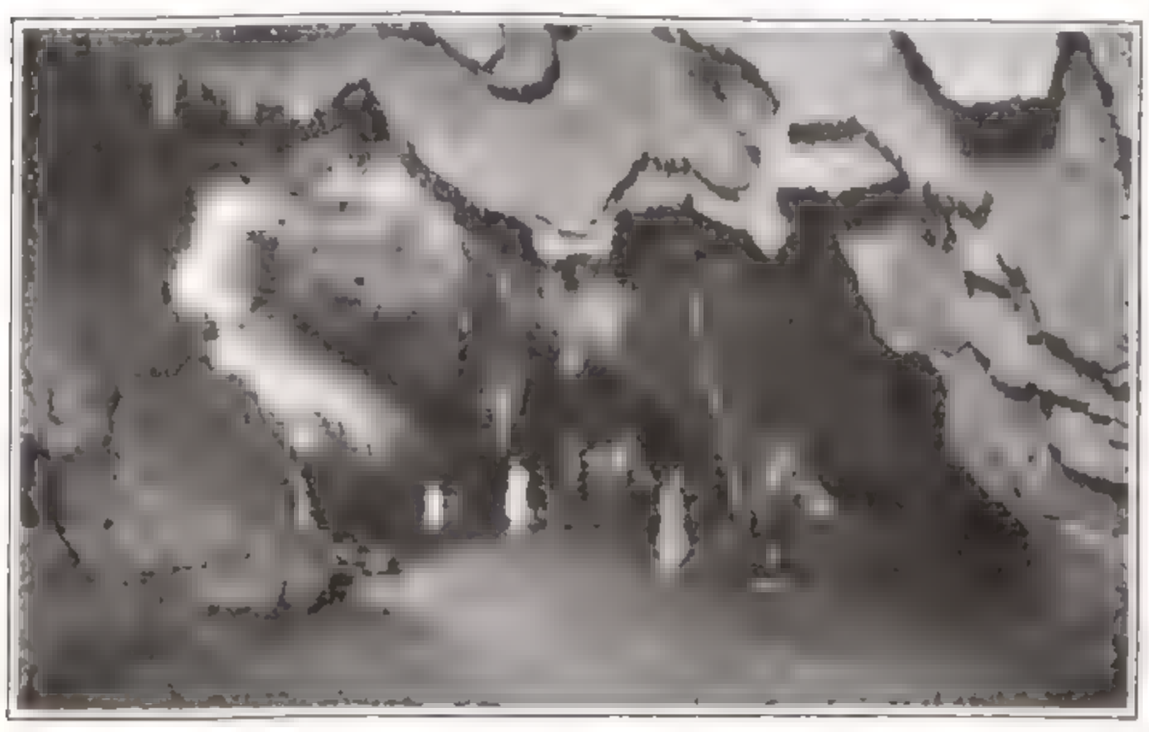
One thing he told me was rather startling.

"As I was playing," he said, "I saw two figures in my father's garden, quite plainly, as I see you now in this firelight. They were Barkoff and Tchichghanioff, my two poor comrades, who are hostages in prison for my return. They were pale and weak, and stretched out their hands to me. If I stayed here with my lady I should be damned forever, because their lives would pay the forfeit for my dishonor."

He left England two days later, and, as I know from a letter I have had, reached Moscow three days before the date to which he had been pledged.

"Old Redbeard kissed me on both cheeks and grabbed the money," he wrote. "It will feed many poor starving folk." Then he told me that the famine was still raging; that Lenine had abandoned the strict laws of communism; that private trading had been established; and that, in spite of famine, there was more hope among his friends. He added a postscript:

"When you see Lady Mary Wickham, tell her that her wild beast is in his cage once more, with a broken heart. But he hopes to escape again and get it mended."



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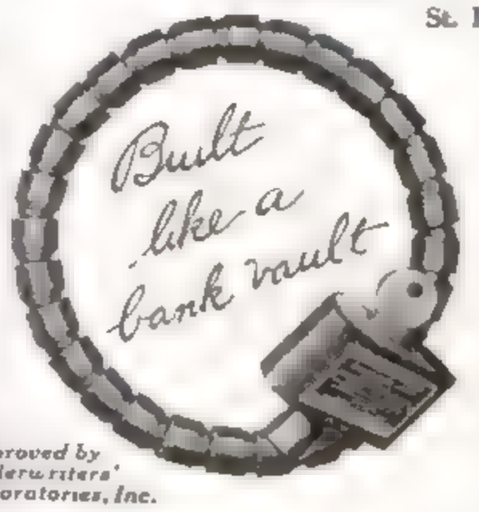

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

Continued from Page 23

My first day in Lisbon is a confused memory, a mixture of surprises and alarms, delightful in parts and very full of a keen delight in the surroundings. I had had a vague idea that it was going to be exactly like Spain on a small scale, and most of my friends seemed to have the same idea, some of them to such an extent that they continued to address my letters to "Lisbon, Spain." But Portugal is anything but like Spain. The character of the country is different; it is gentle and rolling and semi-tropical, in direct contrast to the harsh ruggedness of most of Spain, the architecture is unlike Spanish architecture, with its combination of white stucco and granite in its churches, its villas showing Oriental influences in their roofs, which turn up at the corners like those of Chinese pagodas, their red-lacquer doors and their latticed windows—ideas brought back from the Portuguese colonies in the Orient four hundred years ago, and still used by the architects of today. Though tiles are used lavishly—whole façades are often made of them—they are not at all like Spanish tiles, being usually of blue and white and depicting historical events of romance and adventure; and everywhere—on fountains, on churches, on public buildings, on stone benches—are those emblems of the Templars' cross and Manoel's sphere and the chains and anchors and strange birds—designs conceived by artists when Portugal was the richest nation of the world and was bringing back from distant lands untold gold.

Nor are the people in any way Spanish. "What are you, racially?" I asked a Portuguese. "We are Lusitanians," he answered proudly. In appearance they are much less harsh than Spaniards—gray eyes seem to predominate, with almost Gothic features. And surely their character is much gentler and more genial. As for their language, it is the most amazing I have ever encountered. They claim it is more purely Latin than is Spanish or French or Italian, and as a matter of fact it is not so difficult to read; but when it came to speaking it or trying to understand someone speaking it—it proved to be my Waterloo. I once listened a whole hour to a man making a speech and all I got out of it was a prolonged ish-h-h sound ending with often-repeated owng's. And their money! I spent three hours the first day trying to make out what the huge roll of dirty bills represented which had been given me in exchange for twenty dollars. If I had wanted to take it about with me I should have had to carry a large valise.

A Pleasant and Friendly Capital

Arriving in an absolutely unknown capital and becoming chargé d'affaires at once is somewhat difficult. It meant that I had to fall right into the middle of things with practically no preparation. However, before my predecessor left he took me to call on the Minister for Foreign Affairs and several other important government officials, so that when I found myself alone in charge I was not entirely lost. Our legation was a delightful building rather a long way from the center of town, surrounded by a garden and adjoining a pine wood that led down a hill to the Palacio das Necessidades, the former Royal Palace and present Ministry for Foreign Affairs—which made it extremely convenient for us when we had official visits to make on the minister. The legation building was owned by Queen Amelia, and had been her residence up to the time that she and Manoel fled from Portugal.

My first week in Lisbon convinced me that, in spite of bloodcurdling stories of revolutions and disorganized conditions, it was going to be a very pleasant and friendly place to live in. The diplomatic corps was small but most cordial, and welcomed a newcomer warmly. Some of them frankly admitted they hated the place; others were enthusiastic—the usual characteristics of every diplomatic corps, though I should say that, as a rule, most diplomats complain bitterly of the place they are in, no matter if it is London, Paris or Rome. It seems to be considered good form not to be contented anywhere.

The first week I dined at the French Legation, owned by the French Government, and one of the handsomest old palaces in Lisbon—a combination of church, convent and terraced gardens which overlooked the Tagus; the next night I dined at the British Legation, also owned by its government, and met several Portuguese politicians, one of whom proved particularly interesting, and later became Prime Minister and was conspicuous in one of the revolutions I lived through: I went to a masked ball at the Brazilian Embassy—the only embassy in Lisbon; I attended a charity ball given in the opera house which only a few years before had been considered the home of the best operas in the world: and I went about making calls and meeting people and having a thoroughly good time, which recalled in a way days in Copenhagen. The life was intimate enough to throw people often together, and the picturesque surroundings made every trip about the town interesting and delightful.

The Housekeeper's Paradise

As usual, the first thing a diplomat has to do—especially if he has a family—is to spend days looking for a house; and this was no easier a task in Lisbon than anywhere else today. We ended by settling at Mont' Estoril, about twenty miles out of town, where a charming little villa, set in a beautiful garden with a wonderful view of the Atlantic, just two minutes away, was offered to us at an extraordinarily reasonable price. The house had some modern comforts; there was a bathroom with running cold water, there were verandas, where we could sit and watch the crimson sails of the fishing boats and the steamers coming home from far-away lands; and there were several hotels and shops near by in case housekeeping became difficult. But it never did.

The servants were excellent and most amiable; we had four that cost us ten dollars a month—not each, the whole four. And as for food, all one had to do was to sit in the garden and stop the fishwives as they went by with baskets on their heads loaded with freshly caught lobsters and sole and those deliciously sweet oysters; or call to the old patriarch who wore a knitted cap handed down from Phenician days and who, by means of a long crook, marched a procession of turkeys straight up to the front door and made them stand there with military precision while you chose the one that pleased you most.

Due to the favorable exchange at that time, expenses were almost ridiculous. The Portuguese escudo before the war was worth a little over a dollar; at the time I arrived its value had fallen to ten cents—and prices had not yet gone up accordingly. In some cases prices were absolutely incomprehensible. I am sure four servants for ten dollars would make any American envious; and there were many other things as cheap. It cost only six cents to have your hair cut by the best barber in town, who came to your house if you preferred; a motor for the day was about ten dollars; a dinner of many courses with excellent wines was sixty cents; a room and bath with food at the best hotel was less than three dollars; street-car fares were down to two cents; women's clothes were so cheap that it was dangerous. But, alas! as with all such good things—this wonderful period was soon finished. The continued depressed currency brought a tremendous and sudden rise in prices, and before I left Portugal was no longer the fantastically cheap place I had found it.

Most of the time I was in Portugal I lived the life of a regular American commuter. The express train—the equivalent of our business men's special—left Mont' Estoril at nine o'clock and got me into Lisbon in time to be at the legation promptly at ten o'clock. It was always a delightful hour and gave me plenty of time to read the morning papers, though I must admit that the scenes along the way and the conversation in the coaches were invariably too diverting to permit much concentration in other directions. The first part of the journey lay along the ocean, then a cut across the peninsula brought the train to the shore of the river, where it continued all the way into Lisbon. Towers from the days of Vasco da Gama, ancient castles, fortresses which spoke eloquently of days when Phenician pirates raided the coast, strangely shaped fishing boats with red and orange colored sails, huge steamers from

Continued on Page 87

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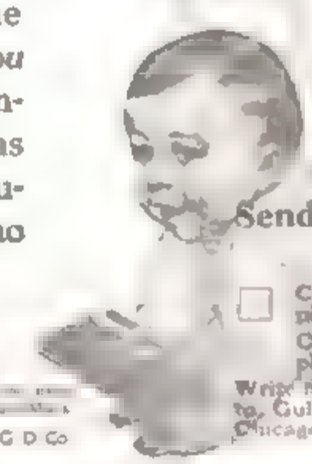

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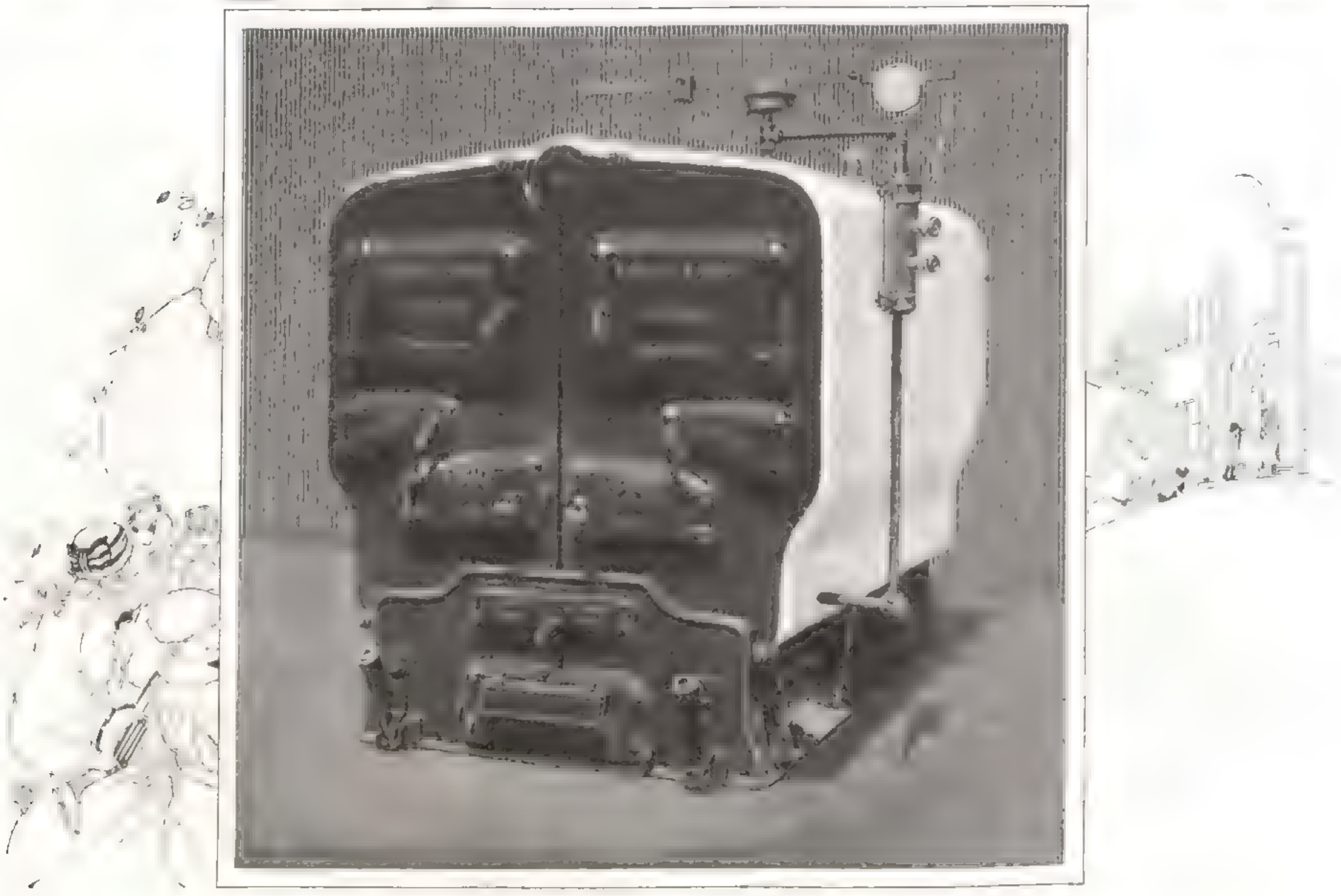

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Continued from Page 84

France and England and America, convents, churches and old buildings left over from that glorious hundred years of Portuguese world supremacy lined the way. Emerald green water, flowering cactus, Judas trees, gardens overflowing with roses, stock, poppies, houses decorated with tiles or painted in brilliant color; and orange, crumbling walls covered with moss which formed a fitting background for the gay costumes of peasants—one delightful picture after another—all made the morning trip a sort of romantic voyage. Even if the engine took its time—and why shouldn't it, no one was ever in a hurry—still it, too, kept in the picture, for on holidays it would arrive in Lisbon with its smokestack wreathed in roses and palm branches.

I said it was commuting—but what a vast difference between such a trip and the one from Plainfield to the Pennsylvania Station or Greenwich to the Grand Central. I usually got off at a station near the Necessidades Palace and walked up the hill through the garden and pine wood, thus reaching the legation by a back door and arriving in my office without being seen, which was sometimes useful when an energetic traveling American had come to the chancery at eight and complained bitterly of our negligence in not keeping American business hours. On such occasions I would come out of my office and greet him as though I had been there since six in the morning.

It took me a very short time to find out that our legation—to put it in the vernacular—was the whole thing in Lisbon; and this was entirely due to the efforts of Colonel Birch, the minister, and Mrs. Birch, who had been there eight years and who returned after I had been in charge two months. I do not think I have ever been in any mission where our position was maintained and kept up in better style than in Lisbon. The house was beautiful, furnished with perfect taste in old Portuguese furniture, the dinners and receptions and balls were done with dignified lavishness, and the atmosphere was what that of every American mission should be—simple and informal and well done. In fact I am inclined to say that it is the only mission in which I have been where we actually had first place—even above the British—and this in spite of not owning our house.

Hospitable Colonel Birch

In many ways Colonel and Mrs. Birch built up and cemented an impression which seems to me to be the duty of an American diplomat; they made themselves personally popular, they made their legation the most attractive of them all, and when our battleships arrived in the port—which happened every few months—they went to no end of trouble to see that everyone was invited aboard, and arranged entertainments that had much to do with impressing the Portuguese with the fact that we were actually what we had been exploited as being—one of the greatest nations of the world. With a beautiful house, fêtes at which the gardens were hung with lanterns like a fairy place, a park leading down to the river where our ships lay at anchor, and, above all, with the gift of personality which makes everyone feel at home—they made the American Legation the one to which everyone sought invitations.

I remember being present at an interview—an argument, it might be called—between Colonel Birch and one of our admirals. The admiral was objecting to going to so much trouble about giving teas and dances on board the flagship for the amusement of the Portuguese; Colonel Birch was trying to convince him that it was good propaganda.

"These people see our huge ships in the harbor; that makes an excellent impression; but I also want them to know that they are welcome to go aboard and meet the men who are capable of running such ships. I want them to feel that we are just as hospitable and friendly as we have the reputation of being. This is an exceptional way of creating personal contacts."

And the admiral finally admitted that Colonel Birch was right, and agreed to all the arrangements that he had planned.

"When I arrived in Lisbon," Colonel Birch frankly admitted, "I knew just as much about diplomacy as the average American business man; but also like the average American business man I determined to do the job to the best of my ability. The secretary who was here when I arrived advised me not to attempt to do anything much; he said that Lisbon, in spite of having been a republic for three years, was a capital with all the traditions of a monarchy; that it would be impossible for Americans, untrained in diplomacy, to take any important position among such an Old World group, which had, before the republic, been accustomed to meeting the most distinguished diplomats Europe produced; that the best thing for me to do was to settle down quietly, take an adequate house, and spend the four years of my term as inconspicuously as I wished; that America was so far away—and so unknown to the Portuguese—that it really did not matter at all what I did. Of course he may have been right; though his ideas didn't exactly fit in with mine. If America was so far away that it wasn't known, it seemed to me all the more reason why I should make a special effort to put it on the map for the Portuguese. The first thing I did was to look about for the best house to be had, and I was lucky enough to get the Royal Palace of the Queen Mother, which had just been offered for rent—though completely unfurnished. After we had got it done up suitably, we were faced with the problem of finding servants to run such a place. Then came the necessity of finding private secretaries for myself and my wife—for again, like most Americans, we spoke only our own language and needed those about us who spoke both Portuguese and French.

Legation Duties

"It was something of a job getting settled and under headway—but where there's a will there's a way. I have been here eight years now and I don't believe it is boasting to say that the Portuguese at least know that they have an American Legation in their midst."

Colonel Birch's personal appearance had no little part in helping out the impression he made. He is a big handsome man, with white hair, pink skin and a most winning smile—somewhat the type of the John Bull pictures—and ready to listen sympathetically to everyone's troubles, and, more than that, help out. So many of us are disposed to listen and let it go at that. He had, too, an appreciation of what the Portuguese wanted—a most necessary trait in a diplomat—and he gave it to them. When he was decorated by the government with the Order of Christ—which all other diplomats had received and wore upon all occasions—he wore it, too, in spite of the fact that our Government does not look favorably upon our representatives' wearing such decorations. However, he often laughed when he dressed for special occasions, put on a uniform he had worn when he was aide of Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, and covered himself with the wide ribbon and jeweled cross of the Portuguese decoration, saying that if other diplomats got themselves up in gold lace and stars and crosses he didn't see why he couldn't too. His coach and four became one of the sights of Lisbon. When he appeared driving down the Avenida, crowds would gather and you could hear on all sides: "*E o Senhor Ministro d'America!*" And when the arrival of the battleships was announced the legation would receive calls from all the Portuguese mothers with families of ten and fifteen daughters, who wished to know when they might entertain those nice boys in the white uniforms.

The work of the legation centered about following governmental changes, labor conditions, constant strikes and conditions in the colonies—for it must be remembered that Portugal is one of the richest countries in the world so far as colonial possessions go. Angola and Mozambique, in Africa; the Azores, in mid-Atlantic; Goa, in India; and that far-distant Macao, off the coast of China—form a group of possessions that are steadily increasing in importance, not only to the mother country but to the rest of the world as well. Study in an entirely new direction was necessary, and names that I vaguely remembered from schooldays came back with new significance. A great part of my diplomatic education has been made up of study of the history of the different countries to which I have been sent, for no matter how much I may have thought I knew of geography and history, when I actually arrived in a new country I invariably found my information appallingly meager. I had hardly got well started in learning what such names as Pizarro, Pedro de Valdivia, San Martino, and Balmaceda meant in the development of Chile than I had to begin reading up on Affonso Henriques, Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Dom Pedro and the separation of Brazil from the mother country, the Marquis of Pombal, the House of Bragança and the famous Albuquerque—though I must say this latter name lost some of its romance when I found the present member of the family bearing the title was an American lady. And if one wishes to go more deeply into the characteristics of a country, it is necessary to take more than a glance at its literature—and Portugal is quite rich in literature, especially in being the birthplace of that illustrious poet, Camoens, who has given to the world an epic poem.

Shifts of Government

One of the most trying phases of our work was that as soon as the acquaintance of one minister for foreign affairs had been made and certain pending questions between our countries had been presented and discussed and his interest—or at least a promise of interest—had been aroused, presto! there would be a change of cabinet, a new minister would have to be met and the same story gone through a second, third and fourth time. Fortunately there were some underofficials who remained throughout the numerous changes, so that there was some basis to begin on; but of course underofficials are never in a position to act on more important matters.

The revolutions that one hears of vaguely outside of Portugal came and went all the time I was there—and yet so far as the comfort of life was concerned there was really nothing to complain of. Perhaps the trams stopped running, restrictions were put into force about being on the streets after certain hours, and there may have been now and then some delay in the delivery of goods, but on the whole the pleasant easy-going life went on peacefully enough. As a matter of fact, the revolutionary microbe seems to confine its activities to Lisbon alone; the country is always quiet and goes about its work as steadily and tranquilly as ever.

My first experience in a Lisbon revolution came after I had been there several months. There had been rumors of trouble for several weeks, but no one seemed to take them seriously, the general belief being that revolutions are not advertised in advance, that they are prepared quietly and sprung on an unsuspecting public. One morning, when the train was approaching Lisbon, the conductor passed through the cars and advised everyone to remain there and return at once to Mont' Estoril, as the city was in possession of revolutionists and going about might prove unsafe. Most of the passengers decided to return to the peaceful seashore, but I was too much excited over seeing one of those much discussed upheavals to consider discretion.

Shelter for Refugees

I started off along somewhat deserted streets where not a tram or motor or carriage—not even a vociferous fishwife—was in sight. Once or twice a camion passed, filled with armed men who carried guns pointing casually in any direction. At the legation everything was quiet. It seemed that early that morning several guns had been fired from a warship in the harbor, which meant that the navy had sided with the revolutionists and that the struggle was on—between the group of politicians who were already in power and those who wanted to be. So far as outward demonstrations went, the day passed peacefully; though late in the afternoon a gentleman arrived at the legation and asked if he might remain there through the night, saying that he had been told that he was among others who were being sought out by the revolutionists and that he feared almost anything might happen within the next few hours. The minister had him shown to a room where he remained for several days.

I stopped at the legation that night, for fear of missing something, and was very much disappointed. I neither saw nor heard anything. The next morning early, however, we found that the prime minister and several others had been taken from their homes during the night, carried to the arsenal and shot; and that the revolutionists were going about making a house-to-house search for those who were opposed to their plans. We were soon in possession of what was called a black list, which included the names of those who had been particularly successful in a material way and who were believed to have exploited the country for their own benefit; these were to be exterminated, it was said, immediately.

When I reached home that evening I found that several families had taken refuge in my house and were asking to be allowed to remain there during the night. They evidently thought the American flag—though I had none hanging out at the time—would afford them safety. All sorts of plans were discussed during the evening, and it was finally agreed upon that the next morning early the whole lot of them should take a sailboat, go up the river and board an English steamer which was due to sail the next day. While these plans were being made we all listened anxiously to the roar of motors rushing by on the road. The death camion—containing the group which had taken upon themselves the duty of ridding the country of those they considered undesirable—was supposed to be in our vicinity. I was wondering all the time what sort of influence I could exert on a band of armed revolutionists who might arrive at any moment and demand entrance. Every time the rushing motors passed on I drew a deep breath of relief; and at about one o'clock my frightened visitors decided to go home and pack their trunks for an early departure.

The next morning the sun was shining as serenely as it always does in Portugal, and the business men's special began its journey to town—though with only about six passengers. Lisbon appeared tranquil, too, as indeed it was—for now the revolutionists had won and were in power and there was no more cause, at the moment, for continued disturbances. It was only

(Continued on Page 91)

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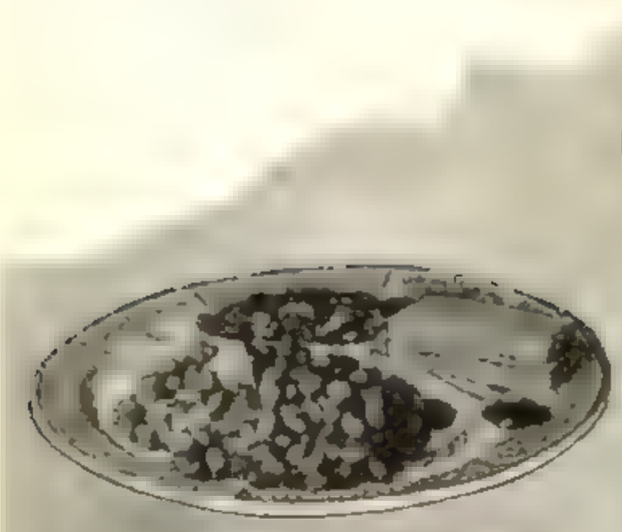

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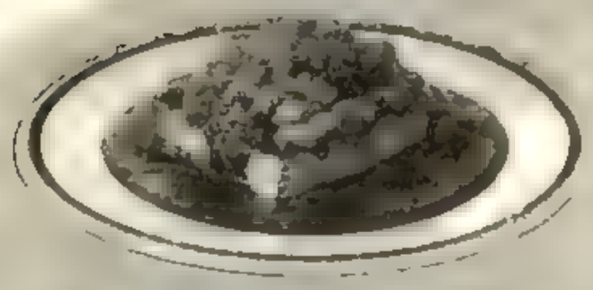

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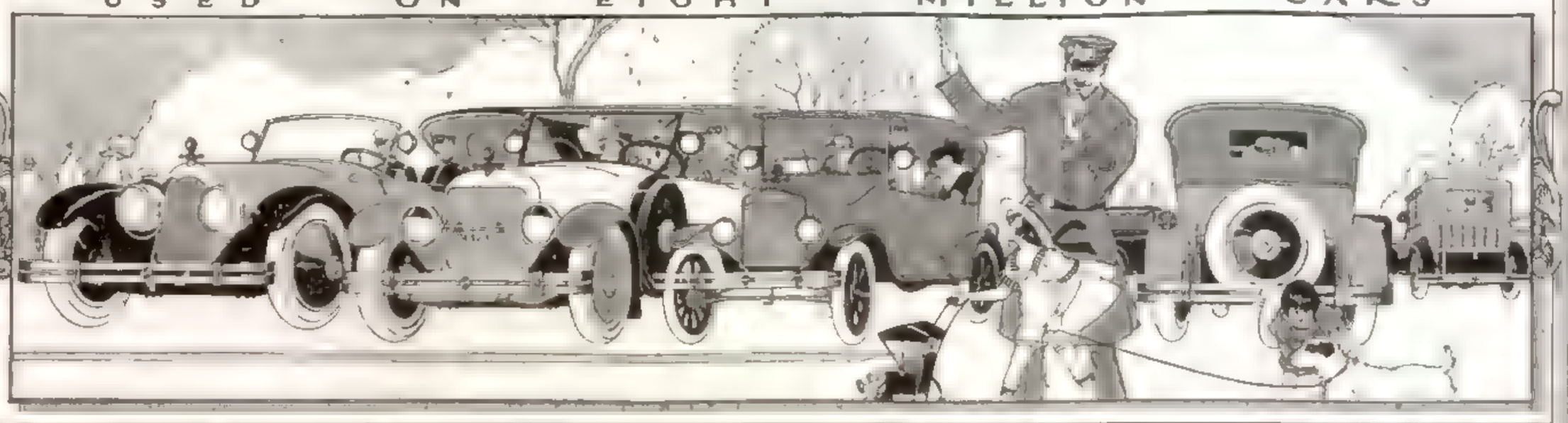

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when I got back to the country that evening that I heard of the dramatic incident which had occurred in a villa adjoining mine. It seems that our neighbor was one of those named on the black list. During dinner a friend had telephoned him from Lisbon that the death camion was on its way to his house and that he had better get away as quickly as possible. While he was upstairs putting some things in a bag the camion arrived. His wife told the servant to open the door, and stood in the hall to receive the armed men who entered. They asked for her husband; she said she was expecting him on the train which was due in a few moments, and asked them to come in and wait; she even went to the extent of offering them wine and refreshments, and sat with them discussing the revolution for half an hour.

When the train arrived and her husband did not appear the men insisted upon searching the house. She assented willingly and led them from room to room. The husband had had plenty of time to escape and was then on his way in a motor towards the Spanish frontier. When this quiet little lady recounted her adventure—with all the simplicity of an everyday event—I thought of many almost identical scenes which I had seen on the stage.

An Unexpected Dilemma

This revolution, which brought into power for a few weeks an entirely new group of officials—with the exception of the president, who remains in spite of cabinet changes—was the worst I went through. Though it was the bloodiest—so far as assassinations went—I was told it was not nearly so uncomfortable for the residents as the previous ones. In others there had been armed forces with considerable firing back and forth across the city, and it was dangerous to be out on the streets, and more dangerous still to go near a balcony or open window. During one of these revolutions the legation had sheltered whole families for a week or more.

My second revolution was more amusing—at least as far as the legation went. When rumors began to float about that another coup d'état was contemplated, it was again discounted until we found that the president and his entire cabinet had fled from town and taken refuge in a fortress at Cascaes—an old castle on the sea about an hour from Lisbon. After the assassinations of the previous revolution this was considered a precautionary step. Just at the time this happened an American tourist ship was due in Lisbon, and the manager had telegraphed ahead asking the minister to invite some of the Portuguese officials on board for dinner and a ball given in celebration of Washington's Birthday. The minister, always anxious to help Portugal in making a good impression on foreigners, found the arrival of the tourist ship somewhat inopportune—for surely a thousand Americans arriving and finding the town in a state of revolution and the president and cabinet taking refuge in a remote fortress would not give travelers a very reassuring idea of the peacefulness of the country. However, he decided to extend the invitation—thinking the revolution might be over by that evening—and sent me out in his motor to deliver the invitation in person to the minister for foreign affairs. I went with some misgivings, feeling that I might get into any sort of difficulty and be taken for a spy, an advance guard of the revolutionary party or some sort of truce maker. Someone suggested that I take an American flag along and wave it strenuously if things got very bad; and accepting the suggestion in good faith, I rolled up a flag and sat comfortably on it throughout the journey.

The fortress of Cascaes is built on a strip of land jutting out into the sea and is used today principally as a lighthouse and signaling station for incoming and outgoing vessels. Formerly it was one of the royal residences, and still contains the suites of apartments where Dom Luis—Manoel's father—spent the autumn seasons. The little town built about the fortress is one of the quaintest fishing villages imaginable and claims the distinction of being the birthplace of Affonso Sanchez, who, the Portuguese insist, first told Columbus of a wonderful continent he had visited which lay straight out across that western expanse of sea.

I drove up to the fortress without being questioned, and got out of the motor, not forgetting to take with me the tightly furled flag. A group of soldiers were guarding the dark, forbidding entrance gate—a veritable hole in the wall. When I told them I had come to see the minister for foreign affairs and carried a message to him from the American Minister, they let me pass and indifferently nodded towards a winding staircase which led up through a mass of stone embattlements where apparently a ray of sunlight had never penetrated.

I might as well confess that I experienced a moment of hesitation; I have never liked the dark, even in peacetimes; at a revolutionary moment it appeared all the more sinister. But the soldiers were so casual about permitting me to enter that courage, combined with pride, came to the rescue and I bravely started up the gloomy steps, treading as heavily as I could and clutching the flag tighter than ever. When it got so dark that I could not see my hand before me I had an almost irresistible desire to unfurl the flag and wrap it about me. However, I soon came out on a terrace and was met by a guard who, when my mission was explained, waved me towards a door and told me to go in.

I soon found myself in a huge room with raftered ceiling and wide windows looking out upon the sea—a magnificent room, a magnificent view and a magnificent situation. Far off in one corner a man was sitting in a chair, with two officers standing beside him. When they saw me one of the officers came forward. After hearing my story he asked me to wait a few minutes while he went in search of the minister; and while I waited the gentleman in the chair rose, came towards me and extended his hand—the president.

Our conversation was somewhat labored since we were both so careful to avoid any reference to the reason for his being there, and confined ourselves to discussing the history of the fortress. In a few minutes the minister for foreign affairs came in and said he would be delighted to accept the invitation to dine that night on board the American ship, and would be at the legation promptly at seven o'clock. I returned to Lisbon with the flag stored in the tonneau; and the next day, some sort of compromise having been arranged, the president and his cabinet returned peacefully to town and resumed their duties.

Regal Entertainments

The next time I saw the president was under somewhat gayer, though, for him, much more uncomfortable conditions. He was watching an entertainment which had followed a diplomatic dinner, and his chair, having been placed under a crystal chandelier which was lighted only with candles, made him the center of attraction for streams of dripping tallow. I am sure there was an order the next day for a new presidential dress suit. In some ways this dinner and reception stand out as one of the most beautiful functions of my diplomatic career. The Ajuda Palace, where it was given, is built on a conspicuous hill overlooking the whole of Lisbon, the Tagus and a wide stretch of the Atlantic, and is another one of the numerous palaces formerly occupied by the royal family. It is a huge building with magnificent reception rooms now used only for the one or two important official functions given each year; and a note of the ever-changing times is furnished by the throne room—from which the throne has been removed—in which the president receives his guests. The decorations are superb, done in the flamboyant style of Portuguese artists; and one of the most famous silver services in existence is used for state dinners—the work of the famous Germain of Louis XV days.

In fact most Portuguese entertainments, both official and private, were done with a certain spectacular effect that made them picturesque. The setting of old palaces surrounded by gardens and terraces and lakes, old villas from the Manoeline period which were made gorgeous with the use of beautiful tiles, fountains and grottoes, country estates that in many cases rivaled those of Italy and England—all lent themselves to creating an effective atmosphere.

There were many functions in Portugal that were really quite memorable, especially the burial of the unknown soldier, which was a veritable Old World pageant from Lisbon to the battle abbey—Batalha—a magnificent cathedral built in the fifteenth century, which is the equal in many ways of any in the world.

It is extraordinary how, when living in other countries, one becomes so keenly interested in the impression one's compatriots make on the foreigner. Living out of the United States for fifteen years had had the effect of making me a much better American than I was when I left home; my admiration and respect for our standards, our wholesomeness, our simple frankness and our really sincere kindliness have increased; but this constant living among foreigners has created a peculiar sensitiveness to our faults and given me a perspective that could never have been developed at home. I constantly find myself hoping that we are not going to do something that, though quite unconsciously done on our part, is going to create an unfavorable impression on foreigners. They have so many traditions, so many conventional ideas about how each situation should be treated, so many hard-and-fast rules—all of which do not exist in our consciousness—that we often unintentionally offend them deeply. Especially true is this when the young people of the New World and the Old World come in contact.

Shiploads of Galahads

There were several opportunities in Lisbon of looking on and taking part in this meeting of the young people of an old and a new race. One I remember particularly, when the Annapolis summer cruise brought nearly two thousand midshipmen to Lisbon for ten days. I don't think I have ever been so proud of my country as when five huge battleships, all in line, steamed up the Tagus and anchored before the city; it was such an effective demonstration of our power; and later, when about eight thousand Americans—officers, midshipmen, marines—all dressed in white duck, filled the streets of Lisbon, the Old World capital appeared inhabited by an entirely new race—a race of a different color, of different character, of a new invigorating vitality. The impression they made was amazing. The old city suddenly became grubby and worn out and sordid; the inhabitants took on a look of exhaustion and lassitude; the picturesqueness remained, it even became accentuated, but it was in no way a setting for this fresh young race from an entirely different world.

The largest restaurant of the town offered a particularly interesting scene to the Portuguese; they stood before its doors and windows and peered in with admiring eyes at the hundreds of fresh, fair, blue-eyed, spotlessly clean, gay, carefree young Americans sitting at the tables. One old Portuguese gentleman, seeing a group of jolly midshipmen pass, said, "Somehow they make me think of young Galahads. What a wonderful thing for Portugal if they could all be left here to help us build up a next generation that would counteract our effeteness of centuries!"

The daily dances on the battleships created amusing contretemps. The Portuguese girls flocked to them, always closely chaperoned by mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins—the only chance these dear old ladies ever had of getting out and seeing what was going on in the world; and I must confess that at times I got fed up on doing my duty by this mass of chaperons, a duty which consisted principally in asking about the health of every member of their numerous families—their one subject of conversation. I once asked one lady who was sitting alone—though not missing one thing that was going on—how many children she had. This is the internationally accepted formula for beginning a conversation with a Latin woman. She replied promptly that she had had nineteen; then added that seventeen were living. I couldn't resist asking her if she knew them all by sight. She answered indignantly that she not only knew them by sight but that she was intimately acquainted with each one's character, tastes and talents. Somehow I couldn't help thinking she was exaggerating a bit; though she pointed out with no evidence of uncertainty a dozen daughters who were at that moment dancing with admiring midshipmen.

While the chaperons ranged themselves on all the available chairs and benches and camp stools to be found on the battleships, enjoyed quantities of American punch and were mildly shocked by our latest musical compositions which they called "le shimmie," their numerous daughters and granddaughters were making very precocious progress in the intricacies of American customs. When the dance ended and the midshipmen asked the girls to meet them the next day on shore and have lunch or take a motor trip with them and inquired when they might call, the mothers and grandmothers and aunts almost fainted with consternation—especially when the daughters said they didn't see why they couldn't accept such nice invitations. One midshipman complained bitterly of the customs of a country where he would have to marry a girl before he could see her alone.

When I found a number of midshipmen were from Mississippi I decided to invite them out to my villa to spend an afternoon and evening. I mentioned this to the admiral, he consented to let them have permission for the extra hours necessary and instructed the captains of the different battleships to extend the invitation for me. I supposed there would be about twelve or fifteen, and accordingly prepared for this number and gathered together some girls for the occasion—though with the stipulation that they come without their retinue of mothers and grandmothers and aunts. The excuse given for such an unheard-of proceeding was that my house was too small to hold the vast ramifications of even one Portuguese family. At four o'clock, the time for the train to arrive, I happened to look down the road leading from the station and saw a procession—it appeared without end—of young men in white coming directly towards my villa. There were more than fifty of them.

Consternation reigned for a few minutes; then we decided that the only thing to do was to transport the whole party to a near-by casino, which was much better prepared to take care of such a gathering than our small house.

I found out, after making some discreet inquiries, that not only those from my own state had come but each one had brought along a companion from a neighboring state—an example of the traditional Southern hospitality.

Orders From Washington

When spring arrived—which is not very different in Portugal from autumn and winter; it seems to be a country of almost perpetual spring—I was again alone at the legation. Colonel and Mrs. Birch had returned to America, a new minister had been appointed, and the legation had been moved from the delightful house of Queen Amelia to one more in the center of town. One of the unpleasant sides of diplomatic life is that friends are hardly made and become a pleasant part of one's existence when, without warning, they are shunted off to another side of the world—sometimes never to be seen again and sometimes to be run upon unexpectedly in the Rue de la Paix or Regent Street or Fifth Avenue.

I had hardly got the legation moved, the pictures of Presidents Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson hung, the hundreds of calf-bound archives arranged on their proper shelves, the red and blue Turkey carpets laid and the comfortable family sofa well placed, when a cablegram arrived which, when the first group was deciphered, spelled my own name.

Of course this meant transfer. I put down the code book and looked out of the window. Where under the sun was I going to be sent now?

Suddenly I closed the cipher book, threw it in the safe and rushed off to catch a train which would carry me far off into that distant Alentejo land where I could wander all the rest of the day about a town that had been built in the days of Julius Cæsar—a town where aqueducts, walls and Roman temples were still standing in a state of almost perfect preservation. This was very much more delightful than jumping at once into the midst of making plans for life in an utterly unknown place. But there is no peace in uncertainty; my thoughts continually shifted back to that coded telegram; the change hanging over me robbed the peaceful Alentejo of all its calm beauty. I caught the train back to Lisbon and made straight for the legation and that disturbing code book.

A few minutes later Lisbon had become a part of the past and my thoughts were racing ahead to a far-away land more utterly strange and remote than anything I had yet seen. The deciphered cable read: "Upon arrival of new minister you should proceed immediately to Tokio."

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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OVERLAND

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Goodyears Last Longer

Actual photograph of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Truck Tire in heavy-duty service for G. R. Daley, San Diego, California

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THE SUNNY SIDE OF THIRTY

Continued from Page 11

"I thought that you had gone," observed the colonel rather severely.

"I changed my mind, sir, and decided to finish the rest of the letters this afternoon."

Colonel Price surveyed the young man with a dubious eye. He could not very well ask Eversley if he had overheard the conversation with Pamela. Being a gentleman, Eversley would not eavesdrop, but there was only one door between the library and the back drawing-room, and some of Pamela's extraordinary conversation might easily have percolated through its keyhole and cracks.

Noting that his employer was staring at him in perplexity, Eversley asked if the colonel preferred to have him work at something else.

"Oh, no. But before you go, Eversley, please step into the back drawing-room for a minute. I have something rather strange to say to you."

The young man glanced up curiously, but with a frankness that showed he little knew what had just taken place one door away.

"Very well, colonel," he said as he went on methodically with his work.

"I am going to tell you something that may shock and surprise you," began the colonel, as soon as Eversley appeared. "It so happens that I have never before been called upon to make just this sort of disclosure. I have no advice to offer, but I think that you ought to know, for your own protection, that my niece, Pamela Price, has taken an immense fancy to you. In short, as they used to say in novels, she is desperately in love with you."

It was such a transparent fabrication that it took all Colonel Price's self-command to meet the searching, gimlet-like gaze of his secretary.

"But I have seen Miss Price only three times."

"I can't help that, Eversley. You have the facts."

"May I be as frank as you have been, Colonel Price?"

The colonel nodded. He was well aware that he was walking on the edge of a precipice, but he had expected that sensation, and now that it was upon him he enjoyed it. He had made careful plans for the precipice, because in the course of his recent reading he had come upon the statement that if each of two people is told that the other is in love with him, the result is first interest and then love itself. In trying the effect of this adage on Pamela, the colonel was not afraid of any untoward results. It was the matter of Eversley's ultimate happiness which produced the precipice sensations. He had observed Eversley, day in, day out, for two years, and had privately come to the conclusion that no finer type of citizen existed. Eversley must not suffer at Pamela's hands.

If anything should happen to Eversley, the colonel—to change the figure—was ready to do all he could to unscramble the egg and put it neatly back in its shell again.

"Miss Price is the last sort of girl to appeal to me in that way," said the young man stoutly. "I hope you will forgive my plain speaking, colonel."

"I don't forgive; I applaud your excellent judgment. But just what, specifically, don't you like about my niece? Do you think she is homely?"

The young man straightened up as if something fine in him was being outraged.

"She's gloriously beautiful—so beautiful that my heart came right up into my mouth at first sight of her. As soon as she began to talk it went back where it belongs and has stayed there ever since. I am sure you must be mistaken about her liking me, colonel."

"But I'm not!" lied the colonel happily. What a perfect pair they would make! "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I wasn't going to do anything. What did you expect me to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I hoped you might advise me. For we can't go on letting the poor girl eat her heart out, you know."

"I didn't suppose Miss Price had anything so old-fashioned as a heart."

Colonel Price affected to cast about for a plan.

"Let's see," he began, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "if she sees a lot of you, that might cure her. I don't mean you aren't interesting or worthy, but I do mean that she's faddy, and that the minute she gets a thing she loses all interest in it. Yes, Eversley, that's the way. She's making over a house in Sutton Square, and I'll detail you to help her draw up her contracts with the decorators and plumbers, and so on. She's there now, and you can go over immediately and tell her I sent you. There!" The colonel's last word was an exclamation of triumph.

"Colonel Price," replied Eversley, choosing his words with extreme care, "you have done a lot for me, taking me in, as you have, and fitting your work to the scraps of time I could give you, and it has been a privilege to be associated in any capacity with a man like you. But as for being a lap dog or an errand boy for Miss Price, I absolutely refuse. If she has been so mistaken as to think she cares about me, let her get over it the way other people get over similar affairs."

The colonel managed a scowl.

"I had no idea you could be so vehement, Eversley."

"I'm rabid, colonel. If there's one thing I won't do, it is toady round a rich woman of any age. Miss Price is young, beautiful and desirable, but she is also silly, spoiled and worthless. I haven't time to bother with people who spend their lives the way she does."

"She has set her heart on you, I say."

"Let her do as other people have to, then. She isn't the first person on earth to be thwarted."

Colonel Price raised the lid of a humidor, extracted two cigars and passed one to Eversley.

"If that is the way you feel," he said, "forgive me for mentioning the matter. I need not tell you that I have made this disclosure in confidence. I have been unwise, perhaps, but I am so fond of Pamela that I still persist in thinking that she will amount to something in spite of circumstantial evidence. Let her go, then. And I shan't need you any more today, Eversley."

"I can't leave you without some assurance that I haven't offended you, colonel."

"What has just happened in no way alters my former opinion of you, Eversley."

The two men grasped hands and then Eversley left the house.

Outside there was dancing sunlight, mellow and seductive. There was a gold something in that sunlight which forbade Eversley's taking the Subway, as he had planned to do. For once the Law School Library called vainly. The golden sunlight spelled two words, and it spelled them over and over. The two words were Sutton Square. So that's where she was—this girl who looked like all a man's embodied dreams and who talked like a bored mondaine! A girl with false ideals, or no ideals at all! He would like to tell her what he thought of her. It would be refreshing. By George, he would tell her! He would find her at once and tell her how she had upset him, obsessed him and spoiled his days ever since he had first seen her there in Colonel Price's back drawing-room.

"Sutton Square!" he cried to the driver of the first taxi.

He, who never afforded taxis, leaned back on this one's greasy cushions, smoking the colonel's good cigar and thinking tumultuously, "Suppose I can't find her! I've never seen Sutton Square, and it may be as big as Central Park."

But it wasn't big at all. That was its beauty. There were only six or seven houses at the most, and such adorable houses as they were, with big plain brass plates on their blue-painted doors, plates that honestly bore each owner's name. There was hers—looking newer than the rest—"Miss Pamela Price." He rang her bell and waited.

Sutton Square wasn't a square at all; it was just a pocket of Sutton Place, with the East River bank at its end. And it bore the same relation to ordinary streets that the article "a" bears to the longest word in the dictionary. No one answered the door, and he rang again, imperiously this time.

Pamela came to the door herself, and behind her, plainly annoyed at the interruption, followed a pale bespectacled young man with adenoids. He proved to be Mr. DeKay, the decorator. Indeed, he was none other than the great DeKay himself. Eversley took wicked delight in asking him if he spelled his name plain "decay."

Fabrics of every description were strewn through the house. Chairs stood here and there, nervously waiting to be chosen or condemned. Tables waited Pamela's pleasure. Everything was in wildest upheaval—just what Pamela loved. She did not seem surprised to see Eversley; she only turned a little pale when she opened the door. Or was it the reflection of the glare of the river sparkling far below the square?

"I'll see you in a minute, Mr. Eversley," she said, as if they had had an appointment.

And it literally was a minute instead of the usual fifteen. She got rid of Mr. DeKay with a finesse that was brutal. When he had gone she sat down on a pile of brocade and looked at Eversley. Her breath came and went quickly. For a long time there was complete silence between them. When at last she fumbled for a cigarette he took the box away and tossed it over in a corner with some débris. And she made no protest.

"I knew that you would come," she said finally. And the relief in her voice almost unmanned him. Her eyes fell before his, and she toyed unseeingly with a fragment of purple brocade.

"I suppose it was foolish of me. Indeed, I know it was insane. You haven't got the nerve to be poor!" Eversley said. "You wouldn't dare."

"We wouldn't have to be poor, would we?"

"We would."

"Oh! Could it be fixed so that I couldn't touch my money?"

"It could. Plenty of ways, Pamela."

"We are all alone in my house. Say Pamela over and over again."

"I shan't say it until tomorrow, because I want you to want me to." But he forgot. "Pamela, will you marry me this afternoon?"

"How about licenses?" she asked.

"Well, as soon as the law allows."

"I'll try and wait for your law," she said.

And then, without their having touched each other, another silence fell upon them. They couldn't bear the bliss of touching each other—yet. Because it was the only thing left for them to do, in the face of the immensity that had happened to them, they began to chatter happily.

"Wasn't it funny, how we both knew—at once—the very instant we met?" she asked. "Wasn't it queer that my dear uncle never saw all our former lives crashing down about us, and our new life together rising up out of the wreck? Wasn't it odd that nothing at all had to be said—to be known? I tried to talk more crazily than I ever had before, to show you I wasn't worthy of you and never could be."

"And I tried to seem scornful and aloof to hide my joy at finding you and my utter despair of ever getting you."

They went on, on, on, breathlessly, as true lovers ought, and always will. The next minute—it was really several hours later—they went to tell Colonel Price.

If their coming in together astounded him, their announcement was more than he could believe. They gave him no time to readjust himself to their news; they asked him at once, severely, how he had found out that they loved each other when neither had admitted it, even to himself.

"But I didn't know it," explained the bewildered colonel. "That was just a little plot of mine to make you fall in love."

They eyed the man incredulously, and then Pamela said, not without disdain, "We were perfectly well able to fall in love without any plots, diagrams or blue prints, dear uncle." But she gave him a rhapsodic embrace.

"But without my connivance, it might have taken you months, not to say years. Now—you are both on the right side of thirty, my dears."

"My dear Colonel Price," said Eversley, "at four o'clock this afternoon Pamela and I discovered that there are two right sides to thirty. And we're going to spend them both—together."

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"I notice you're using a lot of scoops as ballast on this road," he remarked a little later to a Master Mechanic

"You bet," grinned that gentleman. "You see when a scoop begins to wear so that it means more back and elbow grease for a smaller scoopful, a fireman chucks her overboard, and hollers for a new one. And the same thing goes for a section hand But look here"—he pointed to some scoops chained and padlocked to telegraph poles. "You see those scoops? They are *Red Edges*. When a fellow gets hold of a Red Edge he chains her down so that somebody won't lift it."

Every year, Red Edge holds a contest to determine mileage records for Red Edge scoops. 80,200 miles won in 1921 Last year it took 130,000 miles to produce the winner. Do you wonder that firemen value Red Edge? Or that Red Edge has 75% of the locomotive scoop business?

Not long ago the Los Angeles Ry. Co. conducted a particularly rough "third degree" to determine what make of track shovel could take most punishment. A cheap make lay down and died after 90 hours. A "very fine" shovel expired in 140. After trying for 240 hours to put a Red Edge out of business, they gave it up and put the Red Edge to work on the track.

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SHOVELS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30

H. Hornrimm, the book reviewer; G. Smyrkin, the play critick; A. Browloft, the movie critick, and many other of the important literati of the day. The first meeting of the Colyum Conductors' Mutual and Self-Esteem Association was thus held, and the by-laws bind each member to mention the others at least thrice weekly in his column. A good ruling, too, for Lord knows we must earn our bread and butter, and if we esteem not each other, then who shall?

O Lady, Lady!

LADY, when I lamp your tilian
Tresses and your cheeks of rose,
Hazel eyes and pert, patrician
Nose ——

When I hear your laughter dulcet
Ripple like a line from Keats,
Pounds my heart and fast my pulse it
Beats.

With that form and face seraphic
You could melt a brick—why, ma'am,
You could block a Broadway traffic
Jam!

With those lips that bear the hints of
Nature's art—not druggist's sales—
You could even vamp the Prince of
Wales!

It's your classy style that bats me
Square between the eyes somehow.
Really, lady, you're the cat's mee—
Ow!

Though the tabbies call you "bromide,"
"Baby doll" and "senseless chit,"
For your love, my happy home I'd
Quit!

Lady—must there needs be more said?
Am I smitten with you—quite?
Do I mean all the aforesaid?
Right!

Perfectly Killing

Saliva sends us a laundry ad which says, "Don't kill your wife by giving her the wash. Let us do the dirty work for you."

A Prof. Without Honor, Etc.

"Professor Dropped From College for Radical Talk"—Headline.

For the enlightenment of our contribs we will mention that G. Hunger runs a delicatessen in Brooklyn, A. Crook is a lawyer, and S. Plug is an automobile mechanic. Got any more?

Crazy With the Heat

A Michigan girl hoaxed physicians by running a temperature of 114 for several days. She placed the thermometer next to a hot water bottle.—News Story.

To contribs: Send us all the triolets, ballades, rondeaus, etc., you wish, but for the love of Zeus don't bother us with phone queries as to who wrote Endymion and what brand of cigars Amy Lowell smokes, and all that. We're too burdened with many other labors to perturb ourselves about these things. We haven't had time to use half the things in Bartlett's Quotations to fill out the colyum.

Love Came to Me

LOVE came to me in a moment's twinkling,
Soft as the spring rain's fall. . . .
Clear as a cowbell's silver tinkling,
I heard Love call. . . .

Love left my heart with a sullen anguish,
Flickered—and then blew out.
Oh, how many times must I laugh and languish
When Love's about?

—Prunella.

They Waited for No Man

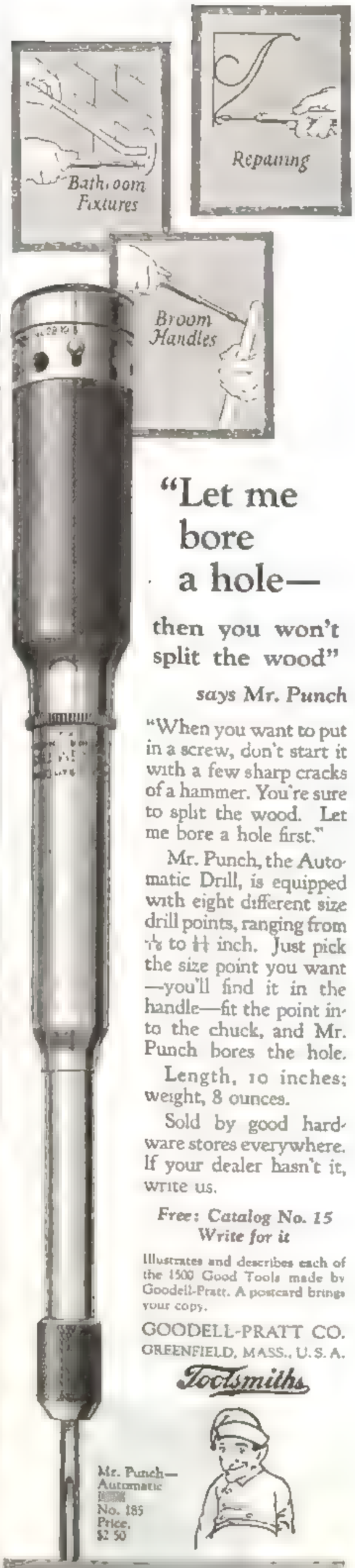
(From the Paw Paw, S. D., Piccolo)

Miss Theresa Tyme, the deacon's daughter, ran away from home last Monday with Ken Tide, the hardware clerk. They were married by Parson Brown.

A friend of ours is going into the hosiery business. Well, we wish him lots of soxcess.

THESE AMERICANS ARE THE GUYS FOR ME THESE OLD GREEKS WERE PIKERS
GOD OF SPEED
HE WAS A WALKER
SHE WAS GIVEN A LONGER CHANCE THAN ME
JUST A RECKLESS DRIVER
HE TOOK A LONG CHANCE
HE DIDN'T LOOK
HE GAMBLED WITH HIS LIFE

A Record of a Careless Age



"Let me bore a hole—

then you won't split the wood"

says Mr. Punch

"When you want to put in a screw, don't start it with a few sharp cracks of a hammer. You're sure to split the wood. Let me bore a hole first."

Mr. Punch, the Automatic Drill, is equipped with eight different size drill points, ranging from 1/8 to 1/4 inch. Just pick the size point you want—you'll find it in the handle—fit the point into the chuck, and Mr. Punch bores the hole.

Length, 10 inches; weight, 8 ounces.

Sold by good hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

Free: Catalog No. 15
Write for it

Illustrates and describes each of the 1500 Good Tools made by Goodell-Pratt. A postcard brings your copy.

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GREENFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

Toolsmiths

Mr. Punch—Automatic
No. 185
Price, $2 50

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Mr. Punch bores eight different size holes

Take Your Dentist's Advice!

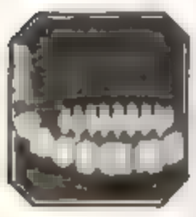
Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

This is the Right way!

The two grinding surfaces of the teeth should *not* touch when you brush. Dr. West's is the tooth brush purposely made to clean teeth the ONE correct way. It fits the back surfaces—and the effective straight bristles are spaced to *sweep clean*. All the crevices are reached from the back—and food particles are not jammed under the gums to decay and irritate. Dr. West's Tooth Brush is really a step forward in promoting dental hygiene and good health.

In Three Sizes at All Good Dealers'

Cleans INSIDE



Cleans OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Canada. Numerous other patents pending. Our rights will be fully protected

THE WESTERN COMPANY · Chicago: New York

A girl I like
Is Mazie Wohnt.
She never checks
Me with a "Don't!"
—B. Z. B. in Mortuarian's Trade Journal.

* * *

A jane I love
Is Alice Krutch.
When we're at lunch
She don't eat much
—Essaitchee in Wurstgeschäft Review.

* * *

We like Mae Black,
She is some goil.
She never ut-
Ters "Olive oil!"

AHA, PLASTER OF PARIS!

(From the Wiskawoozie, Vt., Whambang)

Harvey M. Plaster, one of the town's leading citizens, sailed from New York last Saturday for Paris, France.

NO; WOULD YOU?

Dear Boss: If Jockey Ted Doane married Gerty Heffelflinger, the circus rider, would you say they'd follow the bridal path? —*Gorgon Zola.*

We have a new joke to retail to our clients. It seems that down in Georgia they shot to death one of those veteran messenger "boys." They thought he was a Union soldier.

We notice in a story by Mona Wail, on Page 164, Line 23, in this month's number of Zippy Tales, that one of the characters says, "Whom goes there?" and still another, "Who do you think you're talking to?" Contribs who find similar mistakes in the stories they read will, in addition to seeing their names in 10-point bold type, be permitted to attend the annual contribs' banquet, provided they have the necessary kale.

Books we recommend this week are Thick Ankles, by Old Dan Marcus; Atta Boy! by Old Hayfoot Broomley; Up Stage and Down, by Old Alec Bullcopp, and Fifty Best Recipes, by Old Sis Borely, all good friends of ours. Not to omit mentioning our own latest volume of verse, Hot Doggerel! $1.50 at all bookstores

---

Well, we're nearing the end of the colyum.

Zip, goes another paragraph!

It's easy to write 'em.

Like this

And this.

And that's a colyum. —*Max Lief.*

The Average Man

THERE is one whom I often have wanted to meet;
A creature statistical
Yet rather mystical,
Favored of yardsticks that lovingly measure him,
Darling of numbers that cherish and treasure him,
Decimal-slow or fractional-fleet,
Spanning just so many inches and feet—
The average man,
The quoted, illustrious, ever industrious,
Weak or robustious average man!

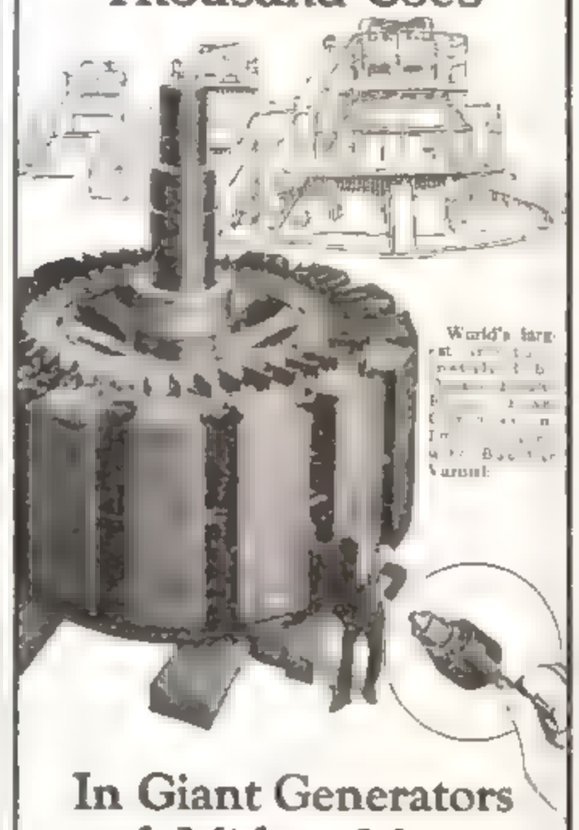
In an age when the best of us struggle with doubt
This being, meticulous,
Formal, ridiculous,
Knows to a minute the lifetime allotted him,
Fate never puzzled, distracted or knotted him;
Fractional-thin or decimal-stout
Never approximate, nearly, about—
The average man,
An error-proof, serious, blandly imperious,
Destined-to-weary-us average man!

On his thirty-first birthday he rises to say,
"I stand for veracity;
Down with mendacity
Till, in the future, when all will be dead of me;
Note thirty-four-point-six-three-years ahead of me."
Sure of his yea and sure of his nay
Certain of what he will measure and weigh—
The average man,
The gloatingly clerical, how-when-and-where-ical,
Chiefly numerical average man!
—*Elias Lieberman.*

Smithers, Who Writes Rot for the "Rotten Stories Magazine," Finds His Daughter Absorbed in His Latest Manuscript

BAKELITE

The Material of a Thousand Uses



In Giant Generators and Midget Motors

Bakelite Varnish is used for insulating the largest armatures in the world and the smallest.

In combination with paper and cloth it is made into radio panels, silent gears and many other laminated products.

Bakelite varnish possesses valuable properties not found combined in any other product. It imparts these properties of mechanical and dielectric strength, water-proofness, resistance to heat etc. to the products in which it is incorporated.

There are many other forms of Bakelite as well as varnish serving thousands of uses.

We offer the co-operation of our Research Laboratories to those interested in its possibilities.

Write for free Booklet "The Material of a Thousand Uses".

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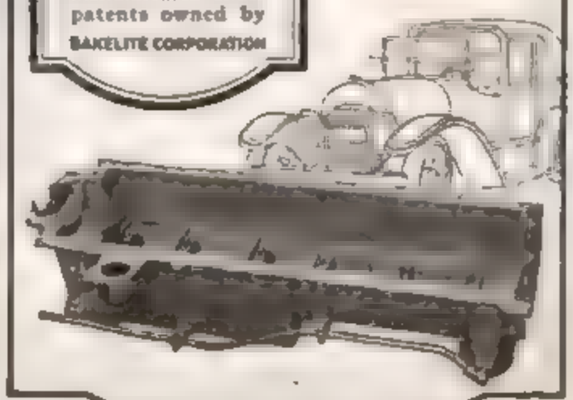
Bakelite Enamel is used to seal the pores of this aluminum crank case casting, making it thoroly non-porous.



The greatest contributions to tire making since Cord Tires were invented—*developed by the* United States Rubber Company

Sprayed Rubber—The first uniformly pure rubber.

The New Web Cord—The first rubber-webbed cord structure—doing away with cross tie-threads and all causes of flexion-resistance. The New Web Cord has proved itself to the United States Rubber Company to be the most resilient, the most resistant to puncture, the longest wearing tire construction since cord tires were invented.

The New Flat-Band Method of building a Cord Tire—a building method that ensures equal angles, equal length, equal tension, and equal service, in all the cords of a Cord Tire.

ENLARGED 4 TIMES

A section of the New Web Cord. The position of the cords absolutely uniform. No tie-threads.

ENLARGED 4 TIMES

A section of ordinary cord fabric. Note the cross tie-threads which have a sawing action in a finished tire, and the irregularity of position of the cords.

FOR sometime now, motorists of this country have been riding on "U. S." Royal Cord Tires built on a *new principle*. Unannounced, but delivering a service that has been unquestionably an outstanding tire performance.

This may explain perhaps why you hear people saying everywhere that "U. S." Royal Cords are always of *uniform* quality.

It is now announced that these tires are built of "U. S." *Web Cord* by the *Flat-Band Method*.

For the car-owner who is interested in the quality-facts of tires, the following description of these two "U. S." achievements is published for the first time.

The New "U. S." Web Cord

Some time ago, while working with the rubber latex in that series of researches and developments which culminated in the new *Sprayed Rubber*, the rubber technicians of this Company discovered another remarkable fact about latex.

First, let us remind you that latex is the source of all virgin rubber. It is the milky liquid which flows from a rubber tree when it is tapped. It contains the rubber solids which, by the new "U. S." Sprayed Rubber Process, coagulate as the watery part of the latex evaporates.

* * *

Latex, in its original form, just as it comes from the rubber tree, has a natural affinity for cotton.

That is, the cotton fibres will *soak up* natural latex, where on the other hand they would *resist* chemical solutions of coagulated rubber.

With this new principle established, here is how *Web Cord* is made:

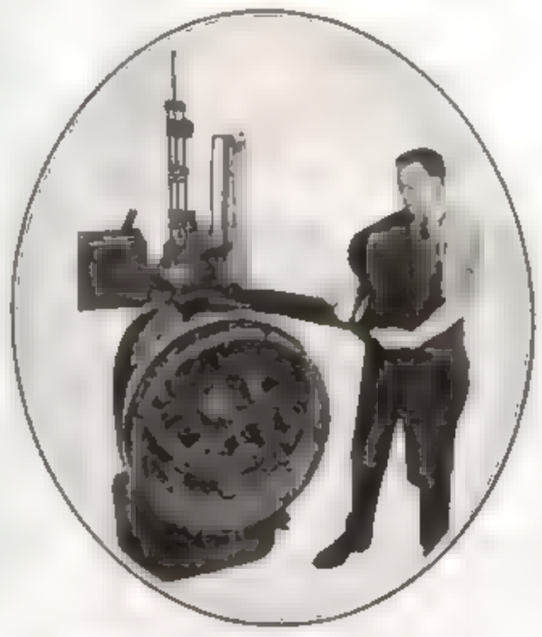
Pure rubber latex is brought in steamers' tanks direct from the trees of the Company's Far East Plantations.

The tire cords are immersed in the latex.

The latex penetrates through and through every cord.

A *complete impregnation of pure rubber.*

The cords are then laid side by side



Placing the tread material on the flat-band tire building machine.

and are webbed together into a sheet by a film of natural rubber that permeates and surrounds each cord.

By this method, there is no possibility of injury to the fabric by chemical reaction or by forcing the rubber under great pressure into the fabric. No danger of chemical reaction weakening the rubber nor of dissolving the natural oils in the cotton.

Take a piece of *Web Cord* construction apart.

Tear off one of the cords. The rubber-web *clings and stretches.*

Pull the individual threads of the cord apart. The rubber-web *clings and stretches.*

Pick the individual thread to pieces—down to the last minute filament you can split off. The rubber-web *clings and stretches.*

It is believed that the new Web Cord makes possible the most homogeneous cord structure ever invented, the most elastic, and the most resistant to puncture and wear.

The New "U. S." Flat-Band Method of Building a Cord Tire

Now, working with the new "U. S." Web Cord—here is the way a tire is built by the *Flat-Band Method.*

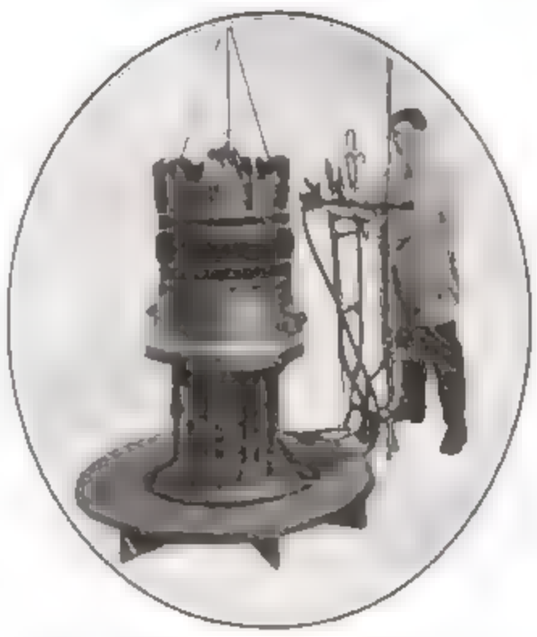
The tire is built in the form of a flat band upon a drum, instead of around a metal core the shape of a tire.

The plies of cord are laid and fitted by *hand*, one above the other, on this drum.

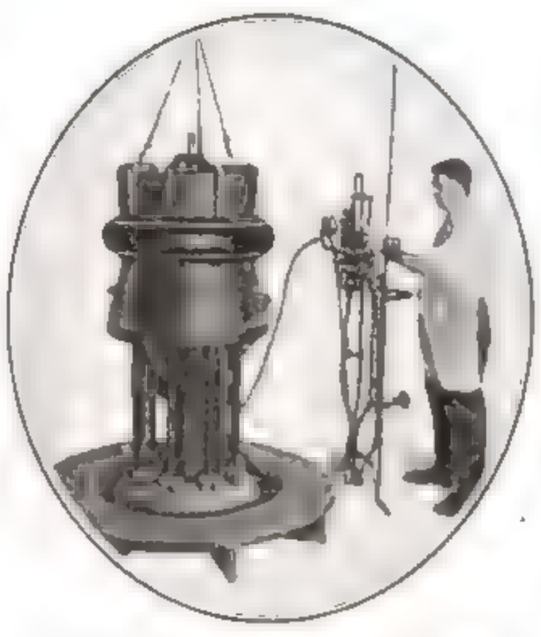
The angle and length of every cord in each ply are predetermined. So that every cord is working when in use *under conditions of equal stretch and tension.*

This flat band is then gently formed to tire shape by an easy air pressure, so that every thread moves freely to its normal position in the finished tire. After this forming process, the tire is vulcanized with the elastic pressure of a gas against its inner surface, thus ensuring absolute uniformity of compaction in the tire walls.

There is no variation in the twist of the individual cords.



The tire on the inflating machine —first stage.



The tire two-thirds inflated under precise air pressure from within.

Each accepts its proportionate share of the load on the finished tire.

No disproportionate strain can be laid on any cord or group of cords.

The result is a uniform tire equalized throughout in resilience and resistance to wear.

A unit in which every individual cord is contributing always its *full strength.*

A cord tire that fulfills, at last, the conception of what a tire should *be* and *do.*

The New "U. S." Sprayed Rubber

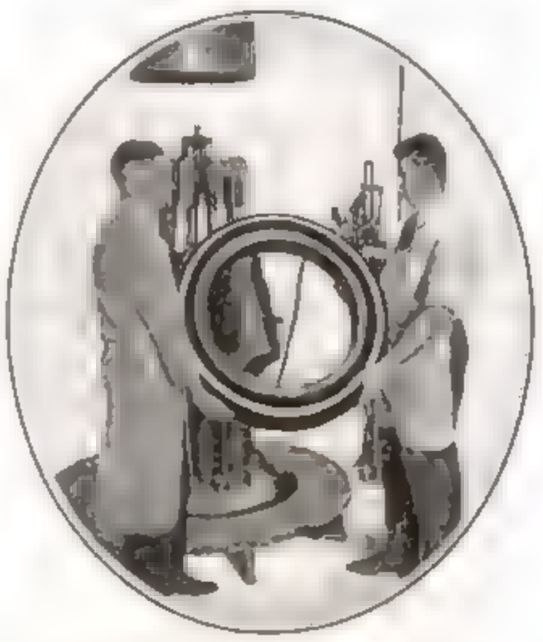
Sprayed Rubber is the result of a new scientific process of obtaining crude rubber from rubber latex.

Instead of coagulating rubber out of the latex with smoke or chemicals—the only methods known heretofore—latex is sprayed as a snow-white mist into super-heated air. The water is driven out of it—nothing else.

Sprayed Rubber is *uniform* in quality—an impossibility with the former processes. It vulcanizes to perfection. *Sprayed Rubber* ensures finer quality and longer service in manufactured rubber goods of every type and description.

* * *

It is believed that these developments—the new *Web Cord, Flat-Band Method* of building a cord tire, and *Sprayed Rubber*, mean more to the rubber industry than anything that has been accomplished since the discovery of vulcanization in 1839.



The fully shaped tire ready for vulcanization—each cord precisely the same in length and angle.

These developments are the basis for a new and higher art of rubber manufacture, developed by the United States Rubber Company, and protected by patents in the United States and foreign countries.

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Trade Mark

Simmons Beds, Design 16659 in the spirit of Heppelwhite

Finished in soft old blue, jade green, ivory, walnut, mahogany

Living faster, working harder yet giving no thought to sleep

"The pace that kills," a great physician wrote recently, "is a crawl."

Speed is tonic, he declared. Hard work is healthy. But fatigue poisons, unless eliminated promptly, are almost as deadly as disease. Of all medicines, sleep and rest are the best.

And now Simmons mattresses and springs bring deep, refreshing sleep within the reach and buying power of everyone. Built in all types and widths, they range from mattresses of buoyant *new* material to the cradling luxury of *The Purple Label*, the finest and most economical mattress made.

Before you go to bed tonight, turn back the covers and see what kind and character of mattress and spring you have been sleeping on.

Carry this mental picture to your furniture dealer's and compare what you are using with the buoyant and flexible comfort of a Simmons spring and mattress. A wide choice is given you in a range of styles and prices to meet any taste or income.

Study them. Find the combination you like best. Then set your own valuation on the health and energy-renewing sleep its luxury will insure you.

Write for new booklet, "Restful Bedrooms," to Simmons Company, 1347 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SIMMONS

Beds Mattresses Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP

A MODERN ROBIN HOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

murderer is fortunate he escapes to Mexico, beyond the reach of extradition; if he is unlucky he receives a sentence of thirty years, to be served in the Presidio. The absence of an extradition treaty between Mexico and Cuba has given rise to a sort of unofficial interchange of murderers between the two countries. Seventeen persons wanted for murder in Cuba are known to be sheltering in Mexico, and probably no one has tried to count the number of Mexican homicides who are making Havana their pleasure resort.

Now let us see how easily a respectable young Cuban may slip into outlawry. According to his own account of himself, Ramon Arroyo y Suarez was born at Aguacate in the province of Havana on September 18, 1896. Aguacate is a tiny village of palm-thatched cottages lying on either side of a red earth road, a few miles from Havana, with palm trees all about. Sleeping there in the sunshine she seems the last mother in the world to have hatched a family of bandits. Arroyito's father was a small farmer who worked his own land. From 1910 to 1916 young Ramon was engaged as a taxi driver. In March, 1916, he was unlucky enough to run over and kill a little boy of eleven. It was a pure accident, but he was indicted for manslaughter by culpable negligence, and after many months of delay he was sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a day. After serving ten months in the jail at Matanzas he earned the full remission to which he was entitled by good conduct and was discharged on April 15, 1919. He returned to La Mocha and almost immediately obtained employment as a police officer in that village. He rose a little later to be a sergeant of police with two men under him. In a place of that size he was virtually chief of police, because he worked directly under the orders of the mayor, who left everything to him.

Politics and Crime

The renown of Arroyito has already been celebrated in a volume by Osvaldo Valdes de la Paz, with a prologue by Doctor Marcos, copiously illustrated with distressingly bad drawings. They do these things differently in Latin countries. In America the author would have eschewed imaginary dialogue and would have been careful about his dates and his facts; in Cuba dates and facts are quite immaterial beside sentiments which touch the heart and adjectives which tickle the ear. It is my function to bring the mythical hero of outlawry down to earth and strip him of his sentimental trappings.

Unluckily, in 1917 Arroyito had joined the party of Ex-President José Miguel Gomez and had fought in his abortive revolution. One of his military exploits is said to have been the burning of the little station of La Mocha. He talked a great deal about political animosity, but as a matter of fact an amnesty had been granted to all the actors in the revolution. What had happened was quite another thing. A Chinaman had been assaulted and robbed, and a wealthy sugar planter named Lantero had accused Arroyito and one of the policemen under his orders, named Julio Ramirez, of committing the crime. Arroyito asserts that they had not.

I do not suggest any elucidation of that disputed point. All that we do know is that on August 23, 1920, Arroyito threw up his job without notice and disappeared, together with his subordinate, Ramirez, who on that very day was arrested on the same charge and confined in the prison at Jaruco. In any other country Arroyito's behavior would not be thought consistent with innocence.

Political feeling runs very high in a place like Cuba and it is conceivable that political enemies, especially those of the victorious party, might stoop so low as to bring a false charge against a police officer, but there was more than a suspicion that The Sentimental Bandit had been using his position as sergeant of the police to enrich himself in various illicit ways.

The Rescue of Ramirez

On the other hand, one of the worst answers one can make to a false charge is to run away from it. At any rate, at this point of the history we find Arroyito laboring under a strong sense of injustice and virtually an outlaw. He knew that the rural guard were scouring the country for him. One evening he was driving a car which he had borrowed from one of his friends, when he encountered two of the guard at a turn in the road. Feeling sure from their attitude that they intended to stop him, he drove straight at them. Their horses shied and one of them escaped injury, but the other received a wound in the leg from the lamp bracket of the automobile.

Meanwhile Ramirez was held in the prison at Jaruco. In the smaller prisons in Cuba there is not very much system. Arroyito found no difficulty in paying several visits to his old subordinate, Ramirez, in prison without revealing his own identity. Ramirez had been incarcerated on August twenty-third, and on September twelfth Arroyito presented himself for what he intended to be his final visit. There were seven guards in the jail at the time; three of them were standing at the gate where he was talking to Ramirez. Suddenly Arroyito whipped two pistols from his pocket, fired upon and wounded two of the guards and ordered the third, at the point of the pistol, to open the gate. He had a horse waiting at a little

The Hole Blown in the Wall of Matanzas Prison Through Which Arroyito Escaped

Ask

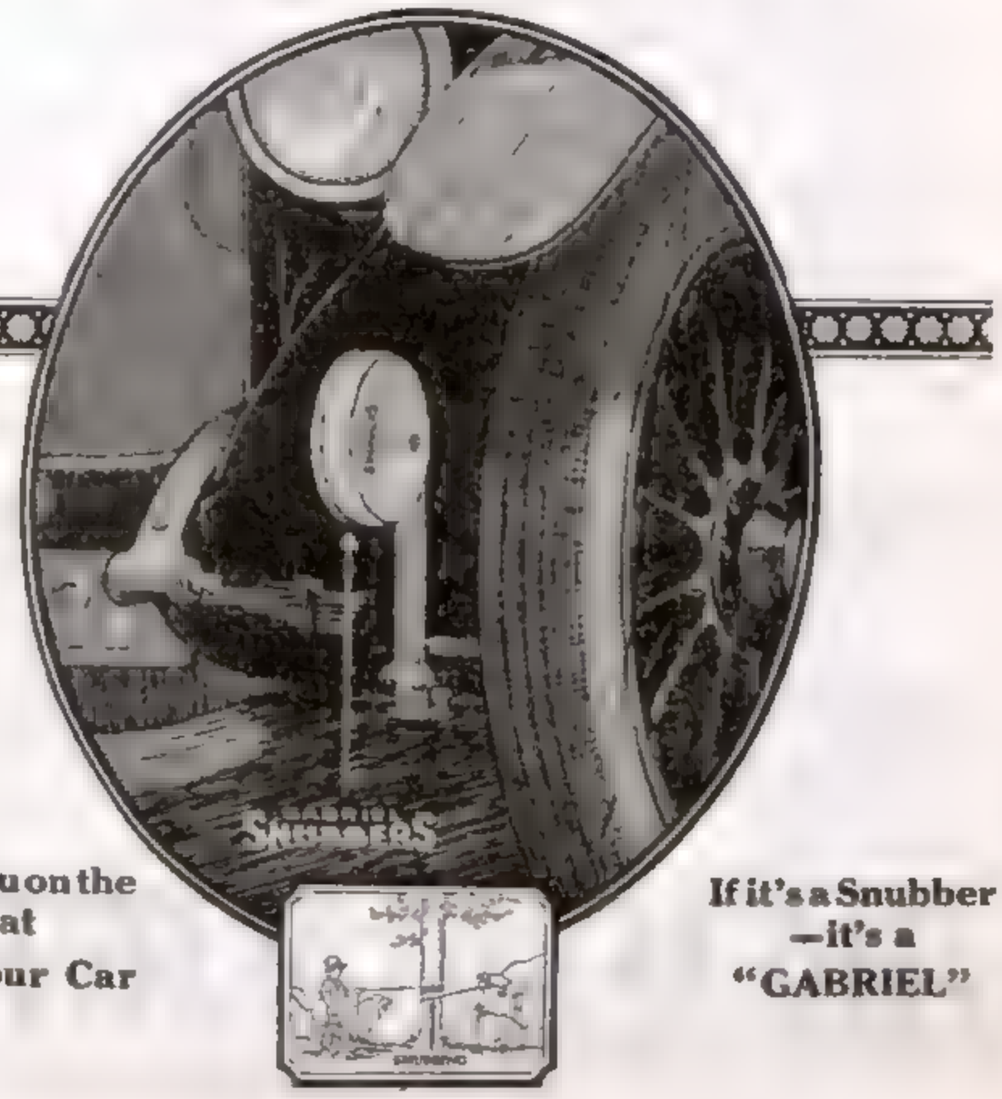
—any engineer why Gabriel Snubbers *only* are endorsed by 71 automobile makers. He will tell you it's *because the snubbing principle is right.* 37 cars standard-equipped—manufacturers of 34 others put holes in frame for them.

Sold by legitimate dealers

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street Cleveland, Ohio

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

THERE IS NO OTHER



Keep You on the Seat
Save Your Car

If it's a Snubber —it's a "GABRIEL"

Your Feet
Never Get a Vacation

THE outing you enjoy so much means nothing to your feet except more work. And when you wear shoes that do not provide a correct foundation for that finely-built weight-carrying structure—the outer side of the bottom of the foot from heel to ball—it is no wonder your feet become fagged out.

The Arch Preserver Shoe, with its real chassis, makes feet happy, and keeps them rested even while you are using them, simply because it does not let them become strained. There is support at the arch where support is needed, yet this shoe bends freely at the ball, the only place where the foot bends.

The Arch Preserver Shoe comes in the smartest of styles; and, because of its construction, retains its smartness during its entire life.

Send for booklet, "A Man and His Feet"

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., Dept. S-6, Rockland, Mass.

Makers of the "Just Wright" Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

(The Talbot Shoe Co., St. Thomas, Ont., are licensed by us to make men's Arch Preserver Shoes for Canada)

This Trade-Mark is found on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. There are seven patents embodied in Arch Preserver Shoe construction. These are vested solely with E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. for the making of men's and boys' shoes, and with The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, for the making of women's and misses' shoes.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE

distance. He and Ramirez dashed through the gate and were soon astride the same horse. That night they spent in the mountains with the prospect of supporting life in outlawry for the next two years. Arroyito claims that he has never killed a man, but it was no fault of his that the guards survived the bullets that were fired into them.

For a year or more Arroyito lived in a cave and was fed by the ravens. His chief support was his own sister, a young woman in feature and build as like him as sister could be to brother. She is the wife of a young man named Cecilio Toral, who absconded on the day of Arroyito's arrest but is now safely under lock and key. She dressed like a man, rode her horse astride, and when the police came to capture her she sprang from roof to roof like a steeple jack—a steeple jack who went armed. When we went to see her in Matanzas Prison we found her lying stretched on her bed, sheeted like a corpse, but a corpse with one bright eye peeping at us through a hole in the sheet. It was not until she had diagnosed us as friends that she slipped the sheet from her face and showed a desire to shake hands all around. In a hoarse whisper she suggested to one of the lady visitors that they should exchange clothes and she would be off through the prison gate like a flash of lightning. Her gesture was more graphic than her words. To the company she remarked that she was sick of a country where she had been treated with so much humiliation and injustice, and wanted to set sail for England. She, like her brother, appeared to be consumed with vanity.

It is one of the drawbacks of living in outlawry that every undiscovered crime is attributed to the outlaw. Arroyito appears to have accumulated some thirty-seven accusations during the past two years, all of which he declares to have been cases of mistaken identity; many of them took place when he was in another province altogether. How long he could have continued his life as a cave man is uncertain. One may suppose that if one escapes justice in Cuba for two years one may easily extend the period to twenty-two or thirty-two, but about Arroyito there was a fatal openhandedness which brought about his next downfall. Early in 1922, he was traveling in a third-class car to Santa Clara, and when the conductor demanded his fare he tossed him a twenty-dollar bill and told him to keep the change. This is an unusual proceeding with third-class passengers—a proceeding so remarkable that the conductor passed the word to two soldiers who travel on all trains, fully armed, to protect the mails. These soldiers arrested him at the point of the rifle, and in three days he found himself in the Carcel in Havana for seven months.

What Happened to Lantero

In this old-fashioned prison it is quite easy for a visitor to pass to a prisoner anything of small bulk without being observed by the guard. Arroyito's sister, Marina, who was always ready to help him, conveyed to him a rope and a saw, and with the latter he had actually cut his way out of the prison building and reached the top of the boundary wall before he was detected and recaptured. After seven months he was removed to Matanzas and brought before the court on a charge of wounding a rural guard. He was sentenced to three years in prison, which he began to serve in the Presidio, at Havana, in September, 1922. Two months later he was again transferred to Matanzas to answer charges of abducting and holding for ransom a wealthy farmer named José Lantero.

Arroyito had had an old score to settle. Foremost among the men whom he regarded as his persecutors was the wealthy sugar planter named Lantero. It was he who had denounced him for the assault and robbery of a Chinaman and had caused him to lose his post in the police. Arroyito was determined to have his revenge, or at any rate to terrorize Lantero into silence. Shortly after he had rescued Ramirez from prison he went alone to his mother's house in La Mocha and called out the mulatto, named Angel, who lodged with his mother. Between them a plot was hatched for bringing Lantero into his power. Angel was to procure two uniforms of the rural guard and to invent an excuse for bringing Lantero from his plantation to La Mocha on the following Monday to discuss business.

Lantero fell into the trap quite easily. He and one of his men, named Luis Rodrigues were on horseback when at a turn of the road two armed men in uniform held them up and ordered them to dismount. Lantero recognized Arroyito and Ramirez immediately. Arroyito told him that by his treacherous actions against him he had deserved instant death, but he would prefer to kill him in open fight. But Lantero had no pistol, and in an excess of terror he began to beg for his life. Seeing that his enemy was hesitating, he hinted that he was a wealthy man and might pay a ransom. The temptation of money seemed always to outweigh Arroyito's natural passions; he had already humiliated his enemy to the dust, and he might now be turned to profit. He replied that as Lantero had brought him to this pass, it was only fair that he should provide him with the means of escape from his troubles; this would cost five thousand dollars.

Considering his life to be worth at least that amount, Lantero accompanied his captors to the place where they had left their horses and there wrote out an order to his brother to pay the ransom. Arroyito handed the order to Luis Rodriguez, Lantero's employe, and told him sternly that unless he was at that very spot, unaccompanied, at midnight with the money in his hand Lantero would cease to live. As soon as Luis was out of sight Lantero was ordered to mount his horse and ride to the mountains with his captors.

Arroyito's Getaway

Leaving Lantero in the custody of Ramirez, Arroyito rode back to await Rodriguez and the ransom. Matters had not gone well with Rodriguez. Lantero's brother had no money at La Mocha and the two had spent the late afternoon in trying to raise the necessary sum in Matanzas. There they were only partly successful. They could obtain no more than two thousand dollars, and then only on the condition that the bills were marked. With these Rodriguez went to the rendezvous. After the preliminary of searching him for concealed arms Arroyito demanded the money. To Rodriguez' surprise he accepted the two thousand dollars without demur and rode away to the hills to release Lantero.

This act of brigandage made an immense sensation, and the rural police redoubled their efforts. But it happened that there were other matters to distract the public mind. The financial crisis in the sugar industry had set in, and men were too concerned with political rancors and what they called the financial bandits to clamor long for the capture of two obscure outlaws. One soon becomes inured to outlaws; in Corsica and Sicily they swarmed for centuries, but the course of civilized life ran on undisturbed.

Matanzas is a picturesque little ancient town built round a bay which during the sugar season is packed with steamers loading sugar for every part of the world. In spite of the business of its port and the tourists who come to see the famous Caverns of Bellamar and the view of the beautiful Yumurí Valley from the heights of Montserrat, the town is never quite awake. In the sleepiest part of it lies the prison, a square one-storied building built round an open quadrangle with nothing between the dormitories and the open road except a few inches of masonry. Its staff is underpaid and undermanned, and as a consequence the supervision over the prisoners is very imperfect. On a high perch in the middle stands an armed guard who can see every part of the jail, but can do nothing but sound the alarm.

Arroyito had scarcely been two hours in the prison at Matanzas when there was a loud explosion. Someone had laid a bomb against the wall of the main building and had blown a hole in it large enough to admit a human body. Fortunately for him, Arroyito was not in the room at that particular time. He was in the yard. There was great excitement, and in the general confusion he made a rush towards the damaged wall. Before anyone could interfere he had scrambled through the opening and joined a group of men who were awaiting him with horses. He mounted one of these and escaped to the country.

There is little doubt that the escape was contrived by Ramirez, on the principle that one good turn deserves another, though Arroyito himself would scarcely have been expected to admit this, since he would be incriminating his own comrade. The authorities claim to have information that the bomb was carried to the outer wall by Arroyito's sister, Marina, and that it was

(Continued on Page 105)

ALADDIN Thermalware Jar — now $5.00

The All-Day Picnic Jar—
Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold

Noon! Appetites keen and clamoring. Out come the Aladdin Thermalware Jars, a snowy cloth—and then, as tho' the Genie himself had prepared it, a hot tempting luncheon! Tender, home stewed chicken. Or piping hot baked beans. From another Jar fragrant, steaming coffee, or icy lemonade or milk for the kiddies. Luncheon is ready!

Sanitary Glass Stopper

Easy to Clean

The big opening enables you to keep the Aladdin Thermalware Jar clean, sweet and sanitary

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Shocks, thumps and bumps fail to injure the staunch Aladdin Thermalware Jar

It's Family Size—Holds a Gallon!

Carry 16 Cups Liquids or 8 Pounds of Food

Here's the first thermal container made that holds a *full gallon*. Eight times as much as the ordinary pint thermal bottle. Enough for the whole party and *enough for all day!*

Fill it when you start, and no one need go thirsty on the entire trip. Hot coffee, iced tea, lemonade, milk or pure cold water—refreshing drinkables wherever you roam.

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The opening is extra wide, so you can pack food *hot from the range*.

Fried or stewed chicken, spaghetti, baked beans, potatoes—all have their original tastiness and flavor when served steaming hot hours later.

It keeps ice cream solid and firm for hours.

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You can "treat it rough" without danger of breaking. The inner container is a vitrified, white-glazed, porcelain-like material, joined to the steel jacket by our patented leak-proof Thermalware seal.

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No seams, crevices, or place for germs to lurk. The opening admits whole hand for cleansing and drying. Insulating stopper of silvered glass, covered by aluminum screw-cap.

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On motor trip, fishing, hunting, camping, on the farm, or lazying on veranda through hot summer days, the Aladdin Thermalware Jar will prove a "life-saver." If your dealer can't supply you, order from us.

Ask for Genuine Aladdin Thermalware Jar—$5

If you are offered an imitation of the genuine Aladdin Thermalware Jar make careful comparison before you buy. There may be little or no difference in the *price*, but a tremendous difference in *value*.

One Gallon, handsomely finished in Brewster Green Enamel, $5.00. Also in Polished Aluminum, glass lined: One Gallon, $10; Two Quart, $7.50. *(Prices West of the Rockies, 50c additional; in Canada, $2.50 additional.)*

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DEALERS: Vacation season offers you wonderful selling opportunity. Write us or your jobber today.

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14 Kansas City Mo
15 Kearny, N. J.
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Large volume and standardized construction have cut costs, and consequently prices in half. Martin-Parry prices have been reduced 50% in the last two years.

Today as many Martin-Parry Bodies are built in one month as were built in the whole of the year 1918. Martin-Parry users, who have made this tremendous output possible, are reaping the benefits. Prices never were lower! Martin-Parry quality never higher!

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Martin-Parry Bodies are sold by reliable chassis dealers everywhere

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Largest Commercial Body Builders in the World

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

Continued from Page 102

she who conveyed into the Carcel in Havana tools by which her brother was planning his escape after his capture in the railroad car, but the plan was frustrated in time.

From November until last March nothing was heard of the brigand, and people began to breathe more freely. On Sunday the twenty-fifth of March all Cuba was startled by the news that shortly after eleven o'clock on the previous evening a millionaire sugar owner named Juan Bautista Canizo had been captured and carried off to the mountains. Accompanied by his wife he was traveling in his automobile from his mill near Cidra to Matanzas, and had arrived within a mile of the town when he was stopped by a thick log that had been laid across the road. At the same moment two men appeared and by threats of instant death compelled him to leave the vehicle. They ordered the chauffeur to continue his journey to Matanzas, and they conducted their captive to a second car, which was waiting for them at a little distance. Canizo's wife had been so much terrorized that at first she denied that her husband had been captured or that the amount of the ransom demanded by the bandits had been mentioned to her; but a little later it became known that fifty thousand dollars was the amount and that she had agreed to pay twenty thousand as the price of his liberty.

The rural police, a magnificent body of mounted men, at once set out to scour the country in small bands. The ground in this region is rocky and honeycombed with caves, many of them unknown to all except the man who discovers them. Even the famous Cavern of Bellamar, several miles long, was discovered by accident. To one of these the brigand took his unfortunate prisoner. After a few days' delay the family raised the twenty thousand dollars, and Canizo, who does not appear to have shown a very intrepid spirit during his adventure, returned to the bosom of his family somewhat reduced in girth, for it appeared that ravens may support one cave dweller in comparative plenty, but not two, and it was the captive who had to do without.

This act of brigandage made an immense sensation in a country which is exceptionally well policed and where this kind of lawlessness is almost unknown. Arroyito would make no comment on this part of his adventure, nor could he be blamed, because it was one of the charges which he had to answer in court. A bill for five hundred dollars found upon him when he was arrested has been identified as having been part of the ransom. His sister Marina is to be charged with drawing the ransom and handing it to the informer, Hernandez, alias Sarampio, who is believed to have the bulk of the money safely stored away.

Trolley Cars Unlucky

Arroyito had now come to the conclusion that the country was becoming too hot to hold him, and he threw out feelers through his friends for a steamer to take him out of Cuban jurisdiction. One of these, Antonio Diaz Hernandez, contrived a way. At Regla a little boat called the Sea Bird—Pajaro del Mar—was lying ready to carry Arroyito to a steamer in the offing. He was to reach Regla early on the morning of April thirteenth, disguised in his wig and Chaplinesque mustache, and go at once on board the boat. All might have been well but for that little piece of confidential information to which the police owed their success. Rumor has it that the traitor was Hernandez himself; that the greater part of the money paid for Canizo's release was in his keeping and that he was not averse to having the chief claimant to it placed in seclusion where he could not demand an account. That is as may be; all we do know is that the information which reached the police was correct. Of all the actors in the drama I imagine that Sarampio alone is not thirsting to be restored to liberty, at any rate as long as any member of the Arroyo family remains at large.

Arroyito is not a believer in the modern system of locomotion. He remarked with a smile that whenever he trusted himself to a railroad or a trolley car he met with disaster, whereas astride of his horse he could defy the world. The inference is that if ever his name is included in a general amnesty he will bring the world to heel with a horse between his knees. That is quite in the style of the Wild West.

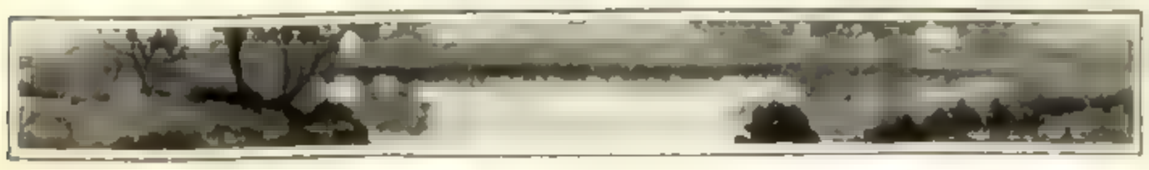
The police did not stop at Arroyito. It was quite clear that they had more than a single brigand to deal with. They arrested the sister, Marina; not perhaps so much on account of her well-known complicity as because she was inflaming the mob in his favor by her impassioned oratory. As a further precaution they took her husband, Toral, after he had absconded. Three other persons were detained as accomplices—Oscar Rodriguez, a chauffeur; Valdes, a municipal policeman who spent his leisure moments in acting as the umpire in cock fights, and Hernandez, who could not even keep faith with his associates.

Lombroso's Methods

The whole Arroyo family was ready for any kind of adventure, as may be seen from their faces; and the curious thing is that this is no case of moral degeneracy. In any country you may have a whole family with its face set hard against authority, not from any innate hatred of the law but from sheer deviltry and love of adventure. I suppose that if Lombroso had encountered the case of Arroyito he would have discovered in the boy and his brothers and sisters the stigmata of hereditary criminal taint. He would have pointed triumphantly to the conduct of one of the great-grandfathers and have shown how the capture and holding for ransom of Canizo was as inevitable as the courses of the planets; but then, every one of us would have fared rather badly at Lombroso's hands. He was the kind of professor who, if you noticed him gazing fixedly at you from a neighboring table in a restaurant, would inspire you either to cover up your head with a table napkin or to kick him into the street. As I read the family of Arroyito, it is as God made it—a family which, if it had had a little more brain, might have left its mark on history by some act of courage, enterprise and even heroism; but when it comes to idolizing such a bandit it is time to take our bearings. If any one of the ten thousand people who came to cheer him at the station after his arrest had been held up at the point of a pistol, kept for days in a cave in fear of instant death, half starved and blackmailed into parting with his money, he would have been at the station with quite another purpose. It pleases Arroyito to consider himself the victim of circumstance, to trace his downfall to the machinations of his political enemies. The world is full of those who consider themselves the victims of political injustice, and if they all took to the road as armed bandits and we excused them on that provocation this would be a very unsafe world to live in.

Hernandez is now in custody on the charge of complicity in the act of brigandage committed on Canizo. He was removed to the Carcel in Havana, where I had an interview with him. He has nothing of the engaging frankness of Arroyito; he is a sallow, secretive-looking ruffian of the ordinary criminal type. The public at Matanzas took so healthy a view of his case that he was removed to Havana as a protection against lynching by a mob.

Criminal justice in Cuba walks with leaden feet. Years may pass before the investigating magistrate at Matanzas completes the cases which Arroyito and his associates have to answer, and when they come to a public trial the admirers of The Sentimental Bandit may have forgotten all about him; or worse, from his point of view, they may be taken up with a new criminal idol. In the meantime the warden of Presidio Prison may make a possible shoemaker out of an indifferent brigand, and Arroyito may elect to ply his new trade for a living or betake himself to a more lucrative employment of reading aloud to the employes in a cigar factory while they roll cigars. If all else fails there is always Mexico to fall back upon; politics in that distracted country is the very field for a man of his talents. If his sister were to join him there the pair of them might sweep him into the presidential chair.



ON BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 17)

neither had she, for that matter. Still—she fastened the last button on her chic little frock and tip-tilted her jaunty small hat. Then she ran to the door of the living room and crossed the floor swiftly.

"Let's see."

Gloria had lost her interest; she resigned the paper nonchalantly. Pen's blue eyes skimmed it swiftly, fastened on the words: Heiress Desires Only Blouse of Petal-Sheen.

It was funny; she began to laugh. But the humor did not lie in the place that Gloria thought. It was only because it had occurred to her that it might just as well have been Post's plush as petal-sheen silk.

Advertising! How did one advertise?

She threw down the paper.

"Glo, you're a fraud; you don't really want to go to Amrin's. I don't believe you have an appointment at all."

Gloria glanced at her wrist watch, winked one big brown eye.

"Haven't I, though? And I'm going to be on time for once. Peter is to give me the once-over, tell me what to wear."

"Peter? Who's he?"

Gloria suddenly looked tragic.

"Oh, my dear, it was that hateful Katherine Fishe who put me wise. She'd been skimming round in the most spiffingly gorgeous things, and turning up her nose in that scornful way the cat has—you know—and I was green with envy. So I got my maid to talk to hers, and found she'd had everything at Amrin's just as usual. But her clothes were marvelous. Amrin had surpassed himself. You can't faze me on a thing like that, can you?" Her tone became plaintive.

"I should say not!" said Pen warmly. "You know clothes, honey, if any girl ever did."

"You blessing!" Gloria smiled seraphically. "So I went up to old Amrin himself and tackled him. Told him I'd take away half his trade if he didn't tell me what had been done to the Fishe's garments that hadn't to mine, and he went green as an unboiled lobster and admitted that he didn't know, pos-i-tive-ly. I had him scared. So I looked him straight in the eye the way dad does to people before he gets mad, and said he had to find out; and you bet he did, because he came back with Peter."

"Yes," said Pen impatiently; "but who is he?"

Her mind was occupied with the thought of the plushes, and she really could not wait to follow Gloria's long-winded tales as patiently as usual.

"I'm coming to that," said Gloria with her staccato emphasis. "I knew him at once. He used to live down in Virginia when we had our place there; not exactly one of us, you know, but his family was nice. I think his father was a lawyer or something, no money, but fine folks and all that. He was in dad's business here for a bit. That's funny, in a way, because dad was awfully peeved when he left; said they told him he had promise. But it seems he said Peter Askew, I mean!—he'd always wanted to design dresses and things. He's an artist. You'd say so, too, if you'd seen the Fishe's things. Dad can't see it that way. He won't really appreciate him until he gets the bill." She giggled, then went on: "So I held out my hand and said, 'How d'you do, Mr. Askew? I don't suppose you remember me,' and would you believe it, he backed away and just bowed, and you'd have thought he'd never seen me before. Maybe he hadn't noticed me, after all," said Gloria humbly.

Humility was a new trait; Pen stared her astonishment.

"It seems he's only a clerk with Amrin, learning the business; but I found out by poking round that he's been there two years, and of course I haven't known about it, being abroad. You know mother—she never finds out anything. Now I learn that Peter—that's what they call him—is the soul of Amrin's; and though I guess he doesn't make much out of it personally—he's only a subordinate, you see—yet people have been insisting on having him for the longest time. He has the most extraordinary flair for clothes; just knows them, you know, the way other men know banking and—and automobiles."

But when they reached Amrin's a little later, Gloria found that it wasn't going to be so easy to see Mr. Askew. The suave Amrin himself was absent. Gloria fumed and raved at the elegant young woman who had been deputed to attend to her.

"But I had an appointment."

They Seemed to be Alone Together in the Snow; a Beautiful Feeling. Her Eyes Shone as She Looked Up at Him

The assistant looked wooden.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Naylor; I'm afraid Mr. Askew hasn't come in yet."

"Then phone and tell him I'm waiting."

"It wouldn't be any good. Mr. Askew keeps his own hours. Sometimes he works here late at night; then he doesn't come in until any time he chooses."

The crisp voice of the woman took on an air of resentment, as if she felt peevish at the very thought. For an instant Gloria studied her—something of her father in the keen scrutiny, had the woman known it. Then she changed her tactics.

"I wonder," she said with one of her wide and brilliant smiles—the only thing that made her homely face attractive, really—"if that negligee I ordered is ready. Will you find out?"

Miss Mason departing, Gloria bent towards Penelope.

"He's here, Pen; I saw his head as I came in. Over there behind that glass door; it was half open then." She gestured with one bare arm at the door beyond them on the other side of the salon, her eyes eager and amused. "Old dear, you know I'd do the same for you. Won't you go over there and find out if he will come? He won't suspect you, and—and anyone would do anything for you, Pen darling."

You couldn't resist Gloria when she coaxed like that. Penelope walked out of the gray-and-rose space and across to the glass door indicated. Then she knocked.

Peter Askew had seen Penelope twice before. The first time was in the hall at the Naylors' country place in Connecticut. There was a staircase that wound around galleries above and took a straight sweep downward. A girl in primrose yellow came down those stairs so lightly she almost seemed to float. It was the magic way of coming down to earth, as if she wore invisible wings. The slender little frock of yellow was like the sheath for a flower. With an innocent coquetry—either on her part or her dressmaker's—she wore stockings of faint green and green shoes with sparkling buckles. She moved over to the fireplace, near which Peter stood, and dropped into one of the big chairs with a laugh.

"Awfully chilly, isn't it, for April?"

Peter had a dark head of sleek hair that looked as if a cat had licked it, and his eyes were gray and almost extraordinarily direct. He moved uncomfortably, gazing down from his six feet of height, and said in an aloof voice, "I beg your pardon, I'm merely here on business."

It was a stupid thing to say, of course; he knew that, the minute the words were out, but he had to set her straight. She'd thought, naturally, that he was another guest—spoken to him as a matter of course. He stood there feeling like an idiot, wishing the earth would open and swallow him up, knowing that the girl in the yellow dress must want to laugh. He winced, feeling that she was doing it politely, inside, not to hurt his feelings

But she wasn't; she laughed right out. It was a lovely sound, and did not hurt a bit, strangely. He found himself laughing, too, and looking into mirthful, limpid eyes above a mouth that said through shining pearls of teeth, "But don't they—isn't it businesslike to speak of the weather?"

He explained naturally, "I was afraid you might take me for a guest here. I merely brought some papers from the bank for Mr. Naylor."

"They must think a great deal of you," said the laughing voice. "I thought they sent out important papers in a steel-covered car with marines with leveled guns to guard it, and a messenger in armor sitting inside."

"These can't have been important enough"

Yet his chin went up a little. Peter knew that they trusted him at Naylor's, little as he cared for the work of the famous banking house.

"Won't you sit down?" said Penelope with a little wave of her hand at a companionable chair. "You look far too businesslike standing there; it makes me feel worldly and frivolous. I like the feeling, though, for a change."

She was laughing at him again. Peter felt a clever retort on the end of his tongue, when it was cut short by the advent of Gloria Naylor. He'd known her by sight ever since she was a child, and he'd seen her come, recently, into her father's private office in Wall Street. So far as that went, her picture was almost as well known as that of a famous beauty, for she was a great heiress. He stopped as he was about to sit down and stood up again, the friendly look gone from his face.

"Blessings on you, Penelope, where have you been?" Gloria's voice rang through the hall. "Goodson told me you had come, and I rushed up to change when I got in from riding—covered with mud, never saw such weather and then you weren't in your room. Where did they put you? I said you were to be next me in the blue suite."

"They thought I needed cheering, Glory, I expect. I have the yellow room, so I dressed to match it"

"Well, come along, there's a lamb." Gloria pecked at her cheek and put an arm about her waist. "Fuzzy Butler is going to show me some new shots in the billiard room. He's a scream. We'll have tea down there. Have you seen the new winter room dad's built on?"

Not a glance at Peter, not so much as the flicker of an eyelash in his direction. Probably she used the footmen so, he reflected.

However, Penelope—if that was her name—was of another pattern. She disengaged herself from Gloria's hold, turned and smiled at him. It was a friendly smile, not too charming, but exactly right. How seldom, sighed Peter to himself, you met a girl who was a lady! He had the blasé attitude of the young.

However, Pen was never tongue-tied.

"Gloria, who is that charming young man?" she said. "Didn't you know him?"

"Know him? He's in dad's bank, I think; not in our crowd, exactly"

"Ugh! Sometimes you're frightfully vulgar, Glory. Just because you're a financial princess doesn't mean that you shouldn't be polite. Of course he's in Mr. Naylor's bank; so are lots of estimable people."

Gloria stared at her friend for an instant, got rather red. She hadn't been a snob,

Continued on Page 111

Irreproachable!

As your first gift to the girl you're beginning to hope about

IN that first gift you naturally want to please her. And yet you cannot know her taste. Candy—naturally; but not just ordinary candy. Shall it be creams or caramels, nougats or nuts? How can you know?

A diplomatic man takes nothing for granted. When he selects his first gift he buys Johnston's Choice Box. For it contains twenty-two dainties of all kinds. Not what you like best, but what *she* will prefer—subtly and tactfully pleasing her.

Now the name of each piece is printed on a little card. And right on top of the name is the piece described. There is a charming little book in each box, too. Watch her, and when you see which sort her favorite is, consult the book. Then next time bring the kind you *know* she likes the best!

By such little attentions will you find the way to her heart.

Purity

Johnston's chocolates are famous for their purity. Made up to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

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Every day

Special
DALTON DEMONSTRATIONS
during July, August and September

this man demonstrates before 2000 business men

When shall he demonstrate to you?

Think of a man with a message so interesting that every day 2000 business men *invite themselves* to hear it!

A man with 600,000 *auditors* each year—2000 every working day.

The reason?

Because he has something unusual and helpful to offer.

This man is the Dalton salesman. He is now engaged in a special Demonstration Campaign which includes plans for a call upon you *personally*.

You will find it worth while to see him, because the Dalton offers a distinctly improved figuring service—a super-service, represented in a complete series of notable machines—

① a simpler, faster adding-calculating machine.

② a simpler, faster bookkeeping machine.

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(Continued from Page 106)

she had merely been embarrassed. Of course she had known Peter Askew; but she wasn't going to explain, not even to Penelope. After a minute she laughed her great rollicking laugh.

"Oh, if you mean estimable—I agree. But should I have asked him to tea?"

Pen shook her in exasperation.

"You're incorrigible! You might have seen he was on earth, I do think. He's a gentleman, Glo; he hated standing there like a lackey."

But that was all, because apparently you couldn't make Gloria see. She was a darling, but she had limitations. Even though she was her best friend, Penelope admitted that. Faults almost inseparable from such huge wealth, perhaps. In her heart—who knew this better than Pen?—Gloria was the kindest soul alive.

But on, to Peter's second view of our Penelope.

It was four years later, in April again as it chanced, at a theater where the opening attraction was a speech before the curtain rose by the comedian for whom the show was named, a charming, genial chap with a reputation in New York that filled his theater for him every night. Peter had come in late, and so directed the comedian's talk toward himself. His seat was in the fifth row, and as he came down the aisle Billy Stiles hailed him genially.

"Hello there!" he said. "Glad you managed to make the grade. A bit steep, isn't it? I was just telling Virginia here ——"

He had to stop, for a ripple of amused laughter ran through the theater. The prices of the tickets had soared sky high, yet the house was full. In the pause Peter followed the sweep of Billy's arm and saw—Penelope.

She was sitting at the front of a box with a party of young people, and Billy had singled her out, perhaps because the brilliance of her dress made it easy, or possibly for that other quality of elusive charm that Peter had never forgotten. He looked across at her with his serious, clear gaze, and Penelope met his eyes, stared wonderingly for an instant, and—bowed.

He was so lost in pleasure that she should have remembered him he did not hear the rest of the monologue; was dimly aware, only, that the comedian was telling them—himself and Penelope—an imaginary story about each other. He persisted in addressing her intimately as Virginia, a name almost beautiful enough for her, Peter thought.

Peter had an intense wish to go across to her box in the interval after the first act. But the sight of Gloria Naylor deterred him—that and the thought that he had left the Naylor firm. They hadn't liked it exactly, he remembered.

Then he went off moodily into his own world. He certainly was not going to be run by his present boss, old Amrin. There were certain women customers whose clothes he would not plan. Miss Naylor was one of them. He could leave Amrin's, take his services elsewhere. He considered the possibility moodily, his eyes on his program.

"Costumes in the second act by Amrin, Inc."

Well, it might be Amrin's name; but he, Peter Askew, had done the costumes here. He'd come tonight to study them with a view to changing ——

Somehow that was as far as he got consciously. The show went on, but he remembered nothing about it except that moment when Penelope had risen with the rest of her party and swept out to the lobby. Her brilliant gown and cloak was a focal point even there; he thought that every man gazed towards her admiringly. Yet in a panic for which he could not account he caught up his hat and hurriedly took his coat from the attendant in the check room.

However, his luck held, even though he doubted it. Imagine him a week later in the salons of Amrin's, Inc., evolving subtle harmonies for lovely woman, the harmonies that fast were making Amrin's newly famous. And coming towards him—not too fast, for the hours of fashion lag behind those of business—Nemesis in the person of Gloria Naylor, or Fate in the slim figure of Penelope Post. Put it whichever way you wish.

Peter had made up his mind that he would not design Gloria Naylor's new frocks and hats. Old Amrin could dismiss him, if it meant all that; but he certainly was not going to be treated like a lackey one day and smiled upon the next by a spoiled girl with more money than sense. His sense of time was not accurate, for it is certain that Gloria Naylor had learned poise in four years; but Peter remembered with a smarting sense of injustice that meeting in the Naylor country place when Gloria ignored even his presence. Perhaps the sight of Penelope at the theater had had something to do with this, but he remained deaf to memory of old Amrin's entreaties, and sat, pencil in hand, carefully sketching the ideas he wished to put into effect in costuming a new show.

Then—Fate. He heard a knock on the door of his office. Amrin's premises were spacious, but space was not given to the help. With finesse Peter was able to entertain a caller when he stood up; there was not room when he sat at his desk. He did not want to see anyone this morning: it was useless asking him to see Miss Naylor. His crisp "Come in!" was ungracious.

The handle turned, before him stood Penelope. She smiled, a delighted smile. Mirth crept into the lovely eyes and she held out her hand impulsively.

"Oh, isn't this luck? Can you possibly be Mr. Askew?"

"Yes," said Peter. He was utterly unable to say another word, and Penelope said the first thing that occurred to her.

"Why didn't your come over and speak to me at the theater?"

"I was there on business," said Peter.

"You make that a habit, don't you?" said Penelope, and they laughed together.

For Peter it was a golden world. Suddenly Pen remembered the reason she was there. She hesitated, because she remembered Gloria—that first time. Then she looked with his own directness into Peter's eyes.

"I came here with Gloria Naylor," she said. "My name is Penelope Post. We're friends. She's an awfully good sort. We do lots of things together, and she is crazy to have you fit her out, tell her what she ought to wear. She'll talk about you to all sorts of people. I think it would be a good business move for you, really. Won't you come, please?"

"Yes," said Peter. He wanted to add, "Hang business! I'll come because you asked me!" But the words would not leave his throat.

He strolled with Penelope across the thickly carpeted floor of the salon to the gray-and-rose room, where Gloria waited; and because the world shone for him like a rainbow, capitulated utterly before her wide and entranced smile.

"Mr. Askew, can you make me look—distinguished?"

It was as if Gloria prayed the high gods for the ultimate gift. A real task, for Gloria was big and ungainly. Peter Askew made no reply in words as he studied her. Well, no need to go deeply into that. This is about Penelope.

Pen refused to go on to luncheon with her friend, and walked briskly up Madison Avenue to her home. The interview with Peter Askew had cleared her mental atmosphere; she had a plan. Aunt Rachel was out; she had the apartment to herself. Pen hurried to the telephone and called up her father's old friend, Philip Lawton.

When she saw him later that afternoon it was in the calm, cool atmosphere of his law office. Penelope shivered a little as she went in, because she was in an enthusiastic mood and it was disastrous to be met by quizzical black eyes underneath an iron-gray head that seemed leonine against the unobtrusive walls. She felt, before she began to talk to him about it, that Mr. Lawton would disapprove any suggestion she might make. This merely showed how accurately his psychology worked. He had planned his office to just this end.

But his manner was exactly right. He listened to her idea with dispassionate interest, appeared to weigh it as he sat looking from the window onto the soft-coal-grimed atmosphere of New York. There was a glint of sunshine on the building before him, reminding him, somehow, of the girl opposite. He would not have let her know this for anything, however. His gaze was ruminative as he turned to her again.

"What do you know of this young man, Penelope?"

"Not very much," she admitted frankly. "He was with Mr. Herbohm Naylor once—in the banking house, I mean—and Gloria told me this morning that her father had been annoyed when he left; thought he had promise, I think. But now that he is at Amrin's they say that he is the soul of the place, though he's only a subordinate. He has ideas; he knows exactly what any woman should wear. Some of the things he's originated are beautiful; and next season —— Oh, Mr. Lawton, even the time seems just made for what I want to do! It all came to me in a flash. I have seen some of the advance models from Paris. He showed them to Gloria and me this morning, and they are using materials—well, Post's plushes would be perfect. Mr. Askew used a phrase ——" She paused a minute, her eyes on his, and they were so earnest in their luminous blueness that he raised his hand to his face to hide a smile. "I was thinking about the plushes, so of course I remembered it exactly. He said, 'For these styles we need a material so heavy that it will not flutter, so soft that it won't crease, so lustrous that it almost makes its own light.' You've seen father's plushes, I know, Mr. Lawton. Don't you think that describes the fabric exactly?"

Well, he did; he had to admit that; and admitting anything to Penelope today seemed like taking a step along the path she wished one to tread, somehow. An elderly man, versed in the sophistry that is easily learned by corporation lawyers, Philip Lawton yet did not seem able to say anything to dampen her enthusiasm. Not that he wanted to, exactly.

Finally: "But, my dear child, what is it you want me to do?"

Penelope laughed; that sound of April that so enchanted him.

"I want your advice, but I want it to agree with my wishes."

"Exactly!" His eyes twinkled in spite of himself. "And that, as I understand it, is to sell your Aresia Copper bonds, the emergency fund your father left in my hands, to give you sufficient to start in a perfectly mad venture with this young man at Amrin's."

Penelope flashed at him: "What emergency could transcend this? And why would it be mad, Mr. Lawton? There is old McGuire, who used to be foreman in dad's factory and who bought the little plant from him when father became ill. He understands the process, and he would manufacture the plushes for us in a small way until I had time to see how they were going to take. If we could get Mr. Askew to go into it—I don't know about that yet, because he may feel he does not want to leave Amrin's, you know. Then I thought I could take a small exclusive shop somewhere off the Avenue and start in business. Making gowns and everything, using all sorts of materials, of course, but featuring Post's plushes. Don't you think that would be a good idea?"

Lawton did not commit himself yet. He wanted to know more. Penelope understood that. She had with her in her expensive bead hand bag many small samples. Lawton smiled to himself again at the practical way in which she had come prepared.

"Dad used to teach me about fabrics this way," she exclaimed. "Only I can't go on with your lesson practically, as he would with me by taking me over to the factory and showing me. Sometimes we'd go to other factories, too, where they made other things. There's a huge place out in New Jersey—Palt's, the name is—and they make almost everything. I don't know anything practical about running a factory, but I do understand the process used in making textiles."

She took up a piece of cloth and put it down on the desk by Lawton's hand.

"Feel it," she said. "It's a fur, really, except for the leather skin, imitation sealskin. And here's another." Her white hands moved swiftly in her bulging bead bag. "They call it Littlelamb. If you didn't know, you'd hardly be able to distinguish it from Persian lamb fur. Here's a special velvet that's beautiful, too; and this shaggy fellow—he comes in gray and taupe, as well as this black—is an imitation of caracul. There's one factory that specializes in all that sort of thing. Ketetec, Kerefir, Velour du Nome, Seal Alakette, Pekok—they're the fur fabrics they are loading the new styles with. Next winter you'll see them everywhere.

"I wish I could show you how they make things, Mr. Lawton; it's amazing, really. Some of the machines seem almost to think. This velvet, now"—she caught up one of the first squares she had laid beside him—"they weave that with two warps, one looped over transverse wires, so that the loops stand up above the main body of the

(Continued on Page 113)

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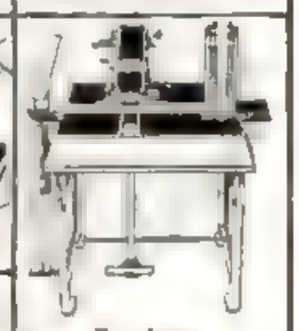

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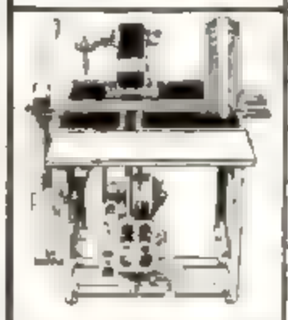

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(Continued from Page 111)

goods. Uncut, you see; that makes terry cloth. You probably have a bathrobe of it; father had. But when they cut the loops it's velvet."

"How about plush?" said the wily lawyer, more for the pleasure of watching her enthusiasm than because he wished to know.

"They weave that much like velvet, but cut the loops on one side longer than the other. But father didn't only do that; he had a different process something that made Post plushes different from any others; that is where his patent came in. Dad said there were hundreds of men who could make plush so that it looked like an imitation of fur, but no other man in the world that he ever heard of made a fine, soft plush that a woman could wear for a dress."

Lawton thought within himself, "If that is true, the child really has a fortune on tap." But aloud he said, judicial tones blended to nicety of indulgent elderliness, "Yes, but that's all very well while the rage for plush is on, Miss Penelope—if you ever do succeed in making it fashionable, that is—but when it goes out again ——"

She laughed, the blue eyes sparkling

"It never need, that I can see. It is a case of advertising properly." She told him about the headline in the paper featuring petal-sheen silk. "But of course I thought of that, Mr. Lawton. It would be a case of making enough money to put in the new machinery, merely. One year it will be plush, another crêpe de chine, another taffeta. The world has stepped onward since dad was in business in England. What any textile firm must be able to do is to manufacture all or any of them—chenille, velvets, the fur fabrics, plush. You'll think me crazy, I suppose; but, you know, I dream of having a big chain of factories, with a sufficiently complete organization to do everything within its own mills. I'm going to have my own sheep farms, my own silk industry to produce raw material." She raised her eyes pleadingly to his earnest ones. "Don't laugh at me. I didn't know how much father had talked about it all. These are his dreams; not mine only, you know. I keep wondering now how I could have let all this go for so long. It is like touching a secret spring, opening the world to new magic."

Philip Lawton felt his eyes grow misty. She was so adorable, so earnest, so young! It was a quality that Charles Post had always retained, this ardor of youth; one of the things that had made him stand out in the memory and affections of a world-wearied man. His mantle had fallen on Penelope's slender shoulders. It was odd for a girl to think of handling all these intricate threads. Well, she'd probably grow tired. That would be only natural; but if she did, and the plush had even a ghost of a chance, he must see that her rights were protected, of course. This young man, now ——

Lawton eyed Penelope through half-closed lids. He could not help showing that he was keenly interested. Penelope might know nothing of business in the ordinary sense; but she had a keen mind, a grasp of the essentials of feminine needs that impressed him.

"My dear child, you'd have to borrow money, of course. This thing—it isn't a small idea you are putting forward, even at the start."

"No," said Penelope in a small voice.

For a minute she sat without speaking, and then her beautiful and honest eyes were raised to his face.

"I thought perhaps, if you believed in it, you'd be willing to advance the rest of the money—for a third share in the profits."

The thing was that she actually believed there were going to be profits. Nothing he could say shook her certainty of this. The curious train of events that had led her, at the moment of need, to find Peter Askew with his genius—it was her own word to look again at the plushes, to discover that the styles of the autumn to come were such that the exploitation of a material like plush would be the least of the difficulties in starting the new venture, had given her an intense belief in the inevitability of her success that would have been ludicrous if it had not been also, somehow, convincing. That was Lawton's own word. He argued feebly against it.

"But what if I find out things about this young fellow, this Peter Askew?"

"You won't," said Penelope calmly. "He's just business. Why, Mr. Lawton, he even goes to the theater for that!" Followed a small chime of mirth.

"Well —" said the man of affairs weakly.

He was behaving, he knew, exactly as he would have behaved had Penelope been his daughter. He wished he had a daughter exactly like her. As he took her to the elevator he looked down at her from his rangy height and thought of something — what was that remark she had made about finding a cheaper place to live?

"If I arrange all this for you, Penelope, you must promise me that you and your aunt will go on living in your present apartment exactly as if there had been no changes."

"But," said Penelope in a troubled voice, "I don't see how I can afford it, you know. That place—it simply eats money," she confided.

"It is the sort of place you must live, however," said Lawton decisively, "if you are going to work up an exclusive business. Besides, there'll be plenty of money for that"—he perjured himself—"for the first year at least."

"Of course, after that it will not matter," said Penelope rapturously, "because the demand for Post's plushes ——"

The elevator carried her face of laughing certainty away from him.

It would be at least ten days before he could communicate with her, Mr. Lawton had said. Thinking about it afterwards, Penelope never knew exactly how she had managed to get through them. She haunted the exclusive establishments that Gloria frequented. Not Amrin's, although she went with Gloria when she had the first sight of her nearly completed wardrobe, watched Peter Askew when he opened his keen eyes and surveyed her friend, suddenly a distinguished and majestic figure. Gloria had always worn beautiful things, but she herself had never before appeared harmoniously clothed. Mr. Askew had accomplished this without apparent effort.

"I could kiss him!" said Gloria seraphically. Pen noticed that there were actually tears in her eyes.

Then at last Philip Lawton called her up, told her crisply that he had found no flaw in her genius. Peter Askew had shown himself eager to be given the chance to show what he could do.

"Of course I think you are making a mistake in insisting that he is to be a partner in the firm. Do be guided by me, my child! Pay him an adequate salary and be done with it. He has nothing to bring to Post's plushes."

"He'll bring his brains," said Penelope seriously. "They are worth more than you know now. Wait!"

"Very well," said Lawton, sighing. "Apart from that, I think you have shown very good business judgment in selecting him. He is undoubtedly clever, ambitious and honest. You could not place your affairs in better hands."

But she wouldn't be placing them in Askew's hands, of course. Penelope knew that. They would be working together. This was merely Mr. Lawton's old-fashioned way of regarding women. He did not imagine that she could borrow money and not work hard herself to pay it back, did he? She called up Peter at Amrin's, asked if he would come and have dinner that evening and go through the whole thing.

That her attitude and surroundings were any different from those of the ordinary working girl she did not stop to think. Aunt Rachel was an excellent hostess, even though she disapproved so emphatically of the whole thing. The little dinner was exquisite in every way. Peter Askew inferred, as much from her surroundings as from what Philip Lawton had suggested, that Penelope was a rich girl who had an idea that she wanted to work; this was just a hobby with her. Wait until the hard end of the winter season came, she'd be winging away to Florida.

Not that he noticed any suggestion of the dilettante as their work began in earnest. They worked together as hard as any two persons had ever worked, he thought. Nothing of the rich amateur about Miss Post. Through all the heat of the summer she was at the store early and late, or over in New Jersey with old McGuire at the factory, consulting with him, figuring on new shades and weights, writing checks for more silks, entering into contracts that to Peter Askew verged, sometimes, on the edge of pure adventure.

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For 21 Model T rims 3½ to 5½; prices, $4.50 to $7.00.

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill out this coupon or write to us and we will see that you are taken care of

Name _____

Postoffice _____

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But that was not his affair; not in a way. His was the *couturier's* end; he had nothing to do with the manufacture. Penelope brought in customers, took orders for the plushes, saw salesmen, kept an eye on the models and the showrooms, worked sixteen hours out of every day, and went home at night—to Park Avenue. He remembered that with a tug at his heart every time that he caught himself thinking of her as a girl, remembering with a pang the days when he had known her merely as Penelope, and not as a business associate. This, even though it seemed otherwise, was her whim. She was a rich girl who had discovered a flair for business. Of course she made mistakes; he had to laugh at a few of them; but then she could afford it. And even with these the work went ahead in a manner that was almost marvelous.

The styles of the season, as Penelope had said, lent themselves admirably to the soft draping effects of Post's plushes. And for the first time in years heavy things—gold tissues, metallic cloth, velvets, brocades and plush—were being made up into evening frocks.

Gloria Naylor had been attired in one on a dull afternoon in November. She intended to wear it the next night, she told Penelope, at the Van Hellerings' ball. She was remarkably handsome in royal-blue plush, and Penelope hugged her and told her so.

"Penny darling," said Gloria with a sigh, "why won't you throw over this horrid work for once and come too? Everyone is talking about you, saying you are getting so pale."

"I'm not, Glory; I have lots of color, see?" The girl had flamed rosy, and she looked up at her friend with a laugh. "The fact is," she said seriously, "I am too tired at night to dance. You've no idea how a new business is. You have to watch it day and night almost, like a new baby."

Gloria uttered an impatient exclamation.

"But it is all so unnecessary, Penny darling. You are using up your youth and your lovely times just to work. I don't understand you at all; you've changed so."

Her eyes, roving over the store, rested ruminatively on the door of Peter Askew's little office. Penelope, however, did not notice this. When Gloria had gone she hurried into the tiny pigeonhole where she had her desk and sank breathlessly into a chair. She had been on her feet since early morning, and she was very tired. Nothing, somehow, seemed to go so well of late, though Post's plushes were booming. This suggestion of Gloria's about the ball had set her blood dancing. She wanted to go—oh, how she wanted to go! Business business wasn't what it was cracked up to be; not for a girl, anyhow. It had been all right at first when she and Peter had had such wonderful times working together; but lately he had altered, grown so stiff and silent.

It was closing time. The head saleswoman came to the door, hatted and befurred. She said in her soft, purring voice, "Good night, Miss Post."

There was a rustle of silk, the high metallic sound of her laughter outside on the street as the door shut. The store lights had been snapped off and the whole place was wrapped in a dim purplish shadow that was charming. Color had gone from the delicately chosen harmonies. Penelope glanced up at the plate-glass window and saw that it was snowing. The flakes came down heavily.

"Oh, dear!" she said dismally.

Peter Askew came out from his office, dressed for the street. He looked tired too, and there was a strange expression in his eyes as he saw her sitting there.

Penelope said, her voice strained, "It's snowing; did you see?"

"Bully!" he exclaimed with forced heartiness. "I love snow, don't you?"

"No, I hate it."

She turned from him and took some books from a drawer. The set of her shoulders was forbidding. He stared at her as if he saw something else, as indeed he did—the picture of her sitting in the front of that box at the theater eight months ago and more, wearing a glowing frock, laughing when Bimy Stiles addressed her as Virginia. He took a step nearer the desk.

"Miss Post, I know it is none of my business, but I heard what Miss Naylor said. Couldn't you go to that ball—go out a little sometimes? I think you work too hard. I mean to say" he hesitated, trying to keep his aloofness, clutching it about him as a shield—"if there is anything I can do, I'd be very willing to—to work harder. Can't I help—if you are going through the books?"

She stared at him, her blue eyes wide. If he didn't go in another minute she would cry.

"Thank you," she said in a tone as strained as his own; "but if I wished to go to dances I should go, of course."

"Of course."

"I am my own mistress."

He bowed.

"I was not presuming to suggest otherwise."

Her heart gave a pang. Why, they were quarreling! He was frightfully angry. There were little white notches at the corners of his nose. She—she was being a perfect lunatic! As if he hadn't been awfully kind!

The slam of the door interrupted her. He had not even said good night. Men were idiots. Any woman would have known she was trying not to cry. She cried in earnest, her shining head buried on her arms.

Aunt Rachel telephoned that she would have dinner and go to Mrs. Crumbleton's for some bridge if dear Pen didn't mind. Dear Pen did not. She said so in a cross voice that threatened to break into sobs. It had grown dark outside, but the snow still floated silently down. Penelope did not want any dinner. Her crying fit was over. She wiped her eyes resolutely and tackled the books. The phone rang again. She tried not to answer it, but habit was too strong.

"Hello!"

"Oh, you're still there, Miss Post!" said Peter Askew's voice in relief.

Penelope sat holding the receiver and staring at the telephone, but no sound came. Peter must have been cut off. She hung up, feeling that he would try to get her; waited breathlessly. His voice had sounded so friendly. Not a bit as it had been. When he spoke again she'd apologize for having been so rude to him.

A key clicked in the lock. Peter Askew, covered with flakes of snow, stood in the doorway. He was quite breathless. He could hardly speak. He'd been running. Color flamed into the girl's tired face.

"I remembered that you only wore a thin coat when you came this morning, and had no umbrella. There's something here I came back to get."

His voice was jerky from lack of breath. He went into his office and came back with something over his arm.

"It's a cloak," he explained, spreading it out. "I got the idea last week. Black plush outside, silver inside, soft as—as a puffball. I thought we could call it Miss Midnight. Things sell better when they have a name."

"How lovely!" said Penelope, touching it, noting the sweeping line of shoulders and hem. Her heart was singing a happy tune. If Peter had noticed that she had no umbrella, only worn her thin coat ——

He put the cloak around her. He didn't look at it even, though on other women he was critical of the things he originated. She clasped it closer around her throat, took down her small hat. It was a perfect cloak. She spread it fanwise, like a peacock's tail, courting his admiration.

"It'll keep you dry," he said in a dissatisfied tone.

Nothing was good enough for her. No one else should ever have a cloak like this. In their odd state of mind they neither of them thought of a taxicab. She shut the books, locked them away in a drawer. They went out of the store together. She realized, with a guilty thrill, that she was wearing a new design out into the snow. It would be ruined. But she did not care. Peter hadn't even an umbrella. He held her hand on his arm to be sure that she did not slip on the slushy sidewalk. The snow looked wonderful, falling about them a starry curtain.

"'Each snowflake, falling, is a little star; its lamp not lit inside,'" she quoted softly beneath her breath.

"I beg your pardon?"

Oh, the aloof sound was back in his voice! Penelope said in desperation the first thing that came into her head.

"I want to tell you why I had to go over the books. You see, I have to pay for the mistakes I've made out of my—my share of the profits. I wanted to see if I could afford to stay on in our apartment next year. It is frightfully expensive."

"Frightfully expensive?"

He looked at her as if she had taken leave of her senses. She had a warm sense of having stumbled on the right thing to say.

Here is an opportunity for you:

We want a man who can show convincing evidence that he can make good.

Whose ability, training, record, and ambitions show that he needs a better opportunity for the years ahead than he now has.

Whose experience proves that he has practical sales instinct and ability, and that he is well grounded in the fundamentals of modern selling and merchandising.

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Whose qualifications fit him to deal with business executives.

Experience in advertising would be desirable but is not essential.

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age; of good personality and sound character.

There is a vacancy in each of our branch offices, in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and in Boston.

Write us in detail about yourself. Your letter will be held in confidence, and if your reply is considered favorably an interview will be arranged. Address your letter to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Advertising Department
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Freely operating windows

depend upon the free operation of the pulleys used in the sash.

In spite of the small total investment they represent, there is as much difference in various makes of sash pulleys as in any other building item.

On the other hand, a little thought given to careful sash pulley selection can have more effect on the ultimate satisfaction in a building than almost any other detail.—

Because windows will be opened and closed almost every hour of the day as long as the building stands.

American Steel Sash Pulleys, electrically welded, rust-proofed, have lifted this item to the position of importance it deserves.

Consult your architect or mill man. See our catalog in Sweets'.

Descriptive folder, "The Importance of Windows in Building," sent upon request.

American Pulley Company
Philadelphia

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Steel Sash Pulleys and Pressed Steel Shapes

AMERICAN SASH PULLEYS

There wasn't a trace of anything except amazed concern in his voice now, anyhow.

"But you don't have to care about expenses?" he questioned anxiously.

They seemed to be alone together in the snow; a beautiful feeling. Her eyes shone as she looked up at him in answer.

"Of course I do!" she cried. "Why do you think I am in business?"

He didn't answer that. Something vibrated in his voice, something she wanted to hear again.

"Aren't you rich?" he urged yearningly, as if searching for some answer that he hardly dared hope might be true. "Is it possible you're poor?" he said again before she could speak, and she felt him tremble.

"Yes, yes, I'm poor!" she said, as triumphantly as if she'd bestowed a fortune, and without knowing it her hand clasped his.

"Oh, Pen darling!"

His arms went round her, out there in the friendly snow. They turned in together to the warm hall of the apartment house, were carried smoothly upward.

It took her until midnight to tell him all about it, when Aunt Rachel came down from her game of bridge. She stood in the doorway, eying them with a congratulatory smile.

Penelope thought that she showed great discernment a new quality.

"You look as if you'd found a fortune!" she said, addressing them both impartially.

"We're going to make one," said Peter.

He seemed to find it difficult to add more words. Penelope prompted him, with a giggle.

"Tell her you came to see me—on business."

THE REBATE

(Continued from Page 27)

in a domino battle involving a maximum stake of twelve cents. "The chill of winter is sour in the marrow of my bones and my coat has the thickness of a rose petal. I contemplate the purchase of a new garment, but I am quivering on the tip of the spear of doubt—whether it shall be a felt jacket or a quilted cotton coat. It is ten years since I wasted any money on my raiment and I seek your advice."

Sam Chai grunted and played a blank five.

His opponent devoted a full minute to deliberation and ear scratching before he volunteered his advice. "The felt jacket is not as warm as quilted cotton, but it costs less."

"On the other hand," Sam Chai added, "the cotton jacket is warmer than the felt, but it costs more."

"My gratitude is exceeded only by the capacity of my ears and the depth of your wisdom," Jim Sin returned. "Now that the sages have spoken I shall consult the palace jester." He called to the somnolent Hoy Quah. "Hola, fool! What shall it be, quilted cotton or a fabric of felt?"

The fat cat, awakened, leaped to the table, sensing the proximity of the midday ration hour. He looked intently at the questioner and then in one of his rare exhibitions of false affection he rubbed himself, full length, along Jim Sin's arm, depositing, in the process, a few wisps of loose hair on the sleeve of Jim Sin's coat.

The three inmates of the Cavern looked at Hoy Quah, and admiration kindled in their eyes. "The fool hath spoken," Sam Chai exclaimed. "A felt jacket, of hair and wool, is his choice."

"He has decided for me," Jim Sin agreed, "and in his decision I have saved four dollars. I shall buy him an extra chicken foot."

At the mention of food Sam Chai hauled out a small alarm clock, tied to the end of a leather shoe string.

"And with another pinch of your savings suppose you celebrate with rice and pork for the three of us. Haste, miser! Summon the messenger from the Chang Low and order rice and pork. I will brew a fresh pot of tea and presently we will be fortified against another six hours of life."

Jim Sin was silent at this, but his actions spoke his consent. He got up and walked to the front door of the Cavern and opened it. Into the traffic of the noonday streets he croaked a message which was relayed by casual strollers until less than one minute later it reached the doors of the Chang restaurant two blocks away on Grant Avenue. "Rice and pork for three lazy cooks in the Cavern!" This was the message, and within ten minutes after it had been uttered a boy started from the Chang Low, carrying a tray on his head. Ivory chopsticks flourished for a time thereafter in the Cavern.

In a little while the effects of the false filling of tea had worn off and after the curve of the temporary reaction was again at its base line and when the sense of fullness which Sam Chai enjoyed had settled down upon a substantial and comfortable foundation of rice and pork an increment of benevolence which had accumulated throughout the meal found utterance in some money-saving advice.

"A new store has been started on Grant Avenue since you were here last week," he told Jim Sin. "It is called the Mongol Bazaar. Goods of sorts are sold there at a price far below those demanded by our merchant cousins from Canton. It is true that Japanese goods are sold together with the products of China, and a report is current that the store is financed by American owners -but who are you to question the source of a felt jacket if you can save a dollar on its purchase price?"

Jim Sin acted on his friend's information, and before any of the senior clerks had returned from their midday meal he walked through the gaudy portals of the Mongol Bazaar.

The jacket craver called loudly to a pair of languid young males who were doing the best they could to get a full day's rest for a full day's pay. Something in his imperative tones or his choice of language served to retard the approach of the sales boy. Before he faced Jim Sin with an insolent "Whatcha want?" the latter found time to inspect three or four porcelain vases on the table to his right. He lifted a twenty-inch vase and inspected the mark on its base. "Yang Ho T'ang Chih," he read. "Made at the Hall for the Cultivation of Virtue." When his inspection was done he addressed the clerk who stood before him, and his question was spoken in the dialect of Canton.

"How much money do you demand for the last price of this vase?"

"What you want?" The clerk repeated his question in English, and his voice had lost nothing of its insolence. "I don't speak Chink talk."

Jim Sin looked directly at the youth and the corners of his mouth tightened. "It is true, as the Shang Lun has it, that fine speech and a pleasant exterior are seldom associated with virtue," he said, still in his native dialect, "but politeness adorns the conduct of an emperor." Then lapsing into the best English he could muster, "How much fo' no-good piece this Lung Chüan vase?"

He pointed to the vase, which was glazed in imitation of the Lung Chüan celadon of the Sung dynasty.

The clerk, remembering some of his instructions, countered with a question: "You buy for your store?"

"No have got store."

"I tell you." With his contempt now clearly unmasked, the sales boy looked at the price label pasted on the base of the vase. His casual inspection narrowed with a sudden interest at his first glance at the label and he looked again at Jim Sin as if to estimate the old man's ability to stand a shock. "This ver' fine vase," he said. "Ver' old. Sung." The word was printed in English, following the price. "Ver' rare; almost one t'ousand year old. Price is two t'ousand dollars. Cheap. You buy?"

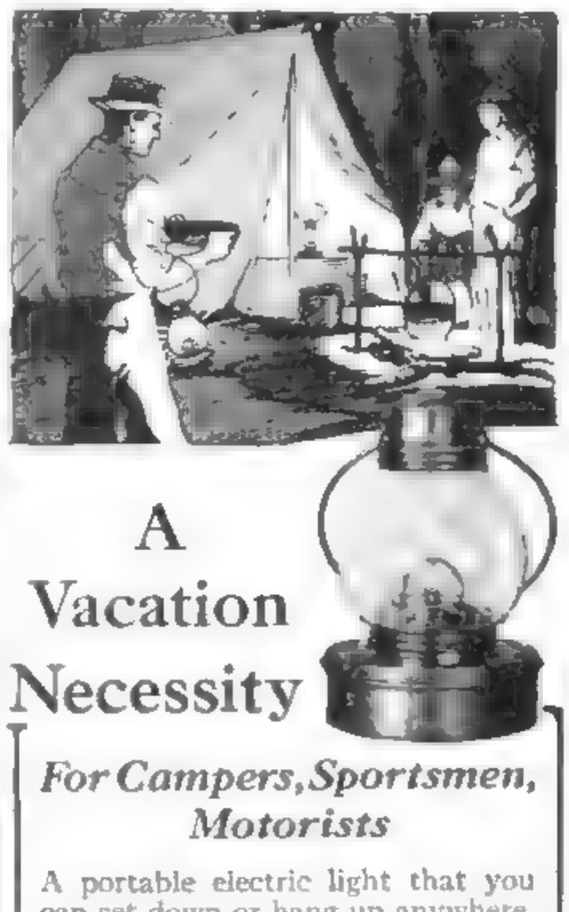
The clerk had missed the decimal point on the twenty-dollar vase, and Jim Sin realized this. "I cook," he said, dismissing the subject of the vase. "You ketchum no-sleeve felt jacket, number-one thick, mebbe I buy. Have got?"

"We don't handle Chink clothes," the clerk answered, and with a deep sigh of exhaustion the mask of contemptuous indifference returned to his pasty face. He wheeled about and walked away from Jim Sin.

"Mourning clothes may hide happiness," the old man reflected. "I would not weep overloud at his death, if it were horrible enough. The gem must be cut before it is polished; some day when this fool stumbles against a sharp meat cleaver —— Hai! Rabbits cannot worry a tiger."

(Continued on Page 118)

Electric Lanterns



A Vacation Necessity

For Campers, Sportsmen, Motorists

A portable electric light that you can set down or hang up anywhere, or carry on your arm, leaving both hands free for your work. It throws its light in every direction, instead of in one spot.

An electric lantern that you can pack in the tool box of your car

For the Camper—it lights his tent or guides him through the woods without any danger from fire. The light is turned on or off by moving a switch.

For Sportsmen of all kinds—it has innumerable uses. For motorboating its safety features cannot be overestimated. For night fishing, for carrying in the canoe and for traveling through the woods, its freedom from fire risk is an important feature. It affords protection in walking lonely roads at night.

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Height 8 in.
Width 5 in.

The Embury Supreme Electric Lantern is invaluable for all outdoor uses. It contains a battery of three unit cells which will burn for 12 hours continuously, or last for months of ordinary use. The batteries can be renewed for a cost of 50 cents wherever batteries are sold.

Order one today and be ready for any emergency.

$2.50

Complete with battery

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

The Embury Manufacturing Company
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Embury SUPREME ELECTRIC LANTERNS

RECOGNITION

Finer values, thrift *and* performance are reflected in Stephens amazing sales

THREE TIMES, since January, the Stephens building program has had to be advanced to meet the urgent demand developing wherever the great new Stephens cars have been shown and sold.

Recognition of the unmatched value and distinction embodied in the seven individual motor cars in the Stephens line has been country-wide.

No wonder. Thousands of experienced owners, with sound standards on performance, appearance, comfort and economy, were looking for motor cars to satisfy these standards at reasonable cost.

They had learned the real meaning of economy. Not miles per gallon of gas, alone, but also miles per dollar of purchase price and upkeep.

They wanted all the old and new essentials—distinctive and luxurious bodies, easy handling, smooth operation, dependable performance, and the lasting quality evidenced by high second-hand value.

Stephens anticipated this practical vision of *finer motor cars at lower prices*. And acted immediately.

1—Seven individual new body types carried on two specialized chassis were produced to match it.

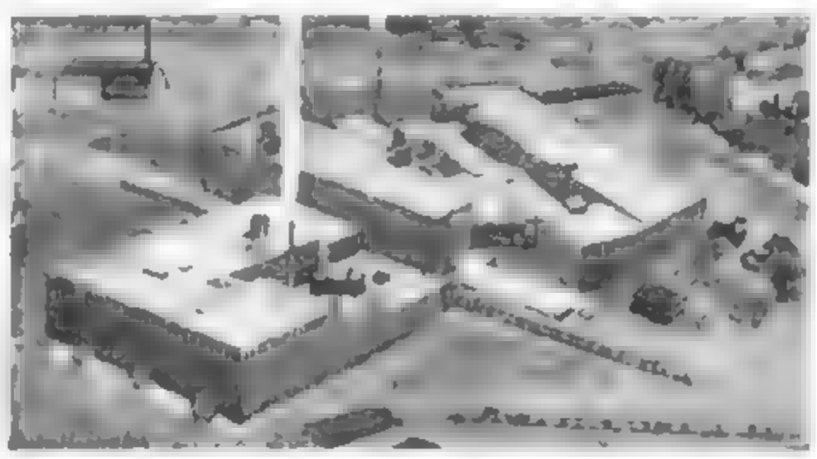
2—All the substantial qualities which for seven years had endeared Stephens cars to twenty thousand satisfied owners were retained and refined.

3—The Stephens-built, 6-cylinder motor, *with the intake manifold entirely inside the cylinder head* was brought to higher efficiency, greater flexibility, swifter acceleration and mightier power.

4—Delco ignition, new-type Timken axles, Gemmer steering gears, Mather full chrome-vanadium springs, Fedders radiators and other high grade units were incorporated into two chassis of extraordinary quality and character.

5—In the seven striking bodies, Stephens builders created new values in balanced and luxurious comfort, in graceful, low-swung lines and contours.

Stephens success tells the story in a word. See these great cars. Compare them, feature by feature. Buy no car until you have driven a Stephens.



TWO GREAT FACTORIES INSURE STEPHENS PERMANENCE

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MOTOR PLANT, AT RIGHT CONTAINS 4[illegible] SQUARE FEET

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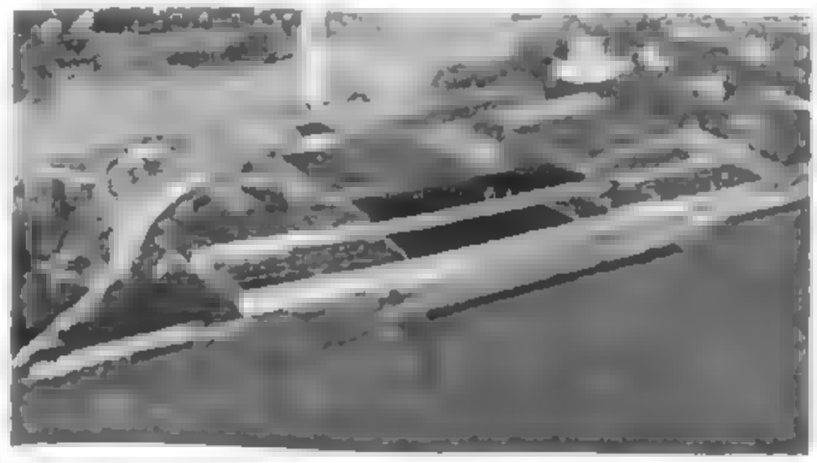
BODY-BUILDING, MACHINE AND ASSEMBLY PLANTS, (LEFT) CONTAIN 775,000 SQUARE FEET



STEPHENS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INC., *MOLINE, ILLINOIS: Factories, Freeport and Moline*

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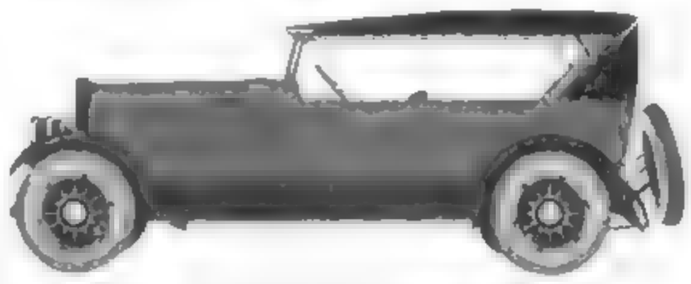
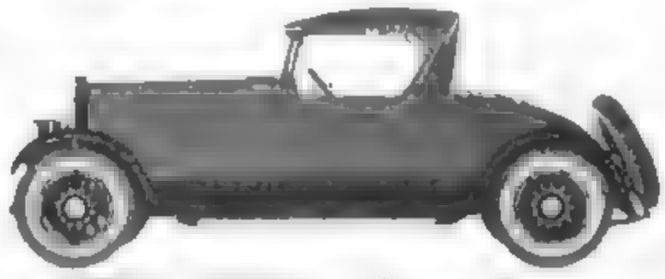
STEPHENS

Your name and address here

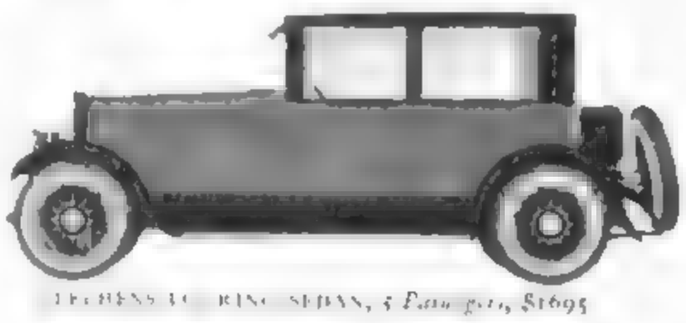
Will bring a new catalogue and motor hand-book



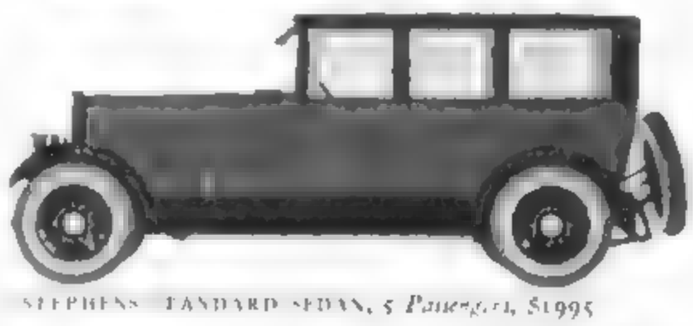
STEPHENS TOURING CAR, 5 Passengers, $1295



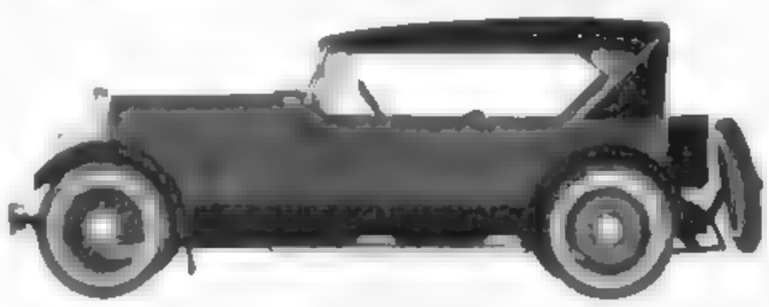
STEPHENS ROADSTER, 2-3 Passengers, $1445



STEPHENS TOURING SEDAN, 5 Passengers, $1695



STEPHENS STANDARD SEDAN, 5 Passengers, $1995



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Custom-built body. 88 headlines, 134 inches. With wire wheels, $2145
STEPHENS TOURING CAR, 7 Passengers, $1745
STEPHENS SEDAN DE LUXE, 7 Passengers, $2385
All Prices F. O. B. Freeport, Illinois

Stephens Value at a Glance

Why the Public is buying Stephens cars and Stephens Dealers are prospering today

Six-cylinder motor, Stephens built. 59 horsepower. Overhead valves half-cylinder diameter, with dual valve springs.

Intake manifold, hot-grid vaporizer and tempering chamber for gas entirely inside the cylinder head, water-cooled.

Semi-spherical combustion chambers, ful machined and polished.

Quiet rocker arms. Screwdriver adjustment of rocker arm tappets and bearings.

Pistons are matched to exact weight and individually fitted to cylinders.

Forced lubrication to every motor bearing. Oil pressure is synchronized with load.

2¼-inch crankshaft, balanced at rest and at all speeds. Heat-treated connecting rods.

Delco-Stephens ignition, starting and lighting, with semi-automatic spark control.

Gemmer special steering gear, oversize.

Fedders radiator, air baffle type.

Extra-long Mather springs, chrome-vanadium in every leaf. Sensitive, yet sturdy.

Timken axles, oversize. Pinion shaft is straddle-mounted in Timken bearings.

Oil-lubricated universal joints, dust proof.

Rigid frame, tapered channels. Five sturdy cross members, two 2-inch torsion tubes.

Brake drums, 15½-inch face. Turned true after mounting on wheels.

Stromberg carburetor, on cylinder head.

Big and burly Fisk cord tires, all non-skid.

Two wheelbases: 117 and 124 inches.

Seven distinctive body types. A car to fit every individual motoring need and desire.

Hand-built bodies. All joints screwed and glued. Hand-fashioned body panels.

Finish hand-rubbed—17 coats of paint and varnish—slow air drying.

Equipment. Thief-proof transmission lock. Kellogg power tire pump. Rain-proof cowl ventilator. Stewart 75-mile speedometer. Electric horn. Headlights have Monogram lenses. Marine-type cowl lamps. Stephens stoplight and complete tool kit.

STEPHENS DEALERS *all over the country are prospering. It is on their success that our success is based. Not only are they finding it easy to sell the distinctive Stephens line. They are also* **BUILDING AND CONTROLLING** *profitable businesses that belong entirely to them—not to the factory.*

We do not dictate selling quotas for our dealers. We do not force cars on them. Our policies are as liberal and flexible and human as it is possible to keep them. We co-operate with our dealers because, by working with them, we build for the future. We still have a number of fine retail territories open for business men. Write us today, at Moline, for full color catalogue and our dealer-building contract.

HENS

At Lower Prices

St. Elizabeth's Hospital
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Its Blabon floor of Cork
Carpet is unequa... l
for hospital service.

Ideal floors for hospitals

Blabon floors of Plain, Inlaid, or "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum are sanitary. Their surface being non-absorbent they resist acid and other stains. No dust or dirt gets ground in. They are easily kept clean and spotless, especially if waxed occasionally. Their resiliency makes them quiet and comfortable to walk upon.

There are many places in hospitals where the less expensive styles of Printed Linoleum may be used to advantage, for instance: in closets, linen rooms and store rooms.

The durability and economical service of Blabon floors have given them widespread use also in libraries, clubs, churches, auditoriums, commercial and public buildings; and their decorative possibilities make them doubly attractive for hotels, apartments and homes.

Any good department or furniture store can show you these linoleums. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, moth-proof, and lie flat without fastening. Folder showing 22 patterns in color sent upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 72 years

Important Notice:
Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise, or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

BLABON ART Linoleums

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Continued from Page 115

The tiger walked out of the Mongol Bazaar and headed directly for the Jackson Street car line. He hailed a car and scrambled aboard on the sunny side. When the car had climbed halfway up the hill beyond Van Ness Avenue, Jim Sin felt the first chill breeze that heralded the afternoon fog. He pulled his thin coat tightly about him and resolved to buy the felt jacket on the following day, but this program was blocked by a new barrier of events across the pathway of his immediate future, for when he had arrived at the house he discovered the maid, and she announced the impending return of Doctor Holland and his wife. "It's likely they be havin' company f'r wan meal afther another. Yez would betther lean heavy on th' butcher an' th' baker by tillyphone."

"I fixum. When he come?"

"Late mornin'; lunch tomorr' is th' first battle. Burn a punk stick in y'r josh house. Praise be, they leaves f'r th' Pebble Beach house th' day before Christmas."

Jim Sin nodded his head in understanding. "The superior man questions not the decree of the gods."

The Christmas idea cheered him, for since the first year of his service in Doctor Holland's house each Christmas Eve had brought him the gift of a check on the Anglo Bank, and the amount of the check had increased with each new year. He counted the days until Christmas and then he quoted a line from the Tao Heo, the first of the Four Books: "Putting quicksand in the hour glass does not shorten the day."

IV

SHARING the honors with Mrs. Holland at one of the first luncheons which she attended after her return to San Francisco was a pale parrakeet who was addicted to art in its most insidious forms, including Chinese incense, preserved ginger and the diluted blank verse of the Ming dynasty.

In his bag of tricks he carried a side line of patter which touched the high spots of Chinese bronzes and porcelains and jades, lingering safely in the uncharted Han dynasty or the clouded years of a period more remote, where a general statement, delivered with emphasis, could serve in lieu of fact. From Laufer and Bushell he had retained a smattering of names and dates and technical terms which he orated at every opportunity with an easy eloquence that had charmed more than one feminine audience. Now, fed to his pink gills and numbering among his victims half a dozen cravers of culture, this Cheever Elfred Symmes spoke his piece. Opening with Shang and Chou bronzes he chippered along the pools of knowledge until he rested in his flight on a jade island, where he perched long enough to preen himself internally with a cup of tea, molting the while a few pinfeathers of distorted but useless information. "Jade is of two kinds," he warbled—"jadeite and nephrite. Nephrite comes from the Greek, *nephritikos*, meaning the kidney stone."

The statement served to remind old Mrs. Gill Radcliffe of the narrow escape she had from lockjaw the time she stepped on a nail and they had to operate.

Thereafter for eight minutes Mrs. Holland listened to an intimate chronology of operations, being seated next to the lady who had escaped lockjaw, and when this intimate recital was finished Cheever was into the porcelain deeper than the forty members of the Ali Baba gang.

"The opportunities for acquiring the rarer pieces are fast vanishing," he concluded, "but for the diligent searcher there is still a treasure field in the musty back rooms along Grant Avenue, where gems of the Ming and Kang-hi kilns await their fortunate discoverers."

From this little acorn of chatter grew the great oak of desire, and before Mrs. Holland had spoken her farewells to her hostess she had resolved to shoot her half of the ten-thousand-dollar Christmas check on the foundation of what would some day be recognized as one of the world's great collections of Chinese porcelains. She drove directly to Grant Avenue, and at Jackson Street she began a prowl that cost her eighty cents at The Bowl Shop and two thousand dollars at the Mongol Bazaar. From the brass-plated doors of this place she was escorted across the sidewalk to her car by a trio of stunned salesmen, one of whom carried in his arms the imitation Sung vase which had attracted Jim Sin on the day of his visit in search of the three-dollar felt jacket.

When Mrs. Holland got out of her car at the door of her house on Jackson Street she carried the twenty-inch vase in her arms.

Before she stepped to the sidewalk the vase slipped from her grasp, and an instant later it lay broken before her, while a hundred vitrified slivers of glaze and paste tinkled among a dozen fragments whose clinking was the knell of what was to have been the nucleus of one of the world's great collections of Chinese porcelains.

When her first wave of emotion had passed she summoned Jim Sin from his kitchen. "I broke fine vase on sidewalk. Pick up pieces and throw away," she directed. "I don't ever want to see them."

"How much he cost?" Jim Sin, ever practical, wanted to know the only important detail of the accident.

"Two thousand dollars; now it's all gone."

Until Doctor Holland arrived at dinnertime with a comforting cargo of affection and philosophy Mrs. Holland suffered recurring attacks of chagrin and anger, interrupted now and then by contemplative moods in which she lingered tearfully on the purchasing power of two thousand unspent dollars.

In his kitchen, when dinner was done, Jim Sin tried to reconstruct the broken vase by gluing the fragments together. Failing in this, he threw the clinking débris into the ash can, saving only a piece of the base, which bore the label of the Mongol Bazaar and the hall-mark of four characters glazed in blue. "Yang Ho T'ang Chih," he read. "Made at the Hall for the Cultivation of Virtue."

He reached for his pocketknife and opened the little blade. He applied the point of the blade to the enameled surface of the fragment of the vase which had been made at the Hall for the Cultivation of Virtue. A streak of bluish dust lifted from the scratch made by the blade. "Fine words are seldom associated with virtue," he commented.

He got up and walked into the library, where Mrs. Holland and the doctor were reading. "How much you pay for vase?" he asked, seeking to confirm his previous information on the subject.

Mrs. Holland looked up. "Two thousand dollars, Jim Sin; now it's all lost."

"China dish break easy, gold money break hard. Better you keep money all time. I go downtown now."

V

TWO days before Christmas, Jim Sin's attempt at recovering Mrs. Holland's wasted money took the form of a campaign of coercion.

When the tide of holiday trade on Grant Avenue was at its height a Chinese boy carrying a sack full of ancient eggs slipped on the sidewalk in front of the Mongol Bazaar. He left the scene of his fall, weeping loudly and predicting, in terms that the world might hear, the severity of the beating that awaited him as a reward for his accident.

An hour after the sidewalk had been sluiced clean of its débris and sidewalk traffic had been resumed, the egg trick was repeated, and at about this time the butcher shop next door practically barricaded its section of the sidewalk with an assortment of crated chickens.

From the cellar under the bakery on the other side of the Mongol Bazaar along about noon there began to drift the fume-laden smoke of smoldering old flour sacks. "Too much fly, plenty mosquito. Smoke kill him," the boss of the bakery explained to Yut Sam, the complaining proprietor of the neighboring emporium.

The rival store across the street blossomed out with a huge banner on which, between the flags of the United States and the Republic of China, the world could read that "We Sell Not Japan Goods Chinese Only."

Directly in front of the Mongol Bazaar, enjoying a franchise protected by influential night-riding members of the local colony the driver of a ponderous black limousine parked his car as an effective fender against the influx of potential customers who navigated the narrow street in their own vehicles.

Until midafternoon about all the trade the store enjoyed was half a dozen ten-cent sales of litchi nuts, purchased by derelict Chinamen and paid for with silver dollars. At four o'clock two of these silver dollars were received in change by an operative of the Treasury Department, tendering a five-dollar bill in payment for a pair of fifty-cent

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

chopsticks. The proprietor of the Mongol Bazaar spent the next three hours attempting to clear himself of the charge of issuing counterfeit money and of having it in his possession. At half past six, after he had been released from custody on the strength of cash bail in the sum of five thousand dollars, and again questioned about the return of the two thousand dollars by one of Jim Sin's agents, this Yut Sam was visited by a gray-clad messenger from the post office who handed him a special delivery letter.

"You will be our guest at the Cavern of Wisdom on Ross Alley tonight at nine o'clock," Yut Sam read. "Those whose principles differ cannot consult in harmony."

Yut Sam receipted for the letter, and before he had finished reading it the first time he knew that he must choose either the appointed rendezvous with its attendant evils or some other brand of trouble that would cost him twice as much in cash or corpuscles. He had known of the crew that congregated in the Cavern of Wisdom, but being a comparative newcomer in the San Francisco colony of his countrymen he could not accurately predict the measure of distress which he was about to suffer. Enough for him that he realized the futility of attempting to evade the shock of a massed attack directed against him, and with this poor armor of philosophy about him he left his own house well before the hour of nine and directed his march toward Ross Alley.

He selected a roundabout course for his approach, halting first at a Buddhist temple, where in a sudden surrender to an overloaded conscience he burned ten dollars' worth of prayer paper. He circled around through Waverly Place, halting long enough to distribute a dollar in nickels and dimes to a group of children who were enjoying the warm air which lifted through a sidewalk grating across the street from one of the Christian missions.

At the entrance to the Salvation Army rooms he paused long enough to peer in through a cracked pane of glass set in an upper panel of the door, seeking to discover in the white man's joss house a friend for this troubled hour.

His inspection was interrupted by a Chinatown guide, traveling alone for the moment, intent on the delivery of the tickets to the North Star Night Time Lottery, whose drawing was scheduled for eleven o'clock.

On Jackson Street a careless salesman, sprinkling a stack of radishes in front of a grocery store to freshen them against the wilting hours of night, sprayed Yut Sam's shoes with a wide-flung cone of water, and in this good omen the victim discovered enough new courage to carry him to the door of the Cavern of Wisdom. "Life eternal springs from the tears of Heaven," he whispered, standing before the door. "Death from the drought of the frowning gods. Now I shall enter and face what awaits me."

He knocked upon the panels of the door and it was immediately opened. He entered the room, where Jim Sin and six of his companions confronted him. He removed his hat and bowed three times in obedience to the code of salutations.

"I am Yut Sam, honored by your commands and here before you in response to your summons," he announced. "I make three bows before the jade tablets of your ancestors. I wish you peace, never ending, in the celestial pavilion of a myriad delights."

Jim Sin, acting as spokesman for his companions, recalled the line from the first volume of the Lun Yu. "Fine words are seldom associated with virtue," he mused, and then, following the obligations of the ritual of Excellent Conduct and keeping his twisted old feet stumbling along the Perfect Way, he bowed low to Yut Sam and motioned the visitor to a place at the square teakwood table about which the company was gathered. "We have heard of the evil fortune which has descended upon you," Jim Sin began. "The gossip of the street has it that various annoying obstacles have suddenly been placed in the path of commercial success which you have followed in your Mongol Bazaar. When we learned that agents of the American Government had accused you of dealing in spurious coins our hearts bled for you. Seeking a way that you might be comforted in these hours of tribulation we resolved to welcome you to the companionship of our circle. The world speaks to your ears, your books speak to your mind, your friends speak to your heart. For the night you are one of us!"

Jim Sin spoke quickly to three of his companions: "The wine jug, Chang, that the Ark of Sorrow may be floated on the Tide of Hope! The cards, Wong—a poker deck, that the Tide of Hope may beat on the Sands of Gold! Chips, Hing, that the smiles of Kuan Lin be not lost on the tablets of memory! And leave out the white ones—white is the color of mourning and this night knows only songs of happiness."

Yut Sam won the first pot on a pair of jacks. "The smile of the gods," Jim Sin commented. "Sixty dollars is good to have."

At half past nine, playing four nines against Jim Sin's three-card draw, Yut Sam spent four hundred dollars for a quick look at four kings.

Becoming alarmed at the cackle of sympathy that was directed at the loser, Hoy Quah, the fat cat, leaped from his perch on a vacant stool and sought refuge behind the clicking gas meter, from which sanctuary he was immediately summoned by Chang, who was dealing and who craved to stroke Hoy Quah for luck.

When the hand was dealt, Yut Sam, squinting at the corners of his cards, reflected that a little more shuffling and a little less cat petting might have spared his opponents what promised to cost them considerable money, for, still palling together in the intimacy they had enjoyed in Jim Sin's hand, were the four kings. Playing, Yut Sam tilted before the draw as much as he thought the traffic would bear. "And San P'ieh," he observed quietly. "Three hundred more to draw cards."

Jim Sin looked across the table at the favorite of fortune and then his gaze lifted to a clock against the opposite wall. "Chien," he countered, "a thousand more on the narrow foundation of the blade of chance."

Yut Sam looked again at his four kings and shoved out ten yellow chips. "Deal the cards," he ordered in perfect English. "I'll play these."

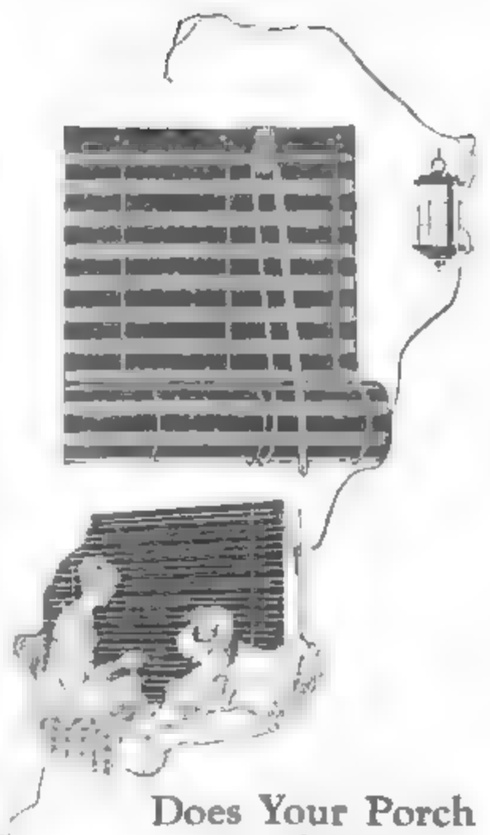
"One card," Jim Sin requested, and then seeking the comfort of his mascot he called loudly for the fat cat. "Come here, Hoy Quah, that I may caress thee with my finger tips." He felt the cat against his leg. He reached down and touched Hoy Quah, and his hand came back freighted with four helpful aces which Hoy Quah had carried for three minutes under his snakeskin collar, where Jim Sin had placed them after the preceding hand had been played.

When the smoke of conflict had cleared away Jim Sin yawned widely. "For the night, I have had enough. The superior man avoids gluttony." He looked again at the clock against the opposite wall. "It is nearly ten o'clock. I must return to my master's house, for he is leaving quite early tomorrow."

When Yut Sam had emptied half of the contents of his money belt upon the table he counted out enough currency to entitle him to an undisturbed exit from the Cavern of Wisdom. Before Yut Sam had left, Jim Sin stored the money he had won in the depths of his right hip pocket and then from the side pocket of his coat he drew a fragment of the broken vase. It was the piece bearing the label of the Mongol Bazaar and the four-character inscription. He read the inscription aloud: "Made at the Hall for the Cultivation of Virtue," and then, smiling to lend the emphasis of sincerity to his words, he bowed low and handed the fragment to Yut Sam. "In speaking our farewells, the Perfect Way demands that we bestow some gift upon our departing guest. Accept this talisman and keep it that it may recall what each of us has learned." When Yut Sam had left, Jim Sin laid three fifty-dollar bills upon the table. "I have kept two thousand dollars," he said. "This is for the chicken-foot fund for Hoy Quah, and for our friends around the Mongol Bazaar, and for our wine when we drink to the destruction of Yut Sam and his kind."

At eight o'clock on the following morning Jim Sin carried Mrs. Holland's breakfast tray to her with his own hands. On the tray in a thirty-cent vase was a little yellow bouquet of paper flowers, set in an elaborate foliage of green paper leaves. The yellow flowers were gold certificates and the foliage was greenbacks.

"Store man sorry he sell you no good vase," Jim Sin explained. "He send back money; tell you Merry New Year. Chinaman joss he no savvy Christmas."



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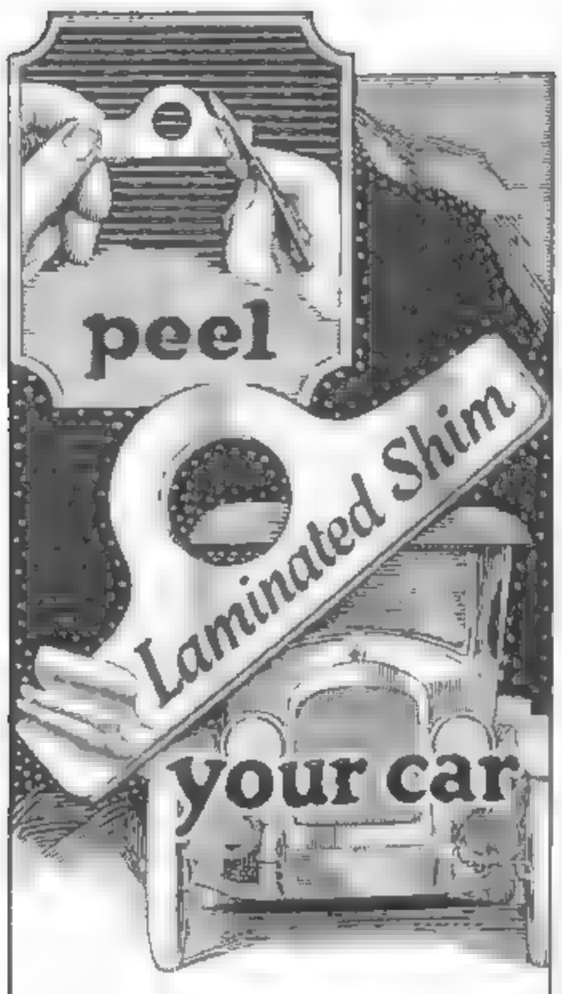

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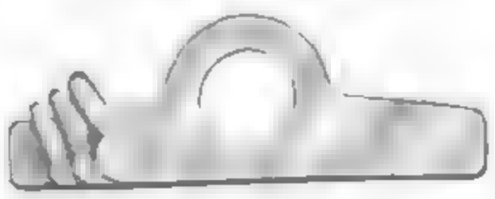

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POLITICS BY EAR

(Continued from Page 21)

forgot his class as to try to force a common politician upon us socially—his name"—she paused and repeated once more—"his name is Prissy!"

"In exchange," said Jerry, "for his promise to elect Mrs. Prissy a member of the school board."

"My husband," said Mrs. Prissy firmly, "said that was practical politics."

"To the pure," said Mrs. Tom, "all things are pure."

"I believe, Mrs. Prissy," said Mrs. Lentils, "you are giving a bridge Friday. I am afraid I must recall my acceptance. No matter how broad-minded one may be, there are certain risks one cannot run, and one of them is sitting in the room with that cerise gown Lizzie Tomlet wears afternoons. Of course, in the circumstances, she will be present."

"Cat!" said Mrs. Prissy.

Mrs. Lentils smiled in her superior manner.

"Infinitely," she said, "infinitely I prefer being a cat to being a cat's-paw."

Mrs. Prissy was standing on her narrow feet; her narrow body quivered with a mixture of rage and apprehension.

"I shall not stay. I shall report to my husband what has gone on here. I shall tell my husband and he will tell Alderman Tomlet. Then you'll see! I'm through with your old Woman's Party. I wash my hands of it. You think you can bulldoze me, but you can't. I'll beat you, beat you, beat you!"

Whereat she slammed the door after her and was no more in that place.

Mrs. Tom smiled.

"They feed her too much meat," she said.

"But—er—but, do you know," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt in her vague, bewildered way, "it's too bad she lost her temper. I don't see why people lose their tempers. Maybe," she said charitably, "she has a headache."

"Just a cramp in her inhibitions," said Mrs. Tom. "Well, what now?"

"It looks," said Jerry—"and I know Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt feels the same way—as if we had to get together to spill Mrs. Prissy's pot of beans and mess up Alderman Tomlet in the tomato sauce thereof. It's a contract."

"And," said Mrs. Burtis, "we must, we positively must, do something about his getting into the club."

"Maybe," said Jerry speculatively, "we can knock the moss off two rolling birds in a bush with one stone in the hand."

IV

MARSHALL TREE'S ambition in life was to be prosecuting attorney for Corinth County, but his chances of attaining to that position were exactly equal to those the insurance company took in issuing a policy on Alderman Tomlet's life. Until that policy assuaged the grief of the beneficiary, Marshall could look for no political preferment in his city. His reputation was too good.

Confidently, he might look forward to quick success in private practice, but he felt himself foreordained to public life. Civic virtue worked in him like a cake of yeast, and he could not be happy except as a servant and leader of the people. In his cocksure way he was discussing his ambitions with Jerry McKellar as they rode out to the Saturday-evening dance at the country club, and Jerry listened with what patience she could muster. She had very little patience with Marshall, though she was very fond of him and, in his ornamental aspects, thought highly of him, for he was undeniably handsome. Corinth was waiting for the news that she was going to marry Marshall, but Marshall was waiting for that news himself. It was information which would not come. The trouble with Marshall, from Jerry's point of view, was that he knew too much and knew it too thoroughly. He was intolerant and argumentative, both qualities to which the able young of the race are prone.

As Jerry was saying to him a moment before: "Marsh, if you were ignorant I might take a chance. Any woman can educate a husband. But so far nobody's discovered a method of extracting erudition from the bean. For instance, you know all about women. You've told me most of it. . . . A good, large, sickening bump is the only thing I can see that will make you fit for human consumption. . . . Ambition? Fiddlesticks! What you've got is a tire that's been pumped too hard. You just naturally know the world is going to varicolored blazes if it doesn't snuggle up to you and let you twist the control lever. And the sad part of it is that you are pretty good. You've got the makings, only you've got too many of 'em. But, at that, you come in handy now and then."

"Thank you," said Marshall ironically.

She shifted the subject.

"Did you hear Alderman Tomlet has applied for membership?"

"And he'll be elected," he said.

"Fiddle-dee-dee!"

"If his name ever comes before the board of governors he'll be elected. They won't dare turn him down. He's got enough on that crowd to make 'em play dead and roll over and say their prayers. Besides what he's got on 'em, they need him. He runs the politics of this town, and you just count up the governors of the club and see how many of them are interested in franchises and railroads and special favors. Never worry about his election!"

"Um—I hadn't thought about that. All I could see was the social side."

"If you can sort out society and business and politics you're some little sorter," said Marshall.

"The trouble with you," said Jerry shortly, "is that you're almost always right—and it's dog-gone aggravating. Anyhow, we'll see."

"Speaking of the club," said Marshall, "our nut alderman, Middle, has introduced a new ordinance. The boys have been laughing all over the place today."

"What has it to do with the club?"

"Prohibits Sunday golf," said Marshall, "with penalties that will curl your hair."

"Oh-ho! And probably he's back of that. Just an extra threat to hold over the club in case there are signs of turning him down."

"I don't think so. My guess is that Middle made this one up out of his own head."

"Find out," said Jerry. "If it's really Middle's, then the alderman must be mixed up in it. Let's see—um. How would his mind work?" Jerry settled back to imagine herself Mr. Tomlet and to see how she would react to the circumstances. "If," she said presently, "I were the sort of man he is, running my whole life by a system of political swaps and threats, I think I'd use this ordinance of Mr. Middle's to help me get into the club—especially if I thought there was opposition. I'd back the ordinance with a lot of noise so I'd have something to trade. Yes, sir, I'd put myself in a position where I could say to the board of governors, 'You let me into your club and I'll kill off this law; keep me out and I'll see you don't play golf on Sunday.' Wouldn't he think that way, Marsh?"

"I incline to believe he would."

"Then," said Jerry, "there's a job for you. Somehow it's up to you to get word to him that there's danger of his being rejected, and that this ordinance is the very thing to use to get himself in. Can you do it?"

"I suppose I could. But why?"

"Yours not to reason why; yours but to do and die," paraphrased Jerry. "If you must have a reason—because I want you to, and that ought to be plenty, if I'm to believe all you say about the state of your affections."

There fell a brief silence, after which Marshall Tree made an announcement and made it with an air of finality which was convincing.

"Jerry," he said, "you and I might as well understand each other now. I'm willing to do for you, and if the necessity came along I think I could die for you; but at no time, in no circumstances and for no consideration will I make a fool of myself for you. And that's that!"

Jerry wriggled around in her seat so she could face him, and presently thrust out a lovely, capable hand.

"Shake," she said. "That little ultimatum qualifies you for active membership in the human race. If you keep on coming through like that you'll have to call a committee to sort me out of your arms. But, nevertheless, Alderman Tomlet must be told."

"What's the object?"

(Continued on Page 125)

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The Jung Arch Brace supports, bandage like, muscles which have grown weak, relieves the strain and helps the foot to function normally. Eventually you can discard the braces.

A Five-year Development

The Jung Arch Brace is the result of five years of hard study. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band, its contour and design. Physicians have tested them and recommend them. Chiropodists have recognized the new scientific principles developed and advise their use.
Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist and be fitted with Jung Arch Braces. If they do not relieve you, return them and your money will be refunded. So it is folly not to make this test.

Send No Money

If your dealer hasn't them, send us the coupon below and measurements. Measure around the smallest part of the foot, with a strip of paper ½ inch wide, just back of the joints of large and small toe, where forward arch of brace is shown in illustration above.
We will mail you a pair to fit you. Pay the postman $1 and postage. If braces don't help you, return them and we will refund your money. If you prefer to send money with order postage will be prepaid.

We have prepared a book explaining the scientific principles of the Jung Arch Brace. Write for it. It is free.

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE COMPANY
463 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Canadian Office (Kirkham & Roberts, Mgrs.)
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Canadian Price, $1.25

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

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The Jung Arch Brace Co.
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Please send me pair of Jung Arch Braces. I enclose foot measurements. On receipt of package I will pay postman $1 and postage. My money to be refunded if not satisfied.

*Name*____

Address

*P. O. and State*____

*I wear size*_____ *shoe*

My dealer is

Kills Flies by

HERE IS the strangest, the neatest, the most effective way to kill flies and mosquitoes you ever saw:

Suppose you have a dozen, a hundred, or a hundred dozen flies buzzing around your kitchen. Take your can of non-poisonous Flyosan. Shoot a few sprays into the air of the room. Look at your watch. At the end of five minutes every fly will be dead! You have simply to sweep them up.

Spray Flyosan around your bedroom before you retire to-night. Every mosquito present will die in the middle of his song.

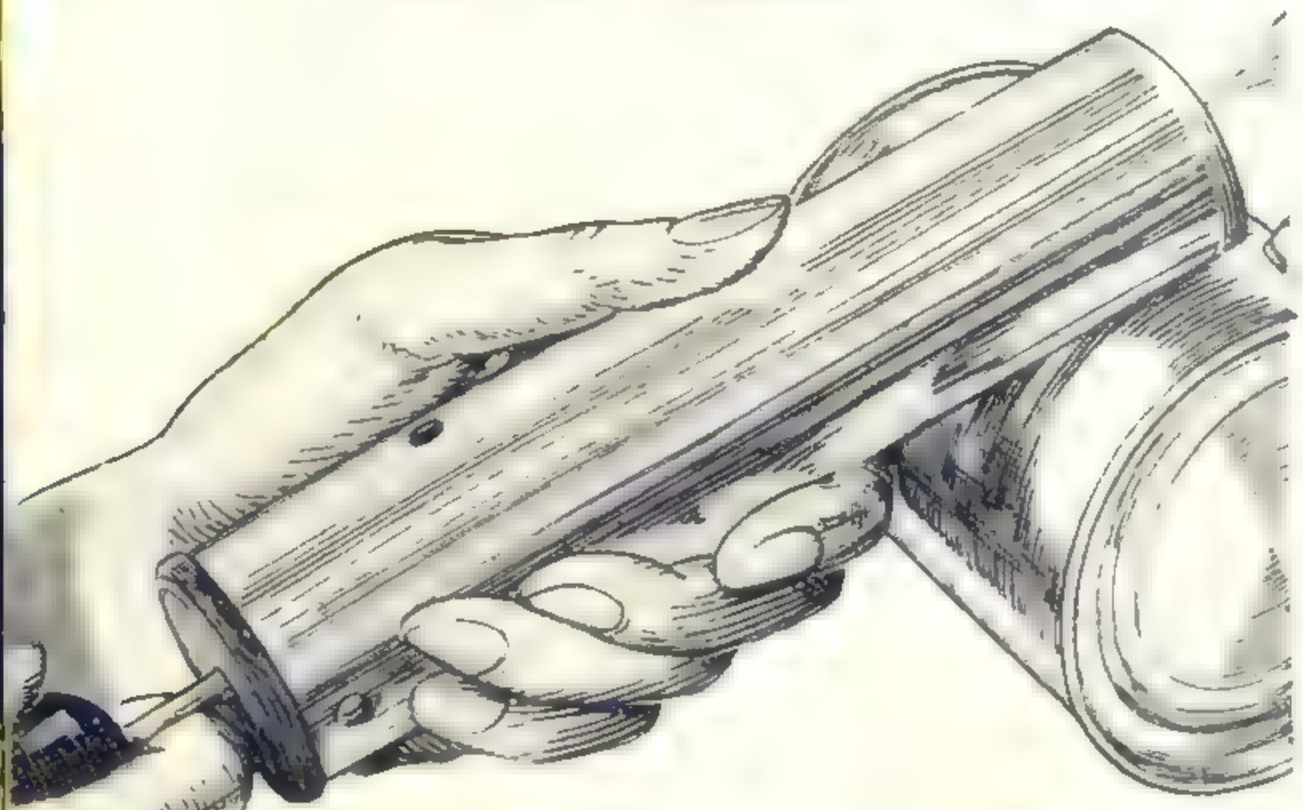
Absolutely non-poisonous, Flyosan deals death to all insects without danger to your family, yourself or your household pets. It leaves no stain, no unsightly muss to clean up. Its pleasant, aromatic odor entirely disappears after you have aired the room for fifteen minutes.

This remarkable method of banishing insect pests is sweeping the nation. Last season over half a million quarts of Flyosan were sold. Flyosan is used by the U. S. Navy, by hospitals, hotels, railway and steamship companies, by business houses, institutions, farmers, and in thousands upon thousands of homes.

You can secure Flyosan and Flyosan sprayers at nearby drug, grocery, hardware and department stores. For Introductory Package (pint and sprayer), mail us $1.00—$1.25 if you live west of the Rockies or in Canada.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Reading, Pa.

Colonial Chemical Corporation, Ltd.
146 Brock Avenue Toronto, Canada



GUARANTEE

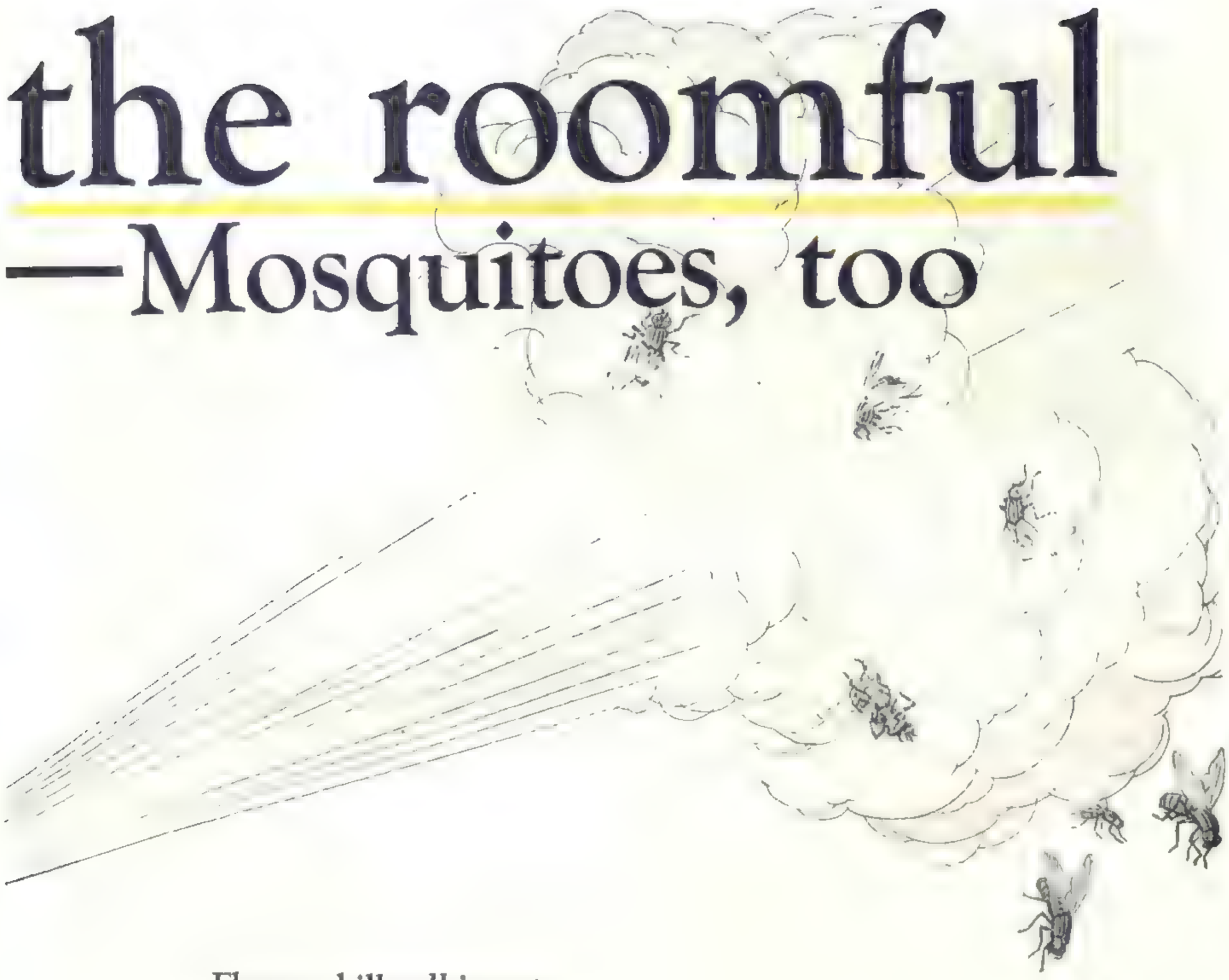
POSITIVELY GUARANTEED not to contain the slightest trace of CARBOLIC ACID, (Phenol) Nitro Benzol (Oil of Myrbane) or any other poisonous chemicals.

When this product does not produce the results we claim for it we will gladly refund your purchase price.

Important:

Be sure that the insecticide you buy has this guarantee on the package. Beware CARBOLIC ACID AND NITRO-BENZOL. Both are deadly poisons. Flyosan is absolutely non-poisonous.

the roomful —Mosquitoes, too



Flyosan kills *all* insects

Are you pestered with—

ROACHES?

Just spray non-poisonous Flyosan into cracks and crevices where roaches live. Another spray or two will finish them. Flyosan leaves no musty odor to offend.

ANTS?

Backyard ants can't start housekeeping in your pantry if you spray with poisonous Flyosan at all nooks and corners.

MOTHS?

Moths can't live in a closet that is sprayed with Flyosan. Flyosan leaves no odor or stain to offend.

BED BUGS?

A pair of these obnoxious insects may stray even into the most respectable home. One spray of Flyosan will bring them out from hiding—another spray will kill them. No odor, no stain, no trace left behind.

* * *

Hungry FLEAS won't trouble Towser, nor LICE and NITS torment your cattle and prize poultry if you spray with Flyosan. Industrious SPIDERS and warlike HORNETS in the attic—Flyosan will kill them all!

Flyosan

SAFE INSECTICIDE

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

(West of Rockies & in Canada $1.25)

Colonial Chemical Corporation, Reading, Pa.
Enclosed find $1.00 ($1.25 west of Rockies and Canada) for which please send me a complete Flyosan outfit (pint can and sprayer)

My dealer's name and address is

My Name

Address

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Just a thin blue thread—running between the strands of the rope. Our sign of high grade pure manila fibre, skilled workmanship, and strength you can depend upon

A rope to resist unusual strain

Identified by a single thin blue thread—the mark, everywhere, of dependable rope

JUST a thin blue thread—with no more strength, in itself, than a strand of hair.

And yet this thin blue thread—running between the strands through the center of the rope—marks a rope of excess strength, a rope which will "stand up" under unusual strain.

It is the mark which identifies genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—a mark which has gained universal favor among men engaged in farming, mining, oil drilling, building, shipping, transportation and other industries where rope is used.

Whenever rope is required—for hoisting heavy loads, for lowering heavy burdens, for any service where dependable rope is needed—ask for H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope.

What the "Blue Heart" means

When rope is handed to you for inspection, untwist the strands—*look inside*. Buy rope scientifically—*know* what you are getting. If you find a thin blue cotton thread running through the center, you may be sure of these specific facts:

(1) That the rope is genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—spun from a high grade of pure selected long manila fibre.

(2) That it is spun by rope makers of the highest skill, possessed of the accumulated experience of more than half a century.

(3) That, on any job, it will deliver without fail the strength you have a right to expect.

The "Blue Heart" is our trade mark—your guarantee of strength that can only be found in high grade manila rope.

GUARANTEE!

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced

A rope for every purpose

And with this strength you get a rope that, for every purpose, will outwear the ordinary kind. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather. And a rope so laid that it is very pliable and easy to work with, even in very large sizes.

Whatever may be your use for rope, you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers', mill and mine supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through regular representatives in the oil and gas fields.

For other tasks where a high grade sisal rope is required, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

And other kinds of cordage

We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp
Hard and soft fibre balings
Clothes lines — Lath yarn
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H. & A. "Star Brand" Binder Twine

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

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(Continued from Page 121)

"If you must be inquisitive," she said, "it's to get our alderman in bad with as many different kinds of folks as are enumerated on the *carte du jour*. You may have gathered that the alderman is *persona non grata*—which gets quite a few foreign languages in one paragraph and demonstrates my erudition."

"What," asked Marshall, with singular lack of tact, "can a bunch of women do to hurt Alderman Tomlet?"

"That," she said, "wins you about seven demerits. But, Marshall dear, if the alderman's political corpse is ever found in an abandoned barn, I fancy—I rather fancy—the spot marked X will be all trampled up by women's feet."

V

ON the following day Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt gave out so snappy an interview on the subject of interference in the running of the public schools by politicians with axes to grind that Mr. Pratt, on coming home that evening, looked at his wife with marked increase in the slightly perturbed, very bewildered look which he had been turning upon her of late. For twenty years he had contributed to the family the portion of the name which came after the hyphen, but never had he suspected his wife of such a vocabulary, nor of such a neat art in piecing it together. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was astonishing Mr. Pratt. He could not help wondering where she had concealed it all these years.

Simultaneously the local paper, whose avowed object was the championing of the proletariat, printed on its front page a photograph of Alderman Tomlet's application for membership in the country club, with such comment as it thought justified by the premises. This comment had to do with capital and labor. It called the application a human document, which it was not, and referred to it as the evidence which convicted our local Benedict Arnold Tomlet of betraying his cause and of going over to the enemy.

It had been no difficult feat for a young person of Jerry McKellar's adroitness to get into her possession this application long enough to have a friend photograph it. Once the photograph was obtained, she found channels through which to pass it mysteriously to the paper which bore the incendiary name of The Appeal to Arms. Here was a phase of the matter the alderman had not considered when he so readily gave his consent to his wife's request to establish her on a higher social plateau. It gave him distinctly to pause and consider; but his feet were wet in the brook, and he had to cross it now no matter how turbulently the waters ran.

When, however, in a succeeding issue the Appeal pointed out that the proposer of Alderman Tomlet for admission to the plutocratic country club was none other than the husband of the candidate Alderman Tomlet was supporting for a position on the school board and baldly charged the affair with smelling to heaven of a *quid pro quo*, the alderman went home and spoke to his wife in words, sentences and paragraphs.

"And now I'm in for it," he said bitterly, "and you done it."

It is much more telling to say to a person "You done it" than to be grammatical about it and say merely "You did it." There is a certain viciousness and venom which can be slipped into the word "done" in such cases which never can adhere to the word "did."

"Here," said the alderman, "I've been gettin' where I got by makin' a play that I stood with the home folks and labor, and them's the kind that has votes. And now you, jest because you got a hankerin' to guzzle tea with the Lattimer-Pratts instid of drinkin' your beer pleasant and neighborly with the Moriaritys, have went and made me look like a simp—which I ain't."

"I," retorted Mrs. Tomlet, as is invariably retorted in such moments, "was the simp when I married you."

But when, a few days later, the striking stove molders refused to accept Alderman Tomlet as the third arbitrator in their differences with their employers, on the ground that he was suspected of aristocratic and capitalistic ambitions, it hurt. For the alderman had been a sort of professional arbitrator in labor disputes, looked up to by the working man as their Rock of Gibraltar, upon whose justice and sympathy—and slight bias—they might rely.

So it will be seen that Mr. Tomlet, inadvertently, had set himself down in a seat where an adroit adversary might insert a pin in the seat. Immediately he suspected the identity of the adversary as that of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, whose political readiness he had come to respect if not to fear. She had put the alderman in very, very bad with his constituency.

And then young Adam Black, Jerry McKellar's pet reporter, interviewed Alderman Middle, author of the Sunday-golf ordinance, and in his paper quoted Middle as saying he had the backing of Alderman Tomlet for his measure. The story contained pointed reference to Tomlet's application for membership and asked to be informed how the two actions joined in any sort of a comprehensible whole. From which numbers of people drew conclusions, among them those socially elect with whom Mrs. Tomlet desired to drink tea.

"That," said Mr. James Hendree, "is what we get for having to do business with that sort of critter. He thinks you get into a country club the way you get appointed sewer inspector—by scaring somebody into it."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Helmuth Jones, "I don't see how the dickens we're going to turn him down."

So Alderman Tomlet found himself in marked disfavor with capital as well as with labor. He was not so much perturbed as chagrined, for he did not come up for reelection for two years, and for that period his grip on the common council was firm. But he did make life very unpleasant for Mrs. Tomlet, who retaliated by serving four times in a week beef stew redolent with onions, a dish her husband despised.

VI

THE social event of the country-club season was to be a reception and dance in compliment to Sir William Wax and Lady Wax, née Jason, daughter of the president of the local stove works. These personages were in Corinth, paying a social visit which gave Old Man Jason, as the saying is, a run for his money invested in a title. This was the event for which Jerry McKellar had waited. Each member of the club was permitted one guest card for the function, and Jerry abstracted her father's. She mailed it in an envelope bearing the club's monogram, but otherwise anonymously, to Mrs. Lizzie Tomlet. Immediately thereafter she called upon Mrs. Tom Terry, whom she found knee deep in chows within the wired inclosure of her kennels.

"Mrs. Tom," she said, "of course you're going to be among those present."

"I'm honing to see Nellie Jason wearing her title a little crooked," said Mrs. Tom. "Nellie was a nice, kind-hearted girl, if you know what I mean, but she always looked as if she dressed after somebody hollered fire."

"When you get there," said Jerry, "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt suggests you keep your eye on Mrs. Prissy. Don't glue yourself to her, my dear, but stand off and on, as the yachting members say, and squint through your binnacle, or whatever they call it, for a signal of distress."

"Who'll fly it?" asked Mrs. Tom.

"I haven't heard," said Jerry, "but I'll bet you'd be surprised to learn."

"Listen, child! What's the idea? Love, crime or politics? I don't mind which, so long as I'm dressed for it."

"It smells," said Jerry, "like politics, but you never can tell what's going on in Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's head."

"Um—that woman's got my family goat. First person I ever saw who had oodles of intelligence without a flyspeck of brains. Believe you me, dear, she wears a mental disguise one of these psychoanalyzers couldn't poke a scalpel through."

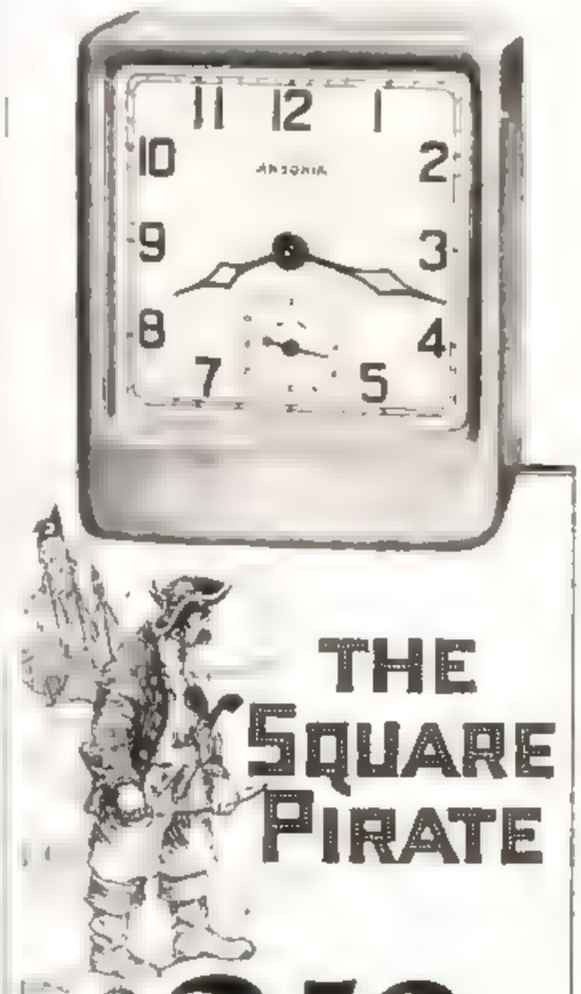
"She knows what she's at," said Jerry.

"Well, I don't; but I'll go there and wait," said Mrs. Tom.

On the evening of the reception the observant might have seen Jerry lurking in the shadows hard by the *porte-cochère*. She was waiting for someone; and when a mauve limousine, driven by a chauffeur with a livery that would have been the envy of any bell captain in a New York hotel, drove up, that someone arrived—in the person of Lizzie Tomlet. Lizzie alighted and stood in the glare of the electricity.

"Marsh, if You Were Ignorant I Might Take a Chance. Any Woman Can Educate a Husband"

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX
The New Alarms



THE SQUARE PIRATE

$2.50

Radium Dial $1.00 extra

THERE have been all sorts of pirates, but never until now a Square Pirate.

For $2.50, this Square Pirate will make you walk the plank every morning and take your plunge into the day's work ***on time.***

The Square Pirate stands so solidly that it is not easily tipped over.

No projecting feet to mar the furniture.

Seamless metal case, with a finish that resembles platinum and does not tarnish nor show finger marks.

Height—4¼ inches.

Width—3½ inches.

Runs for 30 hours.

Continuous alarm.

Concealed bell.

The Square Pirate is so good looking that it may be properly used in any room in your home—an alarm clock of entirely new design, which has achieved instant success throughout the United States.

Remember the name—the Square Pirate. It is a thoroughly good alarm clock at a very low price.

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If he has none in stock, we will mail you one post paid on receipt of the price.

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Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

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What Beats ICE CREAM and Cake?

Nothing—is the only answer to this useless question. What makes the kiddies' party? ICE CREAM and cake What is the treat of treats when callers come in hot and tired? ICE CREAM and cake, of course. What is the most delicious, most refreshing and most healthful of all foods? Ditto—ICE CREAM. Eat *more* of it. Carry it home regularly from the nearest confectionery or drug store or send the youngsters scampering for it. Get bulk ICE CREAM in one, two or three favorite flavors. But ask them to pack it in a SEALRIGHT Liquid-Tight PAPER CONTAINER. Easier to carry—won't leak, drip or crush. Handiest for children and grown-ups, too.

To remove cream, hold container under cold water a moment for a few seconds. Then remove cover, press in bottom of container with thumbs and cut cream in attractive round slices

ICE CREAM packed in a SEALRIGHT PAPER CONTAINER keeps in better condition—is easily removed, looks more inviting and can be served by cutting into round, even slices. *Always* ask for your favorite brand in a SEALRIGHT. All convenient sizes—up to one gallon. Popular sizes, half pints, pints and quarts. Many dealers have it *already packed* for you, firm, fresh and sanitary.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 276, Fulton, N.Y.

Also makers of Sealright "Pouring-Pull" and Ordinary Flat or Common Milk Bottle Caps

Even Jerry, hardened as she was to sights and sounds, could not restrain a gasp, for Lizzie was dressed up. She had it all on. She looked, as Jerry afterward related confidentially, as if she had been boiling an Easter egg and it had exploded all over her. The most conservative color she wore was red, and as she stood, counting in diamonds, a cattle buyer would have estimated her as worth forty thousand dollars on the hoof.

Jerry drew a long breath, sheltered her eyes from the glare and approached.

"Mrs. Tomlet, is it not?" she asked sweetly. "Mrs. Prissy is inside. May I take you to her?"

"Oh, it was her sent me the invite, was it? Now that was neighborly of her. Is the lord here?"

"Sir William is here—in the flesh," Jerry assured her

"I've always hankered to get a view of a lord," said Mrs. Tomlet.

Mrs. Tomlet's progress through the hall and into the ballroom was not unnoticed. Indeed, she became a parade. Jerry walked primly by her side, looking neither to right nor to left until they entered the room where the receiving line stood. Mrs. Tomlet panted audibly, and her eyes bugged; but she reared backward on her high heels in majestic joyousness in this moment of social realization. Jerry cast a wary eye about, saw Mrs. Prissy, saw Mrs. Tom at a convenient distance, and advanced. She stopped beside Mrs. Prissy, who was deep in conversation with a distinguished guest from a neighboring city, and touched her arm.

"Mrs. Prissy," she said sweetly, "here is your guest, Mrs. Tomlet."

Mrs. Prissy turned, stared, uttered a low sound deep in her throat and betrayed an abysmal lack of poise. For one of her build she appeared dangerously close to apoplexy.

"Guest!" she said in a strangled voice. "Guest!" She blinked, and then, as Jerry had hoped, gave way to her disposition, which at times became rampant and not altogether tasty. "That woman my guest! Certainly not! I don't even know who she is!" She ran her eye up and down Lizzie's proportions and regalia savagely. "I don't want to know who she is," she said, and turned her back squarely.

Mrs. Tomlet stood like one of the painted cliffs of Lake Superior, but she did not lose her poise. She had been reared in an atmosphere where one must learn to take care of oneself verbally. She glared at Mrs. Prissy's back, and then retorted in a voice audible to remote distances.

"Well," she said, "all I got to say is if you call yourself a lady, then it's a dirty mean thing to accuse anybody else of bein'." And she turned her back with a vigor much superior to Mrs. Prissy's.

Jerry touched her arm.

"Never mind," she said, "we'll go meet the lord. . . . But here's Mrs. Terry; you'll like Mrs. Terry. Mrs. Tom, this is Mrs. Tomlet. Won't you present her to Sir William and Lady Wax?"

Mrs. Tom's eyes twinkled as she extended her hand.

"It'll be a pleasure," she said. Then she came to the verge of strangulation. "Heaven knows, it'll be a pleasure!"

Mrs. Tom paused an instant to say in an aside to Jerry, "I pull my forelock to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt. She's sure got it; but where does she keep it?"

Mrs. Tom did her duty manfully. Mrs. Tomlet was presented to the nobility and shook nobility's hand with appropriate remarks which rather astonished Sir William, to whom they were later translated, and to which he responded affably, "Aw, yes, quite so. Similar to our lord mayor's lady, what? Strikin' well-dressed woman, by Jove. M'dear, why cawn't you wear colors like that?"

Which proves that one never can tell, after all.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Lizzie Tomlet was nobody's fool. She took it all in shrewdly, and she cherished her grudge. Nor was she one to permit of armistice before victory. After Mrs. Tom had seen to it that she was served with two plates of salad, three cups of coffee and a suitable amount of ice cream and cake, she sighed

"Well," she said, "take it all and all, even the treatment that skinny snip handed me, and I'm glad I come. . . . So this is how society does, eh? I'm goin' to stick to Emma Green and the O'Tooles and them. More folksy and a lot more good manners. But I ain't done with that skinny woman."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Tom, "if Mrs. Prissy offended you."

"I ain't," said Mrs. Tomlet; "but you can bet she's goin' to be."

Which last statement leads directly to a conversation Lizzie had with her husband in the privacy of their bedroom that night. She launched her share of it without preface.

"Alderman," she said firmly, "you can git back your application to join up with that club. I wouldn't join it, not if you was to beg me on your marrowbones."

"Lizzie," said the alderman, "did them society women snub ye?"

"They done so," she said; but then, with her natural shrewdness, followed it by observing, "And I dunno's I blame 'em so much exceptin' that Prissy cat. Strange dogs growls at one another. I've been and I've looked, and I don't b'long. No more'n they'd b'long in the Sattidy Pedro Club. But so fur's that Prissy woman goes, I'm a-goin' to tack her hide to our back fence, and you're a-goin' to help me. . . . The' was two wimmin there I could be friendly with, mebby. One of 'em was a young thing that I didn't catch her name. T'other was a Mrs. Tom Terry, and she was right pleasant and good-hearted"

"Um!" said the alderman. The juxtaposition of these two names aroused his suspicions. "Was the Lattimer-Pratt woman around any place?"

"Didn't see her."

"This young woman you mention. Kind of perty and slight, with flapper hair and sich?"

"That's her."

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's secatary," he said heavily. "Lizzie, that woman—that Lattimer-Pratt woman—dog-gone if she don't play this here game of politics by ear." He shrugged his shoulders "Well, she win. Dunno's I'm so sorry, seein' how things turned out and all."

"What d'ye mean, alderman?"

"Ma," he said, "I calc'late 'twouldn't be good for your digestion to be told; but, anyhow, we'll lick this Prissy woman for the school board."

"And elect Mrs. Terry. She's runnin' too."

"That," said the alderman, "is the idee the plot was wrote around."

Feeding a Bear in Yellowstone Park

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BUSHING BEARINGS

A GREAT SPECIALIZED PLANT—
Devoted to A Single Product

HERE is a great specialized organization with 50 years of experience behind it and immense plant capacity, devoted exclusively to the production of bronze bushings and bearings.

The average production in this plant now is almost four million Bunting Bronze bushing bearings every month. The actual figures on the latest 90-day period were 3,750,000 per month.

Plant processes are constantly under a laboratory inspection and control so searching and efficient that inspecting the delivered product is a formality many customers have long since abandoned

The difficult, the unprecedented, the super-ordinary bronze bushing bearing is handled in this plant with precision and certainty. Pattern and tool equipment is always ready for the production of over 10,000 different sizes and designs.

Manufacturers—"They're Always In Stock," 268 different sizes of "Ready Made" bushing bearings always ready to ship. Over a thousand machinery builders using them are saving time and money. Write for Stock List No. 10.

Auto Parts Jobbers—Write for Stock List 11 showing Ready Made Piston Pin bushings and Stock List 102 showing Spring bolt bushings for all popular automotive vehicles.

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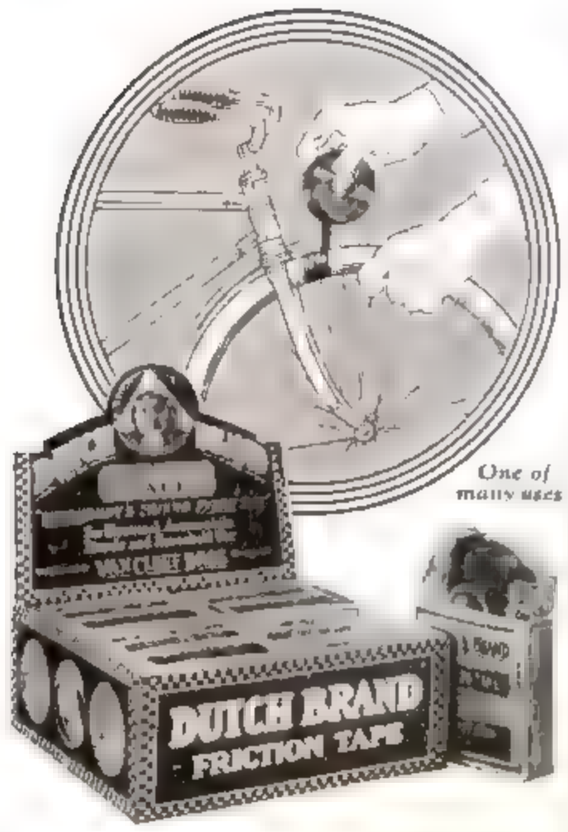

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Hundreds of DUTCH BRAND uses in home, store, shop—for automobiles and electrical work; for mending tools, garden hose, anything broken, for taping ball bars, tennis rackets. Look for the orange and blue carton at your cycle, auto supply, electrical, hardware or sporting goods dealer's. Four sizes: 5c, 10c, 20c, 35c. Dealers supplied through jobbers.

DUTCH BRAND stands for highest quality in a full line of chemical necessities for bicycles, motor-cycles and autos, such as Rubber and Rim Cements, Orange Rim Shellac, Tire Fluid and Enamel—all made in our own modern factory.

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Pettijohn's is bran food made delightful. The bran flakes are hidden in luscious flakes of wheat. In a special soft wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows.

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Here we combine them in a dainty. It has become in countless homes the favorite morning dish. It will be so in yours. Serve it tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Soft Wheat—25% Bran

THE PINHOOKER

Continued from Page 13

"Well"—Whitlatch spoke briskly—"well, Mart, le's be movin' on. Got to git back to the office."

Mackenzie's glance interrupted him. Cole, accustomed to the man's normal assurance, was puzzled by the look and manner that came upon him under that amiable inspection.

"Reckon Bert must've wrote you out a right good policy, Gidlow, if you c'n collect better'n the market price on your leaf. Never bought no insurance till this year, did you? Read over your policy, Gidlow, 'fore you paid f'r it?"

"Look here, Mackenzie— "

Whitlatch attempted a blustering manner, but Gidlow, plainly startled, gave him no heed.

"What you gittin' at, Mackenzie? You tryin' to tell me they's a hole in that there insurance?"

"Ain't read your policy, Gidlow. But I read a plenty others, an' all I ever read was fixed so it wouldn't pay a man to have a fire. You c'n pay for all the insurance you're a mind to; but when you go to collect you got to prove your loss, an' you can't collect only three-quarters. Ain't that right, Bert?"

"We're taking care of our policyholders, Mackenzie. Reckon we know our business."

"Hold on!" Gidlow was alert now. He shot a narrow-lidded glare at the agent. "Maybe I been stung. I aim to find out." He dragged an envelope from an inside pocket and unfolded the policy it held. He read it, tracing the lines of fine print with his forefinger. Suddenly he stiffened. "You skinned me, Whitlatch! You told me I could fix the figger any way I wanted, an' it says here't in case of loss the value's got to be jedged by the average prices in the nearest warehouses durin' the week 'fore the fire. You honeyfugled me into payin' you for two thousand insurance when you knowed I couldn't git more'n five-six hundred, the way prices been goin' down!"

Whitlatch seemed to decide suddenly to brazen it. He lighted a cigarette and laughed carelessly as he snapped the match into the road.

"Never figured you was simple enough to buy a policy without you knowed what it said, Gidlow. Reckon they ain't anybody't don't know the insurance companies ain't in business to pay folks for settin' fires!"

"Why, I'd lose money on that there leaf if it got burnt, accordin' to this!" Gidlow seemed stunned. "I got around seven thousand pounds on my floor, an' the average price ain't over fifteen cents. Paid mighty close to that f'r the leaf."

"Bound to lose money when you get burnt out," said Whitlatch easily. "All we do is to cut down your loss some. You got the same policy we give other folks, Gidlow. If you got a fool notion you could make money by havin' a fire, that's your mistake." His tone hardened. "The way you talk, it sounds like you'd been fixin' to have one any time you figgered the prices wasn't goin' up. I got a good notion to refund your premium an' cancel your policy."

The pinhooker studied him deliberately, his small eyes half shut.

"You willin' to give me back my money?"

"Less the premium already earned, o' course." Whitlatch shrugged. "We ain't after business on any misunderstandin's. Write you out a check right now if you'll come over to the office."

Gidlow hesitated. Cole saw his glance flicker at Mackenzie and back to the agent. His anger seemed to subside.

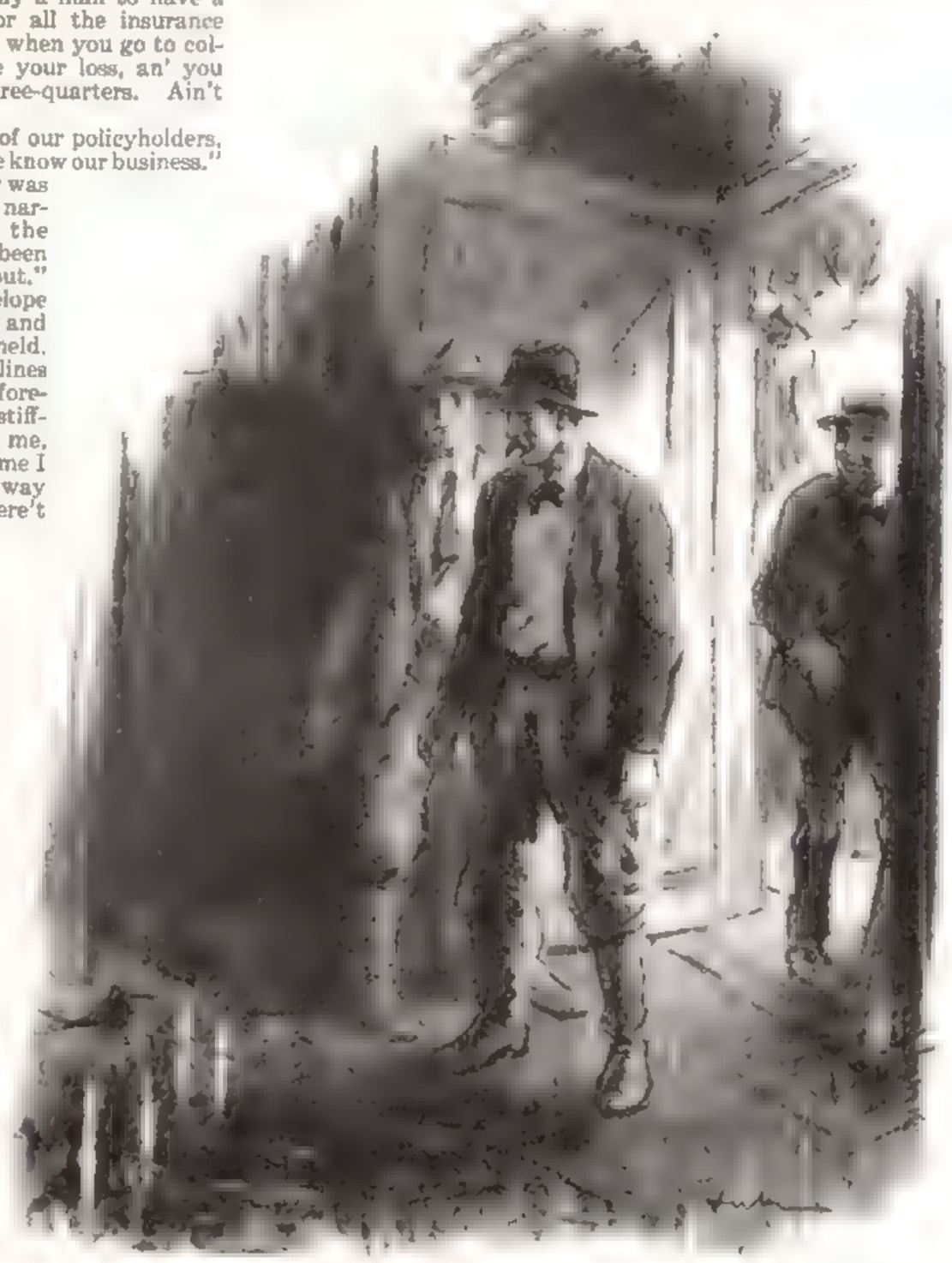
"No; reckon a little pertection's better'n none, an' that ornery webfoot's plumb apt to burn me out any dark night."

Mackenzie shook his head slowly.

"Reckon he ain't, Gidlow. Likely Hump figgers he'd be doin' you a favor. Heap of folks has the same notions about insurance't you had. Bridger ain't apt to go makin' more money f'r you."

Gidlow slanted his head thoughtfully. He seemed to Sim Cole to find a certain satisfaction in his meditations, for he chuckled after a moment, and his eyes flickered to Bert Whitlatch's face with a quick glint of cunning.

"Plenty of folks to tell him better, Mackenzie. Looks like me an' Laz'd better sleep kind of light till we got that there leaf sold." He turned to Cole. "How's the still-huntin' trade, Sim? Gettin' plenty?"



The Room Was Lighted. He Did Not at First Realize the Significance of the Four Candles That Burned on the Floor

Cole scowled. He did not like to hear that phase of his work as deputy described as a business. The county paid him a fee of twenty dollars, to be sure, on each still he confiscated; but he preferred to have his activities in that direction regarded as part of his duty.

"Got time to ride me out a ways this evenin', I could maybe show you somethin', Cole."

Uneasy under Mackenzie's gentle glance, Cole nodded. He had profited more than once by Mart Gidlow's piloting. The pinhooker's business took him off the smoother tracks, and his small eyes had a useful trick of seeing more than most.

"My job to go git a still any time I c'n do it," he said sourly. "If that's what you're gittin' at, Mart."

"Be round for you right after dinner." Gidlow chuckled again. "Reckon you got a right busy winter ahead of you, Cole. The way tobacco's sellin', they's a heap o' folks 't's bound to go in the moonshine business."

He and Whitlatch moved away. Cole avoided the sheriff's eyes. He knew that Mackenzie's sympathies obstinately found excuse for the back-country people who held doggedly to their belief that any man had a right to turn his corn into white liquor. The old man was always a little gentler with moonshiners than with other prisoners. But the sheriff seemingly had another thought now.

"Right smart man, Gidlow," he said. "Thinks kind of quick, Sim." He was silent for a moment. "Any time you see Hump Bridger you might tell him to come talk to me when he gits a chance."

Cole stared.

"Ain't apt to see him. Don't hardly ever go outn the big swamp, does he?"

"Reckon not." Mackenzie rose slowly, straightening his long back cautiously, one hand pressing at the small of it. "Figgered you'd maybe see him this evenin', Sim. Tell him what I said if you do."

He went up the steps. Cole's glance followed him. There were times when the sheriff's talk confirmed his deputy's secret conviction that age was beginning to tell on the old man's wits. But as he headed his battered little car southward over a deep-rutted sand road in the savage blaze of the early afternoon he listened to Mart Gidlow's chuckling speech with an uneasy memory of Mackenzie's order.

"Drive down the swamp road, Cole, an' stop to my place till we pick up Laz. Might's well leave him pole f'r us." He gave a little giggling laugh. "Split even on the bounty same as always, eh?"

Cole nodded sullenly above the wheel. The pinhooker smacked his lips.

"Use any ten dollars right handy these days, but I'd a sight ruther git this ten'n any other. Ain't even with that webfoot yet, Cole. Learn him to go shovin' me in ——"

He stopped abruptly and Cole guessed that he preferred to keep the matter of that ducking to himself.

"You mean it's Bridger's still we're after?"

Gidlow giggled again.

"Feller't travels around like I do c'n see a heap o' things he ain't meant to see if he keeps his eyes open. You wait an' find out, Cole."

He would not be more explicit, though Cole persisted with questions. He seemed to find an added relish in reserving his information even from his ally. They stopped at his homestead, a square, weathered house under gaunt, towering sycamores, and Cole went around to the back of it with him on his search for Laz. The barn in which he stored his tobacco drew the deputy's notice. It was solidly built, with a heavy door secured by a stout chain and padlock. The single window was shuttered and barred, and the building stood on a foundation of concrete blocks.

"Rat-proof, that barn is," Gidlow boasted. "Mighty nigh thief-proof, too, I reckon."

Gidlow fumbled for a key and unlocked the door. The big, dim interior released a breath of warm, spiced air from the shrouded mounds of tobacco on the floor. Gidlow jerked a hand at the leaf and cursed sourly. *(Continued on Page 131)*

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(Continued from Page 128)

"Eight thousand pounds, Cole, an' I'm apt to lose money on every pound, even if Bridger don't burn me out. Them bloodsuckers't buys this year ——"

He closed the door and snapped the padlock through the heavy staple. Cole stood in the shade of the barn and watched him out of sight beyond the angle of the house. He came back with Laz, limping and grinning. They drove on to the south, through the encroaching wilderness of scrub oak and bunch grass, the road a double rut that twisted indolently aside for every stump and sapling. It was an hour's hot drive before they slid over the edge of the last ridge and dipped down to the thickets that obscured the Big Branch. A long, crazy bridge of logs and loose planks twisted out over black still water. The air was suddenly cooler and touched with heavier smells than lay on the thinner atmosphere of the uplands. At a gesture from Gidlow, Cole stopped short of the bridge and drove to the side of the wheel track. Laz, scrambling down over the edge of the planking, reappeared from below the bridge, standing in a flat-bottomed boat. Cole saw that it was made fast with chain and padlock to one of the spiles. Gidlow unlocked it and settled comfortably on a soap-box seat. Laz fumbled in the weeds and drew out a hickory sapling, with which, standing in the stern, he poled the clumsy boat upstream, his vacant face lighting as if it pleased him to show off before a stranger.

The Branch flowed here between banks of quiet water, a stream running through a dark and silent pool. The silting of the channel had backed up a widening lake, drowning out those trees that could not live with water lapping at their trunks. Eager, hungry creepers had climbed the dead trunks where the sun beckoned. They made Cole think of turkey buzzards fattening on death. He hated the swamp, hated even the coolness of it; the inclosing shadows that blackened the water; the stealthy, mysterious sounds, murmurs and whimpers where the stream rippled over a snag; the furtive splashings of fish; the calls of the birds and the sudden flutter of startled wings. He would have been afraid except for the reassurance he found in the grinning face of the negro, in Gidlow's look.

The pinhooker was at home here. Cole guessed that he did a good deal of his buying from the swamp people. They would be easy picking for a man like Gidlow, marooned as they were on their little islands of dry ground, cut off from roads and markets. Probably it paid Gidlow to keep his own boat at the bridge, to have a negro who knew how to handle it as Laz did.

Gidlow gave his orders in gestures. He would wave his hand carelessly and Laz would duck and grimace in instant comprehension. The scow slid over the black water in long, slow surges as he swung his distorted body at his pole. They swerved out of the narrow, open channel to still water, where Laz seemed to follow a twisting path between drowned and throttled trees. Through a break Cole caught a brief glimpse of a sorry cabin perched on a narrow tongue of high ground. The smell of wood smoke drifted thinly above the water. Gidlow's sly laugh sounded softly.

"Hump Bridger's shanty yonder."

He gestured to Laz, and the scow veered upstream again, skirting a low soggy bank. Cole scowled at the coincidence. Mackenzie couldn't have foreseen this, of course. It was just a happenstance. But ——

"Here we be, Cole."

Gidlow's whisper interrupted his thought. The pinhooker pointed between the trees, and Cole caught the familiar smell of fermenting mash as he saw a crude shelter of poles and branches beside the water, saw a drift of smoke lifting above it.

Laz brought the scow to the bank. Cole looked warily for moccasins before he stepped ashore, but Gidlow's eagerness overbore his fears. He hoisted his bulk eagerly to the unfirm footing and led the way to the crazy shelter of the still.

All the pathetic makeshifts of these homemade stills were prosaically familiar to Sim Cole. He saw nothing even funny about them any more. Methodically he set about his routine job of destruction, smashing the tub of mash and shoving the wreckage into the water, putting out the fire below the five-gallon oil can that served as boiler, and helping Laz carry it, with the clumsy worm of copper tubing, to the scow. Gidlow looked on, grinning.

"Figgered it'd be runnin' by now. Reckon they's a plenty more right along this bank. Spotted this here one when I was up here buyin' tobacco, but it wasn't workin' and the worm was hid up somewheres else."

Cole said nothing. He finished his work and went back to the scow. Gidlow admonished Laz with another of his significant gestures and they slipped back as they had come till they were again abreast of the cabin. Here, at another gestured command from the pinhooker, the boat's blunt nose swerved inshore and Cole saw three underfed children scurry for the cover of the house as they emerged from the fringe of drowned woods. He slid his hand to the butt of his gun, scowling. There was no profit in meddling with the owner of a still; and, with a white man, there might be risk. But Gidlow's laugh reassured him. Bridger came slowly toward them, his arms hanging loose, a figure devoid of menace.

"Done made a haul, Hump, me an' Cole." Gidlow waved his hand at the wrecked still in the scow. "Looks like you missed out on some easy money—found this here still right under your nose, we did."

Bridger said nothing. His face was expressionless, and his eyes rested on the boiler and worm without interest. Cole remembered Mackenzie's message.

"Sheriff wanted I should stop in an' tell you to come see him, Bridger. Don't know what he wants."

Bridger's glance shifted deliberately. There was a moment of silence; and Cole, schooled to wariness toward men deprived of the relief of speech, fumbled again for the gun butt. But Bridger's voice was flat and harmless when he broke the pause:

"Tell him I'll make out to git in soon's I can."

Cole's contempt for him revived. He was just a swamp rat, after all; too spiritless to resent injury or affront. But Bridger's glance moved slowly to the pinhooker, and once more Cole had the queer fancy that it was like an arm that reached out and fastened. He was glad when they had regained the cover of the woods.

"What for'd you aim to go pesterin' him that-a-way, Mart?" he grumbled. "No sense to it."

Gidlow lifted his fat shoulders.

"Learn him it ain't healthy to use me wrong. Reckon he'll know better, come next' summer."

Cole said nothing. He was troubled during the long drive back to Tyre by a persistent feeling that he had been mistaken in Mart Gidlow. It was smart to combine revenge with a profit, of course; Cole could approve and admire that. But it wasn't smart to go hunting for trouble that could more easily have been avoided. Gidlow had acted like a fool, rubbing it in on Bridger that way.

Mackenzie was on the courthouse steps when Cole brought in the still. He nodded as if he had been expecting it.

"See Bridger, Sim?" He nodded again as Cole told him what had happened. "Kind of figgered you would. Gidlow's a right smart man—mighty smart."

"Don't see it." Cole frowned. "Goin' outn his way to make an enemy."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Takes a smart man to figger out a profit on enemies, Sim. Gidlow show you his tobacco when you stopped to his place?"

Cole lifted his eyebrows.

"Yes; but what's his tobacco got to do with it? He ——"

Mackenzie stood up.

"Kind of figgered he'd leave you look at it. Right sharp, Gidlow is. Pity he ain't a mite smarter or a mite stupider, Sim. Right funny thing the mistakes a man'll make when he takes a notion he's so smart he jest can't make ary one."

III

COLE sulked at the wheel of the jolting car. Even on Saturday nights Tyre was dull, compared to the life and stir of the streets down in Cray; but Cole looked forward to them as weekly breaks in the dead monotony of the county seat. It was a smarting grievance, this sudden notion of Mackenzie's to go chasing out into the country just as the sun was dipping to the low hills and the farmers' wagons were crowding the pipe-rail fence beside the courthouse. The old man had had a whole week in which to drive out to Gidlow's. There wasn't any sense in waiting till a Saturday sundown for a trip that could have been made at any other time, that needn't have been made at all.

Mackenzie was beginning to lose his grip, Cole told himself. It showed in these whims of his, like his present idea that something was bound to happen to Gidlow's storage barn tonight. He hadn't worried about it all week; now he was just as unreasonably sure that there was trouble in sight.

Of course Bridger might have said something. Here was another grievance to feed Cole's mood—the way Mackenzie had sent him out of the office both times that Hump Bridger had come in, as if he wasn't to be trusted. Bridger might have threatened in one of those interviews; but even if he had, it was foolish to believe him. He wouldn't have the nerve to burn Gidlow's barn, no matter what he might have said.

"Reckon we're apt to meet up with Gidlow comin' in town," said Mackenzie cheerfully. "Looks like that dust yonder might be his truck."

Cole slanted his eyes at the distant yellow haze and his irritation deepened. If Gidlow could leave his barn unguarded there surely wasn't any reason why the sheriff should take it on himself to watch it for him. He opened the throttle a little. Perhaps Mackenzie might change his mind after seeing the pinhooker. There would be time to get back to Tyre, in that case, before the movie show began. He was beginning to be hopeful when he saw that the approaching truck was Gidlow's, that the pinhooker sat beside Laz on the seat. He stopped the car without waiting for the sheriff's gesture, and the truck halted in obedience to Mackenzie's lifted hand.

"You goin' to town, Gidlow?"

"Figgered I would." Gidlow laughed his high-pitched giggle. "Me an' Laz is plumb wore down stayin' up nights to watch that barn. Figger they's no sense doin' it, Mackenzie."

"Ain't so sure." The sheriff shook his head. "Had a notion you'd be comin' in town tonight, an' come out to keep an eye on things myself—me an' Sim. Hate to have you lose your barn, Gidlow."

"Shucks, Mackenzie! Looks like you thought I meant it—what I said about you leavin' a firebug alone! I wasn't only funnin', sheriff. If my barn gits burnt it ain't your fault."

"Don't aim to leave it git burnt if I c'n help it. Reckon Sim an' me can stand it to watch a spell. You go ahead to town, Gidlow. Look like you ain't been sleepin' much. Do you good, maybe, to see that there picture show."

"Le's all go see it, sheriff." Gidlow spoke earnestly, Cole thought. "I'll pay for you an' Sim. Reckon I owe you that much, comin' clean out here this-a-way."

"Obliged to you." Mackenzie nodded. "But I reckon we better not. Wouldn't feel easy in my mind. You see, Gidlow, Hump Bridger was in town this evenin', an' he's bound to go past your place, walkin' home. Feel safer if they's somebody there."

Gidlow's face twisted in sudden anger.

"I'll come back with you-all then, as long as you're bound to go. But it's plumb foolishness all the same."

He moved his hand in a circular gesture and Laz let in the clutch. Cole, scowling, drove on, leaving the truck to turn and follow. Gidlow's hail stopped him. The pinhooker had scrambled down and was running after the flivver.

"Ride in with you-all," he puffed as he came up. "Laz c'n fetch the truck home."

He climbed into the back seat, the springs complaining under his weight. Mackenzie turned as the car started.

"Ain't really no need for you to come back, Gidlow, without you want to. Too bad to miss that there show." He hesitated. "Hated to take Sim away from it. Wouldn't 've, only I figgered I'd ought to finish him up for a witness after you'd started him in like you done, Gidlow."

"Who? Me?" Gidlow's voice sounded startled. "I don't see what you're gittin' at, Mackenzie."

"Figgered you done it a-purpose. Looked like it—the way you showed Sim how much tobacco they was in the barn, an' left him hear you funnin' Bridger about that there still. Figgered you was countin' on Sim to be a witness if it come to a court case. Fetched him out this evenin' so't he'd see the finish, you might say." Mackenzie laughed softly. "Make a good witness f'r you, Sim would."

"Don't reckon I'll need none," Gidlow snapped. "Don't take no stock in this notion't Hump Bridger's bound to burn me out jest because he might go past my place. Don't sound sensible, Mackenzie."

"Think so?" The sheriff's tone was oddly respectful, Cole thought. "Set a

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 131)

heap of store by your jedgment, Gidlow. If you figger Hump wouldn't do it, maybe I'm foolish to go frettin' about it. But if the barn was to git burnt tonight you'd figger he done it, wouldn't you?"

"That'd depend. Reckon I would. But it ain't burnt; not yet, anyhow."

Mackenzie seemed content to let the argument go by default. Cole drove in resentful silence. The sight of the big barn beside the weathered house deepened his sense of injury. He'd known all along that it was a fool's errand. Mackenzie's notion had spoiled his Saturday night's fun; spoiled Gidlow's holiday, too.

But the pinhooker seemed to bear no malice, at least. He was out of the car before it stopped; and Cole, who knew that he had no name for hospitality, was pleasantly disappointed in his manner.

"Well, it looks like you'd wasted your trip, Mackenzie; but now you're here you-all better come in a spell. I got some right pretty liquor. Reckon it ain't legal for a sheriff, but maybe you'd ought to sample it an' see."

He unlocked the front door and swept a fat arm in invitation. Cole, who was hot and thirsty, moved toward him; but the sheriff's hand closed on his arm.

"Reckon we better not go inside yet a while, Gidlow. Sort of like to take a look around that there barn first. Look plumb ridic'lous if it was to start burnin' with me inside drinkin' up your liquor."

Gidlow began a protest, but the old man had already turned away. Cole followed him around the barn, his irritation mounting as they found no sign of any attempt to fire it. The sandy soil had been freshly plowed clear to the walls; there was nothing inflammable within forty or fifty feet.

"Hope you're satisfied, sheriff. Done wasted our time, like I said we would."

"Looks like it, Sim. Reckon maybe we c'n git back to town in time for that there picture show, after all." He turned to Gidlow. "You c'n come along, Gidlow, jest as well's not. Ain't no need f'r you to watch. I'll tend to that, same as I been doin'."

Gidlow seemed, to Cole, to draw together, to shrink.

"You mean—you mean you been watchin' ——"

"Hired a man to do it f'r me," said Mackenzie placidly. "Gittin' too old to lose my sleep if I c'n help it. Reckon we better take a look inside the barn before we start back. Jest aim to make plumb sure it's all right, now I'm here."

Gidlow's eyes were round and stupid; he stood still, his jaw sagging. The truck snuffled past the corner of the house and Mackenzie's glance moved to Laz as the crippled negro swung himself down from the seat, as a monkey might climb from a tree.

"Always figgered you knowed your business when you taken an' hired Laz, Gidlow. Knows how to work an' don't know how to talk. Couldn't hardly git a better nigra, I reckon—not f'r your kind of work. Open up this here door, Gidlow."

Cole started under the whiplash bite of the command. He had never heard Mackenzie speak in such a tone. It startled him to discover that the gentle old voice could harden and sting like that. Gidlow's hand moved to his pocket as a man's might move in a walking dream. He brought it away empty, as with a mighty effort.

"Lost my keys, sheriff. I—I had 'em when I started out to town ——"

"Take 'em outn that pocket, Sim."

Again the tone seemed to bite. Cole obeyed as if the words acted directly on his muscles. The big bunch of keys seemed to stupefy Gidlow. He stared at them, and Cole could see his flabby bulk shivering in the dusk as if a fever shook him. Mackenzie flung out a hand toward the door.

"Open it, Sim—quick!"

Cole's eye followed the gesture. Below the door, like a pale-yellow ribbon, a thin streak of light lay on the heavy sill. He tried the keys swiftly. The lock yielded and the door swung inward under the heave of his shoulder.

The room was lighted. He did not at first realize the significance of the four candles that burned on the floor. His mind had room for nothing more than the empty space where a week ago he had seen the great pile of Gidlow's tobacco. It was Mackenzie who blew them out, pinching the glow from the wicks. Cole watched him stupidly as he lifted a handful of the litter that strewed the floor and sniffed at it.

"Coal oil." He nodded. "Safer'n gas an' jest as easy to burn. Always figgered you was smart, Gidlow. Think kind of quick. Back yonder when Bert Whitlatch told you about that there insurance policy I reckon you had this here all figgered out. Stood to lose money if you sold your leaf or if you burnt it, but if you could burn it first an' sell it afterwards you'd make a right pretty profit. Smart, Gidlow. Always said so."

He shook his head gently at the pinhooker, who stood facing him, hypnotized and helpless under his fears.

"All you needed was a good, likely enemy to blame for it—an' you got him easy. Had Sim f'r a witness, too. Right funny thing, Gidlow. You took a heap of pains to give Hump Bridger a reason to hit you anywheres he could. Mighty smart, that was; but it's funny you never figgered't Hump would do it. Only aimed to make it look that-a-way. Never struck you't Hump'd go a long ways to git square with you, if somebody taken an' showed him how."

He called sharply. A man slouched out of the scrub, only a few yards from the group. Cole's nerves jumped at the noiseless approach, the effect of magic in the sudden appearance of Hump Bridger in that thin cover of scrub, where it seemed as if even a rabbit must have been visible.

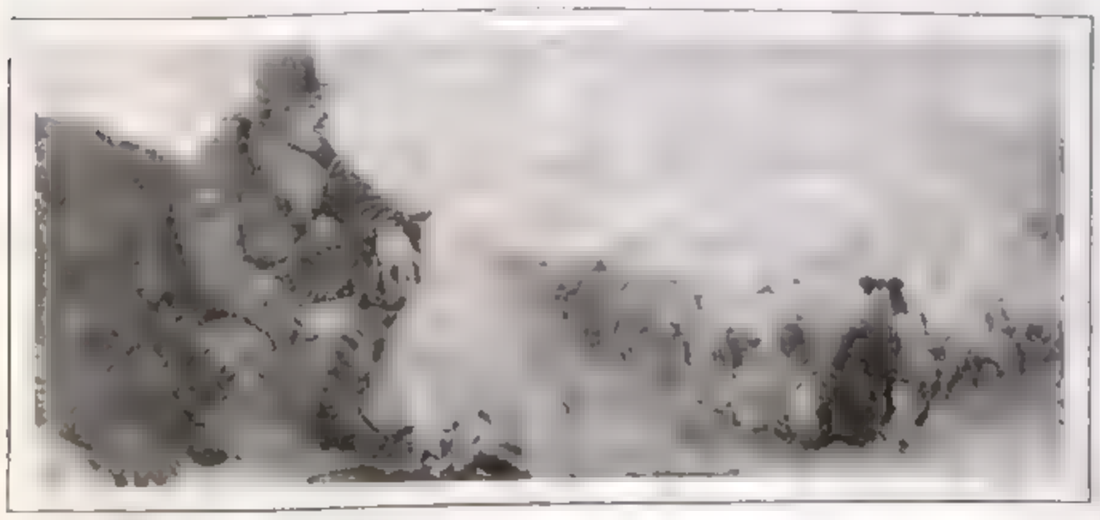
"Had Hump watchin' you every night, Gidlow, while you an' Laz was carryin' that there tobacco over to your old barn across the Branch. Figgered he'd do it better'n me or Sim. Folks't lives down yonder in the swamps gits so they c'n move right quiet."

He nodded toward the silent figure in the shadow.

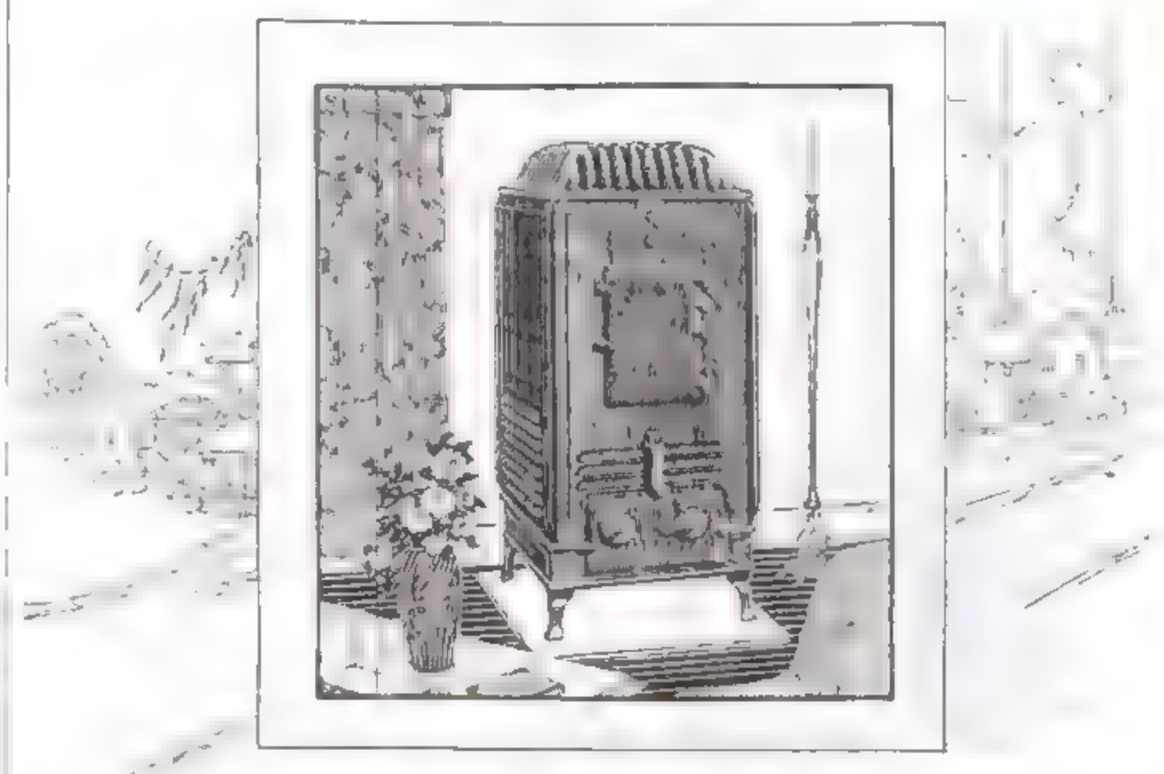
"Took a sight o' watchin', Gidlow. Ain't no law against a man movin' his tobacco day 'r night. Had to wait till you done somethin' else, an' had to be almighty sure you didn't do it before I could be on hand with a witness. Figgered you'd try it tonight, soon as Hump come in this mornin' to tell me you'd moved the last of your leaf. Right smart notion, Gidlow, them candles in the oily shavin's, with you an' Laz yonder in Tyre to th' movin' pictures, while the barn took fire an' a man all ready to git the blame of it."

Cole's professional instincts came to the surface. His hand fell heavily on Gidlow's shoulder and the handcuffs he loved to carry jingled as he pulled them from his pocket. But Mackenzie's gesture stopped him. The old man beckoned to Bridger.

"Reckon you ain't only a witness in this here case, Sim. Had to hire Hump to help me, like I said, an' I give him the only pay he'd take. Reckon Gidlow done a better job of enemy-makin' 'n what you figgered, Sim. Only pay Hump wanted was to git swore in as a dep'ty an' do all the arrestin' they was to do. You might carry your pris'ner in town, Dep'ty Bridger, so's Sim c'n git home in time for them movin' pictures."



Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



New Heating Results are obtained in *this* way

THOUSANDS of homes now are heated in a new way. In a way that gives modern warm-air heat at the fuel cost of an ordinary heating stove, that does away with cold rooms and overcomes the discomforts of old ways.

It is called the Estate Heatrola and the 78-year-old Estate Stove Company makes and guarantees it. Many of your neighbors are enjoying the comfort it brings. It is equally adaptable to homes with or *without* basements.

Works like a furnace

The Heatrola is a practical and efficient warm-air heating device. *Installed in one of the living rooms, it keeps the whole house warm.*

Great volumes of warm, moist air are circulated throughout every room—upstairs and down—and changed twice each hour—the secret, as your doctor will tell you, of healthful heating.

It does the work of a furnace and looks like a handsome mahogany phonograph.

The finish is rich grained mahogany enamel, smooth as glass and everlasting. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. No black iron to clean or nickel to polish.

Get the facts

See an Heatrola at leading hardware or furniture stores. Also at heating contractors'. It will amaze you. Note, too, it is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent you can take it with you when you move. Burns any kind of coal; also wood.

The coupon below brings interesting information, free and postpaid. Mail it.

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MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO—
BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES,
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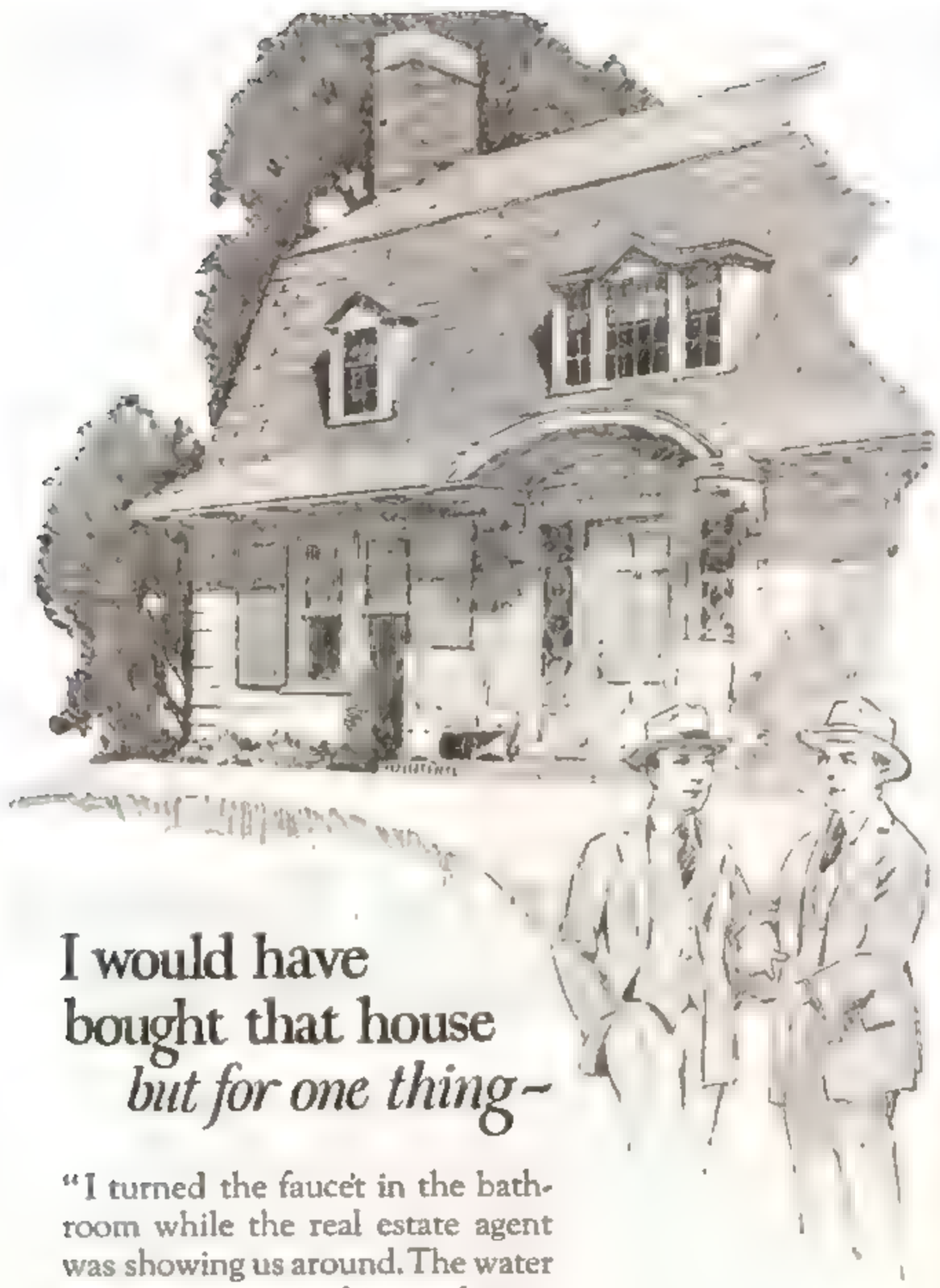
If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot, ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

FREE BOOK (154A) MAIL THIS
THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office Furniture Exchange, San Francisco.)
Send me free information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer.
☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnace
☐ Pipeless Model ☐ Pipe Model
Name
Street or R. F. D.
City and State
How many rooms in your house?



I would have bought that house *but for one thing–*

"I turned the faucet in the bathroom while the real estate agent was showing us around. The water was rusty—even in this new house. I knew that meant rusty, dirty-looking water for my morning bath and shave."

Houses equipped with Anaconda Brass Pipe are more livable and more salable. Water run through Anaconda Brass Pipe is always as clean and crystal-clear as it comes from its source. The reason is that Anaconda Brass Pipe is rustless. Corroded pipe brings not only rusty water, dripping faucets and leaks, but the inevitable annoyance and expense of plumbing repairs.

Yet, Anaconda Brass Pipe adds only about $75 to the cost of a $15,000 house.

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Don't buy or build until you know the vital facts about plumbing. Let us send you our new booklet "Ten Years Hence" which tells how to save money on plumbing. It is free. Address Department P.

Each length of Anaconda Brass Pipe carries the Trade-Mark stamped in the metal—a permanent means of identification.

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ANACONDA
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BRASS PIPE

COMING—ANOTHER BUYERS' STRIKE?

(Continued from Page 29)

"But we call it conservative optimism," said the editor of a technical journal who has his finger on the pulse of that trade all along the line. "Prices have either gone up or must be marked up soon. Merchants had a very good retail business last year, reporting increases of 25 to 40 per cent in sales at the close of their fiscal year 1922—they figure it as ending February first. Merchandise on the retailer's shelves today cost him more than it did a year ago, because raw materials and mill wages have advanced. Merchandise that he is now ordering for fall will cost him still more. Mister Retailer hasn't forgotten how his customers turned on him three years ago. Had there been no buyers' strike he might be speculating in merchandise today, placing orders ahead, buying more than he needs, and expecting to make a profit out of the rise. But first in his thought is the danger of a runaway market. That would lead consumers to walk out again. Consequently he is buying strictly for current needs, shouldering some of the price advances in many cases, and working to ease through the critical period, which will probably come next fall or winter. Though spending has increased, he knows that the real spending population of this country has by no means recovered—the farmer's dollar isn't worth a hundred cents yet, and until he becomes prosperous there can be no real prosperity. So with the manufacturer. Though materials and wages have advanced in the mills and the cutting-up trade, they are not yet proportionately reflected in retail prices. But there must be a closer adjustment next fall, and if the consumer interprets higher prices as profiteering or there is some outstanding dramatic issue like the present sugar situation to arouse public suspicion, another general buyers' strike may be called. The retailer is entitled to public confidence for his present policy in a very difficult situation, for on one hand he finds free-spending customers among folks who are enjoying higher industrial wages, while on the other it is necessary to keep goods within reach, as near as possible, of the people who haven't recovered normal purchasing power. He deserves credit for what he is doing today, and will deserve a great deal more if he adheres to that policy despite temptations."

Playing It Safe

In men's wear there is about the same situation, according to an executive of a chain of haberdashery stores. By wise management his business escaped a good deal of punishment in the crisis three years ago, though not all. Instead of hanging on to high-cost merchandise when the bottom fell out, he cut prices and cleared the stuff away. His employes accepted lower pay temporarily, and his buyers worked overtime finding attractive merchandise at the new level of prices.

"What would you do if your customers struck again?" he was asked.

"I don't think they're likely to strike. The situation today is different. In 1920, retail merchants in every line had goods bought at the price peak. Many of them were overstocked either as speculators in merchandise or through purchases made to protect themselves during the war shortage. If another strike came this fall there would be no high-inventory merchandise on the retailer's shelves, and no surplus.

"The retailer hasn't forgotten, and is running his business conservatively, avoiding anything that will cause an unnatural increase in the cost of his merchandise. Manufacturers have the same anxiety, and are holding production pretty close to current needs. In our line, merchandise must cost more this fall because wages and materials have risen since the stuff now on our shelves was made. But the increase will be reasonable, and both merchants and manufacturers will share it with the public, taking a smaller margin of profit to avoid trouble should there be suspicion of profiteering.

"For instance, we are now selling silk hose that cost us eight-fifty a dozen. They must be replaced at nine and nine-twenty-five. The retail price will advance ten or fifteen cents a pair, against fifty-cent jumps during the afterwar boom. The other strike was brought on by shortage and speculation. Today there is no shortage, with a haunting fear of speculation all along the line."

In the food trades pretty much the same caution is found. It will be food and clothing at which the consumer strikes if his suspicion and resentment are aroused. These are everyday commodities, in plainest sight. The real profiteering is going on elsewhere, as we shall see, but that will make no difference. Merchandise boycotts are not based on good information, much less guided by cool-headed reason. The embattled consumer, like the bull in the ring, sees a matador's red cloak wave, and goes straight for it, never suspecting that he may be drawn in that direction for a purpose.

Sugar shows both the sense and the nonsense of the situation. In the beginning there were rumors of a probable world shortage. It wasn't very large, nor absolutely certain. But sugar got publicity, there was speculation between the plantation and the refinery, prices rose from seven to eleven cents at the grocery, and sugar became a cause.

Freezing Out the Landlord

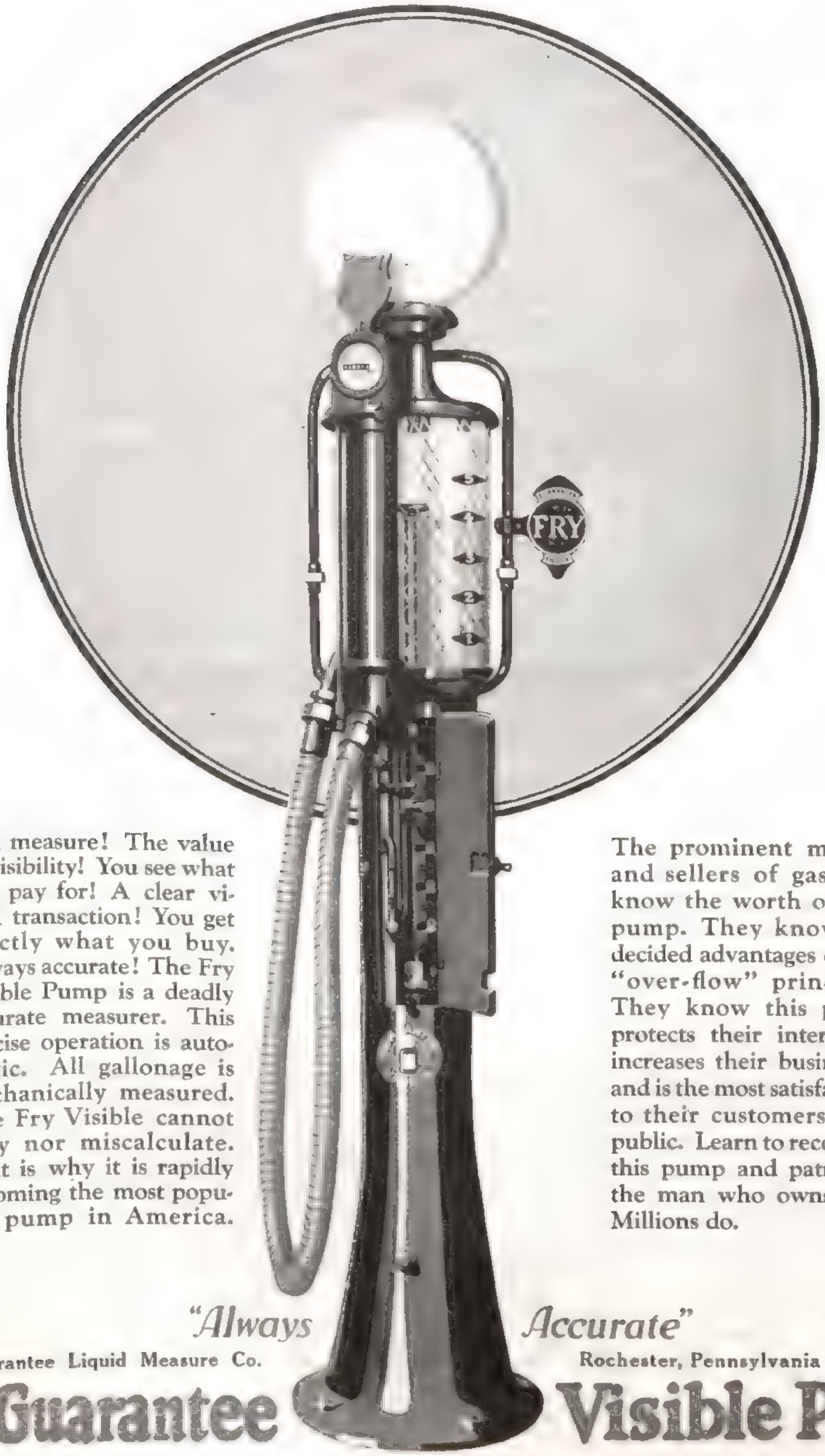
Normally our per capita bill for sugar in the bowl is only about three or four dollars a year, though we do probably pay fifteen to twenty-five dollars more for sugar in our candy, ice cream, soft drinks and preserves. No matter; determined housewives flew to arms, organized, paraded, pledged, boycotted. That put a crimp in the price of sugar, and did two definite things that were good: First, reducing the consumption of anything that is short and more expensive generally helps; second, they demonstrated that the well-bred Internationale was still very much alive at a time when Business could profit by the lesson, even if it didn't particularly need it.

The grocer and the butcher sell oftener than the dealer in things to wear, and replenish stock from day to day instead of by seasons. All through the food trades there is close, cautious buying and the realization that next fall prices must be higher, partly because the farmer will be getting juster prices for his products, and also because food prices tend to rise seasonally after harvest.

Suppose we step into a little meeting that is being held tonight in the office of a New York real-estate agent. Some twenty persons have come together to incorporate a coöperative apartment enterprise and get building started. More than a year ago the real-estate man took an option on a plot of ground in the mid-sixties, engaged an architect to design a six-story apartment house, made a contract with a builder to erect it, and began hunting for twenty-four purchasers of that many apartments. He has found them, all but three or four, they have paid in their money, and are ready to go ahead. And they seem to be a likable lot of people, good prospective neighbors; the real-estate man has chosen with care because he is going to live in the building himself.

Each apartment costs, on the average, forty-five hundred dollars—that is, the purchaser pays so much in cash, gets forty-five shares in a corporation that owns the lot and building, and a ninety-nine-year lease

(Continued on Page 137)



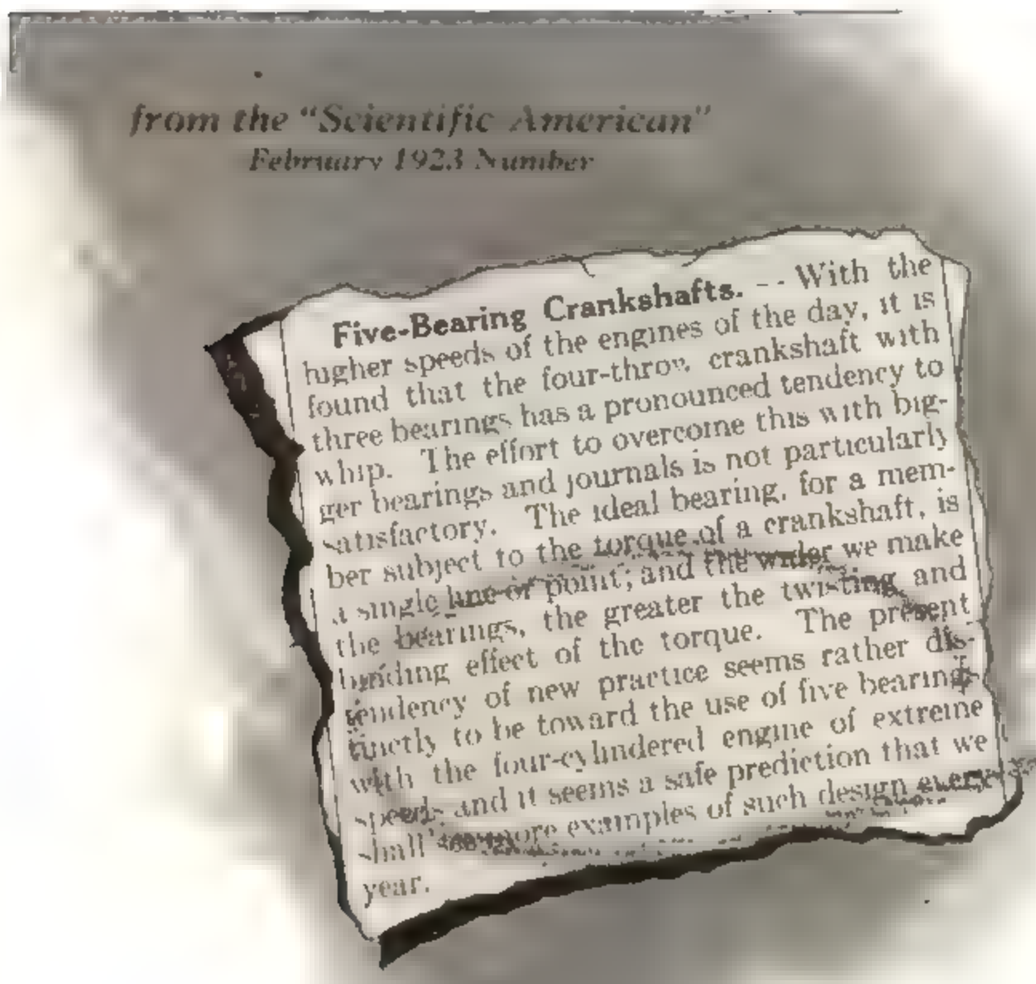
Full measure! The value of visibility! You see what you pay for! A clear vision transaction! You get exactly what you buy. Always accurate! The Fry Visible Pump is a deadly accurate measurer. This precise operation is automatic. All gallonage is mechanically measured. The Fry Visible cannot vary nor miscalculate. That is why it is rapidly becoming the most popular pump in America.

The prominent makers and sellers of gasoline know the worth of this pump. They know the decided advantages of the "over-flow" principle. They know this pump protects their interests—increases their business—and is the most satisfactory to their customers—the public. Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one. Millions do.

"Always Accurate"

Guarantee Liquid Measure Co. Rochester, Pennsylvania

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump


from the "Scientific American"
February 1923 Number
Five-Bearing Crankshafts. -- With the higher speeds of the engines of the day, it is found that the four-throw crankshaft with three bearings has a pronounced tendency to whip. The effort to overcome this with bigger bearings and journals is not particularly satisfactory. The ideal bearing, for a member subject to the torque of a crankshaft, is a single line or point; and the wider we make the bearings, the greater the twisting and bending effect of the torque. The present tendency of new practice seems rather distinctly to be toward the use of five bearings with the four-cylindered engine of extreme speeds, and it seems a safe prediction that we shall see more examples of such design every year.

There is only one four cylinder motor today with a five-bearing crankshaft. You will find it in the Gardner Four.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Vehicle Builders Since 1852

Production today at the factory pictured below ranks The Gardner Motor Company among the world's eight largest exclusive builders of four cylinder cars.

GARDNER

The Guaranteed Car.

(Continued from Page 134

of the particular apartment he has chosen to live in. The corporation is made up of the purchasers, who choose officers among themselves and manage the property. In addition they pay their proportion of the operating expenses—janitor, elevator boys, taxes, insurance, repairs, coal, electricity, and the like. This expense will work out not more than one hundred dollars monthly per apartment, paid like rent. Each year it decreases as a mortgage on the property is paid off in installments.

Now these folks have all been paying rent ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a month higher than that. They are going to save at least fifteen thousand dollars a year among them, and have an equity in the property. Moreover, they will be their own landlords, and escape the rises in rent that in some cases will come next fall where they now live.

The real-estate man also tells them that since their land was bought he has been offered a thirty-thousand-dollar increase in price. The architect has even better news. They are going to build under a contract made last summer. Since then, building wages and materials have risen to such a degree that it would cost them a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars more on each apartment.

Actually these coöperative home owners are on a strike against a much greater evil than any rise in food or clothing prices next fall. They are striking against landlords—rent, the overswollen item in living cost that is still to be deflated. In their anxiety to hit the landlord they are willing to pay inflated building costs. They could even pay present costs and save money. So they are going ahead with their enterprise, and incidentally helping stimulate the worst inflation in the whole situation.

The consumer may strike against penny and dime increases on sugar, beef, silk socks or celluloid collars, but it will really be a protest against evils like this building situation or the labor shortage.

"Last year bricklayers were paid ten dollars a day," added the architect. "Now they get twelve to fourteen in wages, with a bonus, and it is almost impossible to find them. Our construction company will be able to do the job because it has men who are held by a bonus of five dollars a day."

The High Price of Labor

With every other kind of mechanic and helper needed in building, the same story. Carpenters, plasterers, masons, cement workers, painters, plumbers, electricians—their official wages in New York average ten dollars a day, or about double prewar, while helpers get five to seven dollars a day, and even common labor is scarce at six dollars. But wage scales and actual earnings are two wholly different things.

One builder lately told about starting a big job in February with bricklayers at the regular scale of ten dollars. In six weeks it was necessary to add a dollar bonus. Three weeks later demands were made for twelve, thirteen and then fourteen dollars on the same day. In thirty-five years' experience on many millions of dollars' worth of construction he had never known such arbitrary demands.

Besides high wages there are costly senseless jurisdictional disputes between labor organizations that hamper progress and increase costs. A New York newspaper recently told the detailed history of a dispute between carpenters and sheet-metal workers over the hanging of metal doors that has been going on two years and has cost sixty million dollars, with the doors still unhung. Secretary of Labor Davis has criticized such disputes in no uncertain terms, saying that they create more public antagonism to labor organizations than all efforts to increase wages.

The home builder, property owner, contractor, architect, banker and plain John Citizen have denounced this labor situation as scandalous. It has been given plenty of publicity, and will have more. Labor is blamed for monopolizing its particular job by limiting the number of apprentices who can learn the building trades. Higher prices for materials are also boosting construction costs. In a suburban city near New York a year ago the doctors and dentists got together and financed a coöperative office building for themselves. At the time, a certain style washstand purchased for installation throughout the building cost forty dollars. The other day an extra one was needed, and it cost ninety dollars.

But just be a bricklayer for a moment, with a ten-dollar-a-day job in New York. Somebody offers you a two-dollar bonus on another job; then three dollars, four, five dollars as a bonus. And when your earnings have reached fifteen dollars a day you learn that you can get twenty in Cleveland or Chicago. What would you do about it? We all know what business concerns did during the war, and it doesn't seem human nature to expect that building-trades workers will act otherwise. The truth is that their crafts are in unprecedented demand.

Six or seven hundred million dollars' worth of building in the principal cities of the United States was a lot of construction before the war. In the war year of 1918 it fell to three hundred and fifty million dollars. Last year five billion dollars' worth of building was done, and this year between six and seven billion dollars' worth of construction will be completed. Schools lead all other buildings, then apartment houses, dwellings, hotels, factories, office buildings, hospitals, churches, public buildings and public garages. There seems to be very little of it unnecessary. And to do this work, census figures indicate that there are fewer building workers than before the war. In 1910 there were 2,700,000 mechanics in the building trades, and in 1920 only 2,535,000.

Before you blame the building worker just remember that his wages are not all velvet, because he has a highly seasonal, shifting job, and ten to twenty dollars a day doesn't blind him to the inevitable reaction that he knows by experience is coming. It won't do any good to blame him anyway. He will keep busy earning just as much money as people are willing to pay him until a better balance is struck between building needs and building costs.

The Future of the Price Curve

There are already signs of a reaction. Some folks speak of it as a building strike. The mortgage-money lenders are beginning to figure loans from the viewpoint of building deflation and falling rents. Architects and contractors are advising against construction that can be postponed. Secretary Hoover has recommended a curtailment of Federal building. But there are also indications that the present boom may last two or three years. Like our little group of cooperative apartment owners, there is economy in residence building even at present costs, while much of the business and public construction is absolutely necessary.

If people bristle every time they find a nickel or a dime added to the price of everyday things the next year or two the average American citizen will resemble a wire-haired terrier, for prices are going up before they go down; not to anything like war-boom levels, but by reasonable additions, to bring them back in line with higher prices for raw materials—particularly farm products—that were too low, and with wage increases caused by labor conditions. The idea that labor shortage must set back this country's production is poppycock. Already steps are being taken in many industries to substitute machinery for men, as well as to increase efficiency. But this will take several years, and meanwhile prices will rise.

The other day a big corporation called its purchasing experts together in a price conference. This company does a national public-service business and spends more than a hundred million dollars yearly for materials and equipment that include pretty much everything except food and clothing. A five-year estimate of prices was needed in determining company policies, for in this business service and extensions must be foreseen several years ahead. And the company deals with thousands of manufacturers who are constantly asking for guidance in laying their own plans.

There was a two-day discussion in which a commodity like copper would be taken up, the price and production estimates of Smith, Jones and Brown averaged, and probable conditions plotted. When they got through, the purchasing officers had a five-year price curve which runs about thus:

First, a slight dip this fall, to be expected when the public discovers that dollar silk socks are priced at a dollar-ten. Even though there be no buyers' strike, people will recoil and retrench to some extent. However, price advances will not be unreasonable, and there should be a fairly quick recovery. Through the first quarter of 1924, moderate price increases, followed by a perceptible slump, allowed for the slackening business of a presidential year. Then

A Holdover Coal Shortage
(N. Y. Herald)
Steady buying of hard coal by householders during the coming spring and summer is urged as imperative if another winter of fuel scarcity is to be averted. This is the consensus of expert opinion based on recent surveys of anthracite field conditions.
THE WATCHMAN OF THE COAL PILE

When you buy next winter's coal get Hoffman Valves to save it

IT IS good judgment to buy next winter's coal now. It is also good judgment to take steps to *save* it.

If you have steam heat, the surest way to save coal is to equip your radiators with Hoffman Valves, Watchmen of the Coal Pile. They wring every bit of heat from every pound of coal. They reduce fuel consumption.

Cheap, inefficient air valves block your heating system with cold air. They let steam escape. They become clogged with water and sputter and leak. All of those things mean wasted fuel and big bills. That's why the Hoffman Valve, an *instrument of precision*, costs less in actual service than any valve made. It is an *investment* in *coal economy*.

3 vital facts

CONSIDER these three facts:

First: The Hoffman Valve holds the basic patents on the *principles* of *operation* which make it superior to other valves.

Second: Hoffman Valves are more rigidly tested, than any other valves made. *Every single* Hoffman Valve must function *perfectly* under actual operating conditions, before it is shipped from the factory; conditions that are more severe than any it will ever meet.

Third: Each Hoffman Valve is guaranteed in *writing* to give you five full years of *satisfactory service*: a guarantee lived up to scrupulously in spirit as well as to the letter.

Now, while you are buying next winter's coal, get Hoffman Valves to *save* it. Phone your Heating Contractor today.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
In Canada, CRANE, LIMITED, *branches in principal cities*
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO t-9
THE HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Waterbury, Conn.
Please send me the booklet "More Heat from Less Coal", which describes in detail how Hoffman Valves increase comfort and lower coal-bills.

Protection with Distinction
JUST as a beautiful character is reflected in one's countenance, so is beauty the outward evidence of the inherent quality of Biflex Bumpers.
Beauty, however, was secondary with Biflex inventors, whose sole ambition was the perfection of adequate bumper protection for motor cars.
After every protective feature had been incorporated in Biflex, its beauty and charm became evident. It was realized that Biflex was truly the Bumper of Protection with Distinction.
And Biflex could not help being beautiful because it is emblematic of the pride its manufacturers take in its originality.
Thus Biflex finds a ready place on the finest cars. These motorists recognize in Biflex the qualities which satisfy their discriminating tastes and meet their exacting requirements.
You can secure Biflex Bumpers from your dealer. If he can't supply you, write us; we will see that you are supplied. Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are guaranteed against breakage for one year. Fully protected by U. S. patents.
BIFLEX PRODUCTS COMPANY, Waukegan, Ill.
Priced from $23 to $28
Biflex
TRADE MARK
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Cushion Bumper

a fairly steady but moderate increase until 1928, about which time, these gentlemen believe, the real basic price decrease due after a big war will set in. How prices, wages and values generally will fall then is something to be calculated later. Their forecast from now until 1928 estimates a swing between 160 and 165, taking 1914 prices as the base of 100.

Another fellow remembers the big buyers' strike vividly, painfully—the banker. He can do much to check the speculation that would raise prices unreasonably, bring on a runaway market and precipitate another consumer revolt. And if the manufacturer and retailer falter in their abstinence from speculation and unreasonable profits they will find the banker keeping them in the strait and narrow path.

"The extraordinary strength of the banks," said a recent report of the National Bureau of Economic Research, "would make it possible to carry speculation to great extremes before the dwindling of reserve ratios called a halt."

Almost the same day a commission of the American Bankers Association reported that it "looks with concern upon the strong upward swing of wages and prices in many lines, and fears that overconfidence may lead to repetition of some of the serious mistakes committed in the period immediately following the war. In some respects the economic situation of the country is out of balance, due to compounded increases in commodity prices, artificial fixing of labor hours and working conditions, and uncertainties with respect to foreign trade. Until these matters are adjusted, as we hope they will be at an early date, we cannot expect a really sound business condition."

The bankers believe that the financial situation is sound but haven't the same confidence in the industrial and mercantile situation. They anticipate a reaction against rising prices this fall but do not expect that it will be disastrous, because business concerns are not carrying the speculative stocks of high-price merchandise and raw materials they had three years ago. Also, though prices are stiff, they are not so badly out of balance. Where 1921 retail prices, starting from an assumed index number of 25, had risen to 100, today they are around 80.

"What assurance are you bankers giving for good behavior?" a Wall Street banker was asked; he is one of the outstanding spokesmen of finance.

The Plaint of the Barge Captains

"We are better bankers," was the reply; "better bankers through education and experience. The education has come through the Federal Reserve system, and the experience by getting our fingers burned during the afterwar boom and deflation. Ten years ago the country bank's money came to New York to be lent for stock operations. The country banker saw only the higher immediate interest to be earned on his funds, and did not realize that, besides starving business enterprise at home, he was creating the inflations that brought depression to industrial and mercantile business. That wasn't real banking. Today he knows that quick profits in Wall Street mean losses later through a general business slump, and is lending his money for moderate profits over a long swing of prosperity. The consequences of unwise lending during the boom have not been forgotten. Loans are scrutinized more carefully to see that money goes into constructive business instead of speculation, and should the bankers forget their responsibilities in stabilizing business, the Federal Reserve Board can quickly bring them back to their senses by raising its discount rates."

Hudson River brick is one of New York's handiest business thermometers. According to the price and receipts, building activity is gauged, and that means much in employment, the growth of the city and its general prosperity. These bricks come down the river on barges. Each barge has a captain, who usually lives aboard with his family. The other day brick-barge captains protested against an odd situation. Laborers who unload bricks were getting one dollar a thousand, enabling a crew of six men to earn twenty-five dollars a day by hustling. The barge captains were getting only one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month, less than the laborers unloading their craft could make in a week by working overtime. They wanted more money, and suggested either an increase to one hundred and sixty dollars a month, or ninety dollars a month with permission to help unload bricks at a dollar a thousand. When brickmakers back in the yards heard about this they wanted more money, and so the thing grows by a process that has been patly dubbed snowballing.

A key word, that!

In some lines of work and business the snowballing is excellent, with almost irresistible opportunities to make one's own particular snowball bigger than the other fellow's. In other lines, particularly farming, the snowballing is not so good. By skillfully applying pressure here and there at critical points, one business or group of workers can profit at the expense of others. But what goes up must come down. Inevitably such advantages are gained at the expense of the whole community and nation, and must eventually bring reprisals.

Here is the greatest danger of another buying strike, and there are storm signals, obscure but significant.

For instance, Wall Street: Bond and stock prices are declining. The number of stockholders in some corporations is decreasing. There are bargains to be picked up in such a market—but few bargain hunters of a certain class.

Here is what it means: Among the apartment purchasers at that coöperative meeting the other night was Smith, a salaried man. To make his first payment he sold thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, getting ninety dollars less than he paid for them during the war. From now until October, Smith must pinch another thousand dollars out of his income, or borrow on his building shares. It is not possible for him to get a 25 per cent raise, like the brick handlers or barge captains, though on the other hand Smith's income is more stable than theirs.

Prices Edging Up

Now you'd hardly think that Smith's three or four Liberty Bonds would cut much of a dash in Wall Street. But they are evident there in declining prices, the shaking out of small security holders and the neglected bargains. For the tribe of Smith is selling its modest holdings to meet higher living costs. Ordinarily, when bonds and stocks begin to drop, the Smiths go bargain hunting, picking up a few securities with their savings, but this time they are making the bargains.

At present Smith can only pay, and grin and bear it, while he is maneuvering into a less intolerable housing position. But it rankles just the same, this maladjustment of prices, wages and values that makes it possible for certain groups to take advantage of him. Smith wonders when his turn will come to roll a snowball.

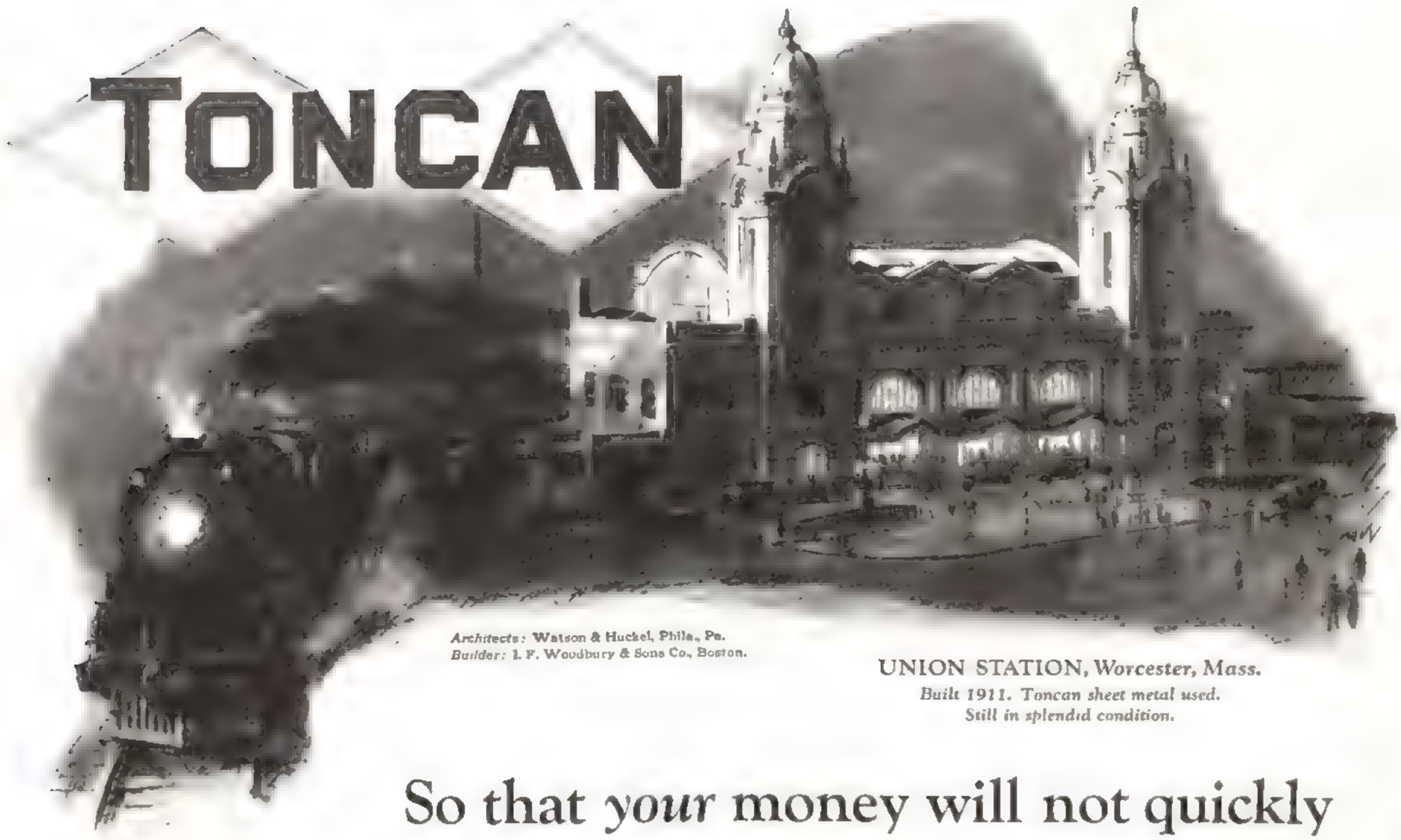
The merchant, the manufacturer and the banker are trying to hold prices to reasonable new levels. Labor also begins to see that the general welfare is at stake; lately New York building workers pledged themselves to coöperation with contractors and material men in the endeavor to keep building costs within reason.

Smith doesn't hear much about this, however. Ten dollars more when he buys his spring suit and twenty-five dollars off when he sells a Liberty Bond make it look very much as though a general profiteering conspiracy had been formed against him. Next time Smith goes shopping for socks and finds that they have gone up ten cents, he may turn away without buying. And if some dramatic scandal bobs up in the sock industry he may call out his tribe.

Smith was the backbone of the last consumers' strike. Women were not a large factor in it, for where clothiers and haberdashery stores were deserted, the business in women's wear was fairly brisk for hard times. And it was not a noisy strike. After the preliminary outburst of the overalls parade Smith sat down silently and sullenly to stick it out, held to his determination partly by resentment and partly because he didn't have money for clothes.

And the reason he didn't have money, once the strike was under way, is the best possible reason for not going on strike again. For the tribe of Smith cannot stop buying without hurting itself. The brick may smash the haberdasher's window, but it comes back in the form of shrinking sales, reduced salaries and staff, suspended and abandoned enterprises, unemployment in the professions. The striking consumer is out of a job or living on a dole just as much as the striking wage earner.

Altogether, the outlook for rational adjustment is better this time.



Architects: Watson & Huckel, Phila., Pa.
Builder: I. F. Woodbury & Sons Co., Boston.

UNION STATION, *Worcester, Mass.*
Built 1911. Toncan sheet metal used.
Still in splendid condition.

So that *your* money will not quickly turn to red dust

UNTIL you think of it, it means nothing to you that every year the railroads throw countless tons of iron on their rusted scrap heaps. Parts that were living, vital sections of locomotives become red dust.

But *you* ride on railroads; *you* ship goods or buy merchandise brought to you by railroads. Then you help to pay for the iron which rust and corrosion destroy.

It is the nature of iron to rust. For centuries men formed iron into serviceable shapes and used all their skill and ingenuity, but a few years later rust destroyed their work (except in rare instances).

Metallurgists fought the twin diseases of iron —rust and corrosion. By removing the impurities from iron and in later years by the addition of other metals, they developed a rust-resisting, anti-corrosive alloy.

Toncan is this rust-resisting anti-corrosive metal

When Toncan was made, railroad engineers saw in it great savings of iron, of money and of labor in replacing rusted-out metal work. Toncan has found its way into practically every phase of railroad development. It is used for tanks, culverts, eaves troughs, downspouts, roofing and sidings for buildings, for the making of cars and car flooring, refrigerator cars and in countless other ways, Toncan serves the railroads.

Toncan helps to build homes and operate them

Toncan is being widely used in homebuilding. The architect specifies it for outside and inside sheet metal work.

The woman buying an enameled stove, refrigerator, kitchen cabinet or an enameled or galvanized washing machine, can choose those made with Toncan metal.

Look, too, at the small pictures in the panel on the left. They show few of the many uses for Toncan.

Toncan is an Alloy

This is the age of alloys. The making of alloyed iron and steel is our life work. Toncan is commercially pure iron alloyed with just that amount of copper which gives it the greatest possible resistance to rust. It is only one of our achievements for the conservation of metals.

If you make, buy or use any products of iron, our metallurgists will be glad to discuss your requirements and advise you fully. Write to us.

TONCAN- H A. Trueblood, Modesto, Cal., uses Toncan for all kinds of huge tanks and troughs

TONCAN: This is the main kitchen of Rhode Island Hospital, Providence. Hood over cooking apparatus, vent and flues of Toncan. Installed 1911. Are still in excellent condition. Architects: Kendall, Taylor & Co., Boston.

TONCAN: All the skylights, window frames, fire doors, conductor pipes and other sheet metal work in the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, are of Toncan Metal. Architects: Marshall & Fox, Chicago.

Canada:

TONCAN in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO *Branches in Large Cities — Distributors Everywhere*

TONCAN
METAL

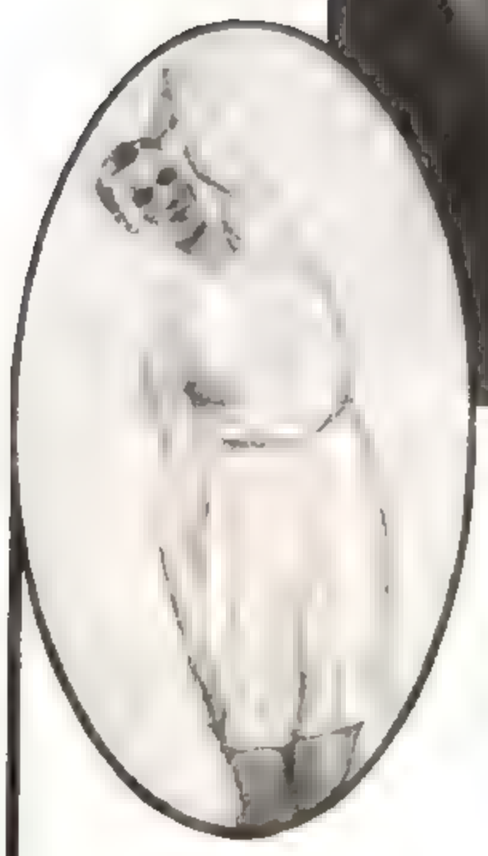
Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

U-LOY
STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specification or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION



They know why they prefer "B.V.D."

THE Unvarying Quality, Long Wear and Famous Fit of "B.V.D." make it the underwear of men who put thought into getting the most comfort and value out of the things they buy. They always demand the "B.V.D." Red Woven Label.

From raw material to finished product we practice ceaseless care so that every "B.V.D." garment is of the quality that has brought world-wide preference for our product.

The cool, durable nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories, vigilant inspection guards every process of skillful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

There is only one "B.V.D." Underwear
It is always identified by this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

Some of the Exclusive (patented) Comfort Giving Features that contribute to the popularity of the "B.V.D." Union Suit

"B.V.D." *shaped* elastic insertions at *shoulders* and *encircling* waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments *instantly responsive* to your slightest movement. These *ever*-elastic insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from *selected* cotton in our own yarn mill.

"B. V. D." elastic reinforcement in the back of the waist band immeasurably strengthens the wear of the garment at the point of greatest strain.

The perfect "B. V. D." closed crotch completely covers the crotch and gives sufficient seat opening without *surplus trunk length* and uncomfortable needless material at crotch.

Union Suits
Men's, $1.50 and upward the suit
Youths', 85c the suit

LOOSE-FITTING "B.V.D." *Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers*

are the "standby" of millions of men who wear two piece underwear

"B.V.D." is the constant choice of these men because they know that "B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fulness.

The garments are tailored with noticeable balance and drape, retaining both, no matter how long worn or how often washed.

These "B.V.D." garments are reinforced at points of possible strain—all seams sewn with lock stitch throughout and cannot unravel.

Undershirts and Drawers
85c and upward the garment

© 1923 The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

CANNING MUSIC THE WORLD OVER

Continued from Page 18

is also wide latitude in the use of recording horns of different sizes. A recording expedition is expensive, for besides well-paid operators, there are usually tariff duties to be paid on equipment and materials. On that account it is possible to send expeditions only to countries where a large number of records can be made, and the purchasing power of the people assures large sales after pressing. As an illustration, expeditions go regularly to all the South American countries, but thus far it has not been profitable to send them to any of the Central American countries.

After Mexico, Cuban music was recorded by an expedition, and then Colombia was chosen because it was an excellent market for records, with interesting music and a high culture. That led to an expedition into Peru, where records were made of the Inca music, and then to Bolivia, Argentina and other South American countries. The recording directors who have worked in South America say that it has an unsuspected wealth and variety of music, each nation with its own characteristic songs, dances and instruments. In out-of-the-way places the people often make highly interesting rhythm music with the simplest instruments, supplementing a guitar, mandolin or native flute with rattles of a few pieces of broken crockery in a gourd, or even a cigar box thumped with the fingers in unique and beautiful syncopations.

"An incident of the Valparaiso earthquake illustrates their love of music," said a traveling director who was caught in that disaster. "For a week we lived in a humble cabin on the heights above the city, until it was possible to get a steamer. There were no comforts, and the people were barefoot. But they had a phonograph, and when I paid for a week's accommodation they spent every peso for expensive operatic records."

After Latin America had been given its own brands of canned music attention was turned to the Orient. European countries have their own recording facilities, and their records sold in this country are made from matrices, or mothers, purchased by American phonograph companies; or the latter maintain their own permanent recording branches in London and the leading European cities. This is true also of India.

Far Eastern Music

The first Oriental expedition went to Japan. On the way over it stopped at Honolulu, and made records of Hawaiian music, and thereby unwittingly brought about its popularity in the United States. At first the whine of the ukulele and the peculiar wail of the transmogrified gospel hymn were sold only in Hawaii, but presently American tourists discovered that Hawaiian music had been canned, bought records, brought them home and created demand for them here.

The first Japanese expedition was sent out at the suggestion of a Japanese phonograph dealer who guaranteed its financial success. At that time the Japanese were freely purchasing American band records, and were also curiously fond of our laughing records, especially the negro comics. They couldn't understand the language, of course, but there was something in the high spirits of such disks that seemed to tickle the Japs.

"When we listened to the first Japanese records sent back they were distasteful – even irritating," said a director. "Sung in a high-pitched, nasal, contracted voice, and accompanied by a native violin of such high pitch that it was merely a squeak, they seemed the most primitive form of music conceivable. But when we studied them a little further they proved very interesting, for they contained a great deal of Japanese history, sung by what we would call bards, in ballad form. These singers were famous and reverenced in Japan. Some of them lived as retainers in the homes of old families, and it was necessary to take the recording machine into such homes in some cases, because the singers would not leave them.

"Records of Japanese instrumental music were also made—the biwa, koto, gekkin and Japanese flute, with its weird quarter tones—and sold in such large numbers that recording expeditions have been going regularly to Japan ever since. Today Japanese taste is different. Interest in Occidental music has made violin and opera records popular, and soloists like Elman and Heifetz have visited Japan in concert tours."

China was next with records made of three of its [illegible] of dialects, Pekingese, or the Mandarin tongue; Cantonese and Swatow; Foochow and Amoy have since been added. Like Japanese vocal music, much of the Chinese music consists of ballads, and because they begin with the birth of the hero, follow him through life and finish with his death, the average Chinese selection runs anywhere from three to a half dozen or more double disks.

Chinese instrumental music sounds like haphazard noise at first to the Occidental ear, but directors say that it is highly developed, and that one learns to like it with repetition. Not long ago the concert master of a great Eastern symphony orchestra departed for China, saying that he had exhausted Occidental music in his studies, and believed a new and remarkable field lay in Chinese music.

Recording in a Royal Stable

When the first records were played in this country after pressing, the phonograph people thought Chinese music must be sung by women, until they learned that the singers were boys and the men trained in the high-pitched voice that characterizes it. In China all arrangements with artists must be made through the inevitable Chinese comprador, who selects them and gets his squeeze. As he is also comprador for the sale of records in China, and gets a squeeze out of that, he is careful to choose the most popular artists.

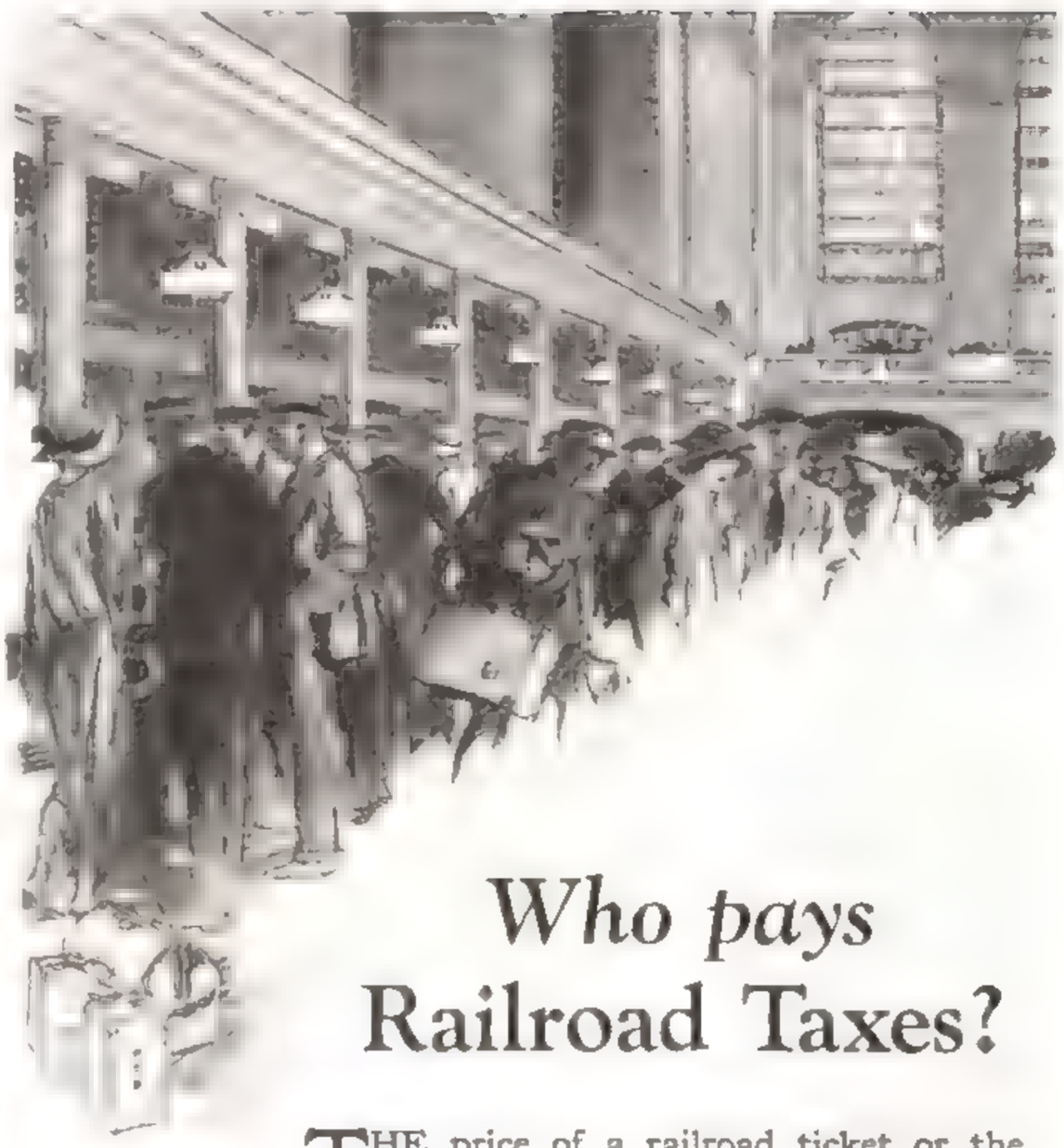
Then to Singapore, where Tamil music was recorded for Southern India and parts of Ceylon. Then to Java, for Malay and Arabian music, the latter largely religious chanting from the Koran. When the first Arabic records reached this country curious streaks were noticed in the wax, and investigation disclosed a new enemy to the recording expedition; some tropical insect had eaten channels across the records and ruined them. Then to Siam, where the king delightedly welcomed the expedition, taking it as a tribute to the excellence of Siamese music, and turned over the royal stables for recording purposes.

This practically covers the world as far as recording expeditions are concerned, for they cannot profitably be sent to the smaller Oriental countries or the many South Sea islands. However, ways are often found to make records for the countries that must be passed by.

For example, one of the most popular attractions at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915 was an excellent marimba band from little Guatemala. The marimba seems to have been brought to Central America by African slaves. It is a xylophone type of instrument, played by striking bars of wood or metal with mallets, and this organization played several marimbas together. Its recitals at the Guatemalan Building were attended by large audiences. Arrangements were made to record this music in San Francisco, but at first with no thought other than selling it in Guatemala.

The men who make and sell phonograph records in foreign countries often feel that they have novelties that music lovers in the United States would appreciate if the company would only list them in its home releases. The men who make and sell domestic records, on the other hand, are apt to be skeptical unless there happens to be a colony of that particular people in the United States, when they are offered locally.

In this case the export manager, a man with wide experience in the music of other countries, pleaded for a regular listing of his Guatemala marimba records. He had been recording Mexican marimba music for ten years, but no selections played on that instrument had been offered in the United States. Suddenly the public swung round to his side of the argument, for visitors coming back from San Francisco, having heard the Guatemalans, wanted marimba records, and later their sale in the United States made the reputation of that band.



NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Who pays Railroad Taxes?

THE price of a railroad ticket or the charge for carrying a shipment of freight, as fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission after public inquiry, is very largely determined by the cost of materials used in railroad operation and the rates for wages decreed by the United States Labor Board.

A constantly growing item of transportation cost is taxes. The railroads last year paid more than $300,000,000 in taxes. New York Central Lines paid $31,121,832, or $85,265 a day, as compared with $9,681,378, or $26,524 a day, in 1910.

These public taxes are as much a part of the cost of transportation as the coal burned in the locomotives, and they are spread over all passenger and freight rates paid by travelers and shippers.

Senator Borah of Idaho, in a recent speech in the Senate, said:

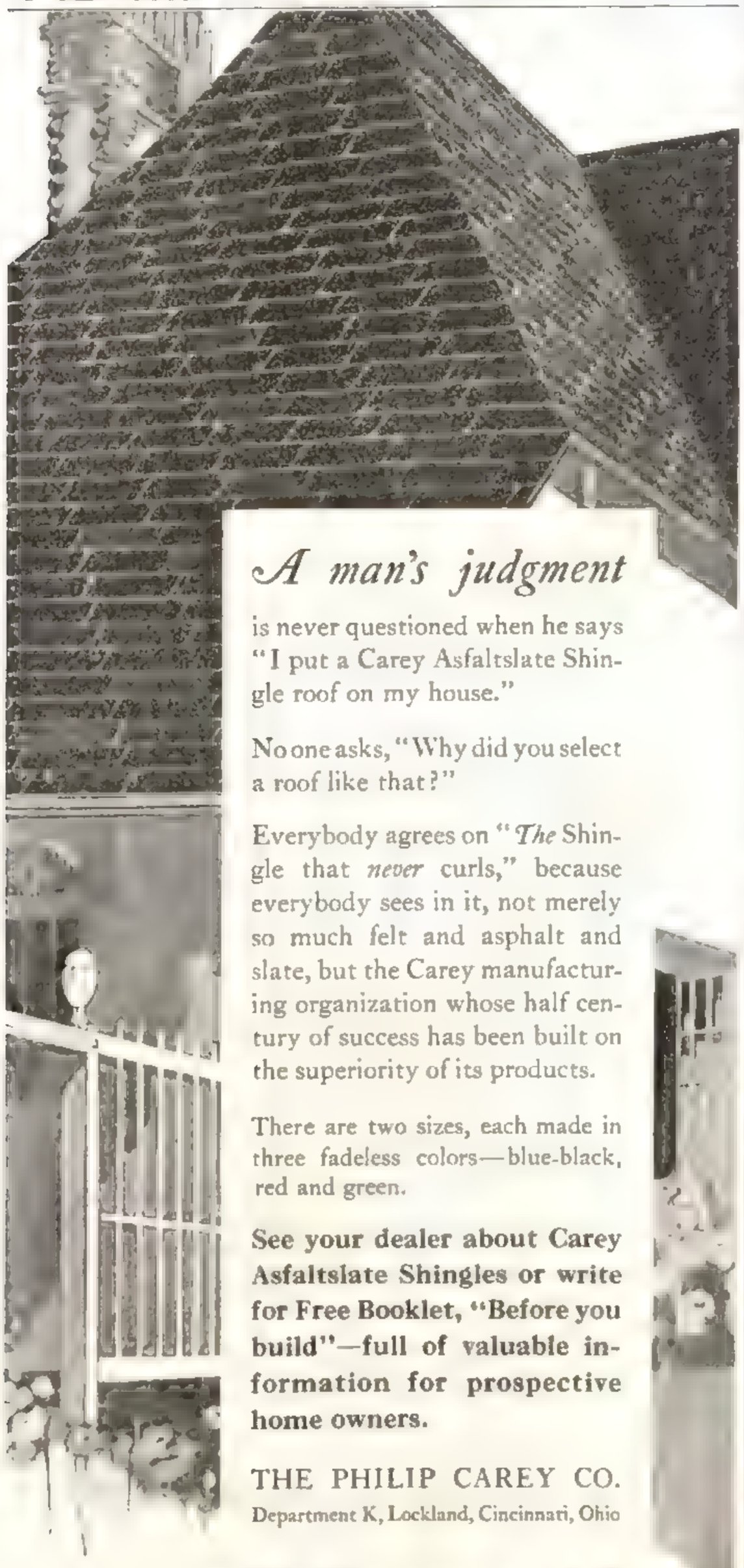
"It will be very difficult to reduce freight rates if we continue in this country to increase taxes upon the railroads as we have for the last four years."

The New York Central Railroad Company for some years has paid annual dividends of $5 on each $100 share of stock. For every $5 in dividends the company is now paying $7.50 in taxes.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

THE SHINGLE THAT *NEVER* CURLS



A man's judgment

is never questioned when he says "I put a Carey Asfaltslate Shingle roof on my house."

No one asks, "Why did you select a roof like that?"

Everybody agrees on "*The* Shingle that *never* curls," because everybody sees in it, not merely so much felt and asphalt and slate, but the Carey manufacturing organization whose half century of success has been built on the superiority of its products.

There are two sizes, each made in three fadeless colors—blue-black, red and green.

See your dealer about Carey Asfaltslate Shingles or write for Free Booklet, "Before you build"—full of valuable information for prospective home owners.

THE PHILIP CAREY CO.
Department K, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Carey
ASFALTSLATE
SHINGLES

1873—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS—1923

"Americans are probably more hospitable to musical novelties than any other people," says this manager. "Europeans are not, and as for the English, I remember how rash I thought an American music publisher when he told me, ten years ago, that he was going to introduce American ragtime in England. It had been tried again and again, but the British couldn't get the hang of it somehow. But he went ahead and spent money, and did finally succeed in popularizing Alexander's Ragtime Band. Today we make almost as many jazz-band records in London as in the United States.

"Whenever Americans have had a chance to hear marimba music, Hawaiian music and like novelties they generally take to them on their merits. The principal obstacle to a wider sale of foreign novelties in the United States is the peculiar system we have for making popular American selections. A music publisher brings out a certain song. Free professional copies are sent to bands and orchestras all over the country, singers are taught the song in Tinpan Alley, and in some cases paid to sing it. The dealer in music as well as phonograph records has been taught to gauge everything by popularity already created. Mexicans write waltzes that I consider second to only those of Vienna; but speak to the dealer about stocking a Mexican waltz and he asks suspiciously 'Is there any demand for it?' Occasionally a foreign composition arrives on sheer merit, but it takes a long time. There is the popular waltz, Three o'Clock in the Morning, as an illustration. It was written by a Buenos Aires orchestra leader, Robledo, who heard the clock strike three every morning as he quit work and started home. That town sits up late. It immediately became popular in England, where we recorded the composition. A good many people got the idea that it was an English composition. Then for five or six years it lay dormant. Suddenly, about a year ago, you began to hear that waltz in the dance halls and on the street pianos; it had arrived at last because it was good music of its kind."

Scouting in South America

Besides the actual recording done by an expedition, there must be diligent scouting for music and entertainment that are characteristic of the country visited. A tourist passing through a foreign country would probably hear a little café music in its capital, but nothing of the country music, which is more truly representative. An American tourist would often hear Broadway tunes of several years ago. The writer recalls waiting to hear a band play Christmas morning in the plaza at Santiago, to find out what Chilean music was like—and the band broke into Smiles! The whole musical resources of the country must be drawn upon to get records that will please people in different localities. Scouts are sent through the countries where the phonograph is popular, looking for new music and artists. Sometimes they are aided by the government. In Peru one recording expedition had the benefit of a twenty-year study of Inca music by a government expert, who knew where to find dozens of native orchestras and performers. In other countries, with subsidized bands and orchestras, characteristic music has been brought together, and the subsidized organizations being permanent, and the players kept together, make especially good records. More than once the phonograph scout, seeking material for a recording expedition, has been the means of preserving music that would otherwise have been lost, like the gaucho, or cowboy, music in Argentina. Formerly the gaucho was a great ballad singer and guitar player, and contests were held, with music bringing the winner as much popular admiration as horsemanship. Many excellent phonograph records were made of this music before it began to die out under the influence of Italian music, which is commonest in the Argentine countryside today.

"Then we get many good suggestions from our phonograph dealers in foreign countries," said a recording director. "They tell us what is popular, not only in new compositions but in artists and musical organizations. Sometimes there is a little self-interest in their suggestions. The dealer may recommend a composition or artist as a matter of friendship. He may be the publisher of the composition or even its author. It takes real judgment to decide whether a given novelty will be popular enough to pay for the recording and pressing, and even then there are unavoidable risks to be taken."

Lately two new ways of recording foreign music have been devised. One is an improvement on the recording expedition in the countries where a large record business has been built up. A permanent recording plant is established in the capital. The other is a method whereby countries too small to be visited by a recording expedition can still have their own music.

The first permanent recording station in a country formerly covered by expedition is in Buenos Aires. An expedition must make a great many records in a reasonably short time, and can visit a country like Argentina only about once every two years. Short-lived popular music on that basis is often dead before the records can be put on sale. But with the permanent recording station, spreading a large output over the whole year, it is possible to keep close to the current musical trend. It is predicted that more such stations will be established, which before long will have their own plating and pressing plants, to make records quickly on the spot. This is still done in the United States.

Americanization by Music

Music of some of the smaller Latin American countries is now being recorded in the United States by at least one band made up of American musicians. The experiment was tried of bringing a band leader from Latin America to create such an organization, but, though an excellent musician, he could not impart his knowledge to Americans, seemingly, and he knew the music of only his own country. Whereupon an American leader was sent to study music in a number of Latin American countries, learning their rhythms and instrumentation, and was then given charge of this special band. Fully thirty men belong to it, all of them first-rate artists on their instruments, some soloists and others leaders. The band is seldom twice alike in size and make-up, for one composition coming in from a certain Latin American country will be played with a certain combination of instruments, while another, from some different country, will be played by another combination. Such a close approximation to native quality has been secured by this plan that the band's records are widely popular in Latin American countries.

There is a large market in the United States for foreign records, some imported from Europe and others made here. It is so important a factor in the business that the big phonograph companies turn it over to a special executive—the manager of domestic foreign-language records. He has his scouts, too, constantly combing foreign-language centers for novelties that will please his Jewish, Italian, Polish, German, Bohemian, Scandinavian and other customers—even a Near East scout in New York to find the hits in Greek, Turkish, Arabic and Spanish-Jewish entertainment.

"These records are a strong Americanizing influence," said one manager, himself of Magyar birth. "The foreigner comes to this country to get away from bad conditions in his own. He is often disappointed in America, rebuffed, and maybe swindled. He goes to live with people who speak his own language, the Jew and Italian in New York, the Bohemian and Pole in Chicago, the Scandinavian in Minnesota. Eventually he hears a phonograph playing music that he heard when a boy, or giving recitations in his own language. He is interested, buys a machine himself, and goes to a dealer for records. Now, when an American buys records he generally knows what he wants, saying, 'Give me Three o'Clock in the Morning.' But the immigrant is shy, and simply asks, 'Have you got any Polish records?' The dealer dumps down an assortment and lets him play them. He hears some old song his mother or sweetheart sang, and buys it. His musical taste is not very finicky, for he likes loud tone and large volume. He isn't very keen for new stuff either, but likes the old songs. Sooner or later, however, he will try American records, get interested in the language, and maybe buy a set of records to help him acquire English. We have such records—even a set of twenty-five that help the Chinaman learn English through his own Cantonese. At least he discovers through the phonograph that there is beauty and cheerfulness in this new country, and begins to feel that it may be a better place than he thought it was."

(Continued on Page 145)

Sane policies—

When business conditions shift and change then there should be in every industry at least one leader who steadfastly stands for conservatism and stability. Such is Stanley. This power to serve as a leader comes directly from your good will.

For example, thousands of garages that are being built yearly from coast to coast are equipped entirely with Stanley garage hardware. Small or large, simple or elaborate, there is a complete set of Stanley garage hardware for each type of structure.

STANLEY

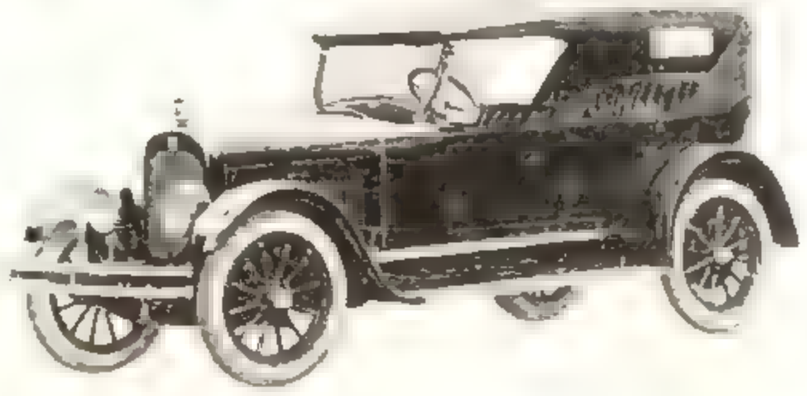
STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges — Carpenters' Tools STANLEY TOOLS

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS, HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS' AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

A Six at $1535, an Eight at $2800
— and they are Both Appersons

APPERSON



The

SIX This new Apperson Six is built for those who have always wanted to own an Apperson but whose requirements did not justify the possession of the larger Eight.

It is a very creditable reflection of the thirty years' experience of Edgar L. Apperson in designing and building nothing but quality cars on a quality production basis.

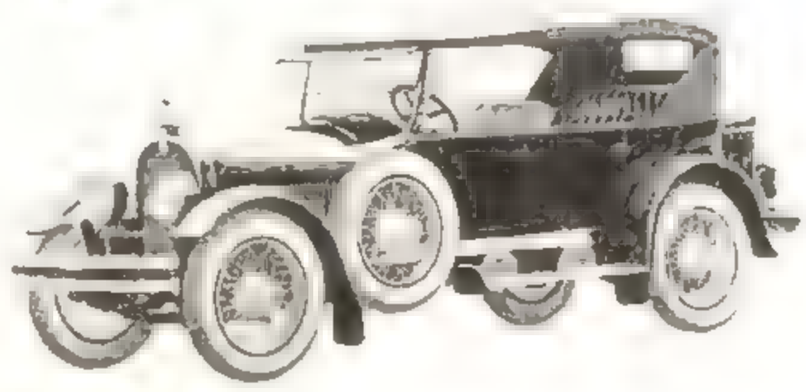
It is regularly equipped with the most conspicuous development made in the last ten years for safe, pleasurable and economical driving—the C-H Pre-selecting Mechanical Gear-Shift.

There are no levers in the driver's compartment and the permanent top is characteristic of the solidity of manufacture and correctness of design of every unit of the car.

It is very generously equipped with everything for your comfort, convenience and safety.

At $1535 we believe you will find this new Apperson Six an incomparable value.

5 Passenger Phaeton $1535
5 Passenger Sedan 2200
All Prices at Factory



The

EIGHT The name Apperson has, for more than a quarter of a century, been associated exclusively with fine motor cars.

This new Apperson Eight, with the C-H Mechanical Gear-Shift; a driver's compartment free from all levers; the simplest and most accessible eight-cylinder motor known; and a retinue of ultra-fine equipment—these things add materially to the satisfaction and luxury of this most scientifically built and thoroughly engineered car.

The Apperson Eight is made practically in its entirety in the Apperson plants at Kokomo. Here the finest materials, the most expert and sincere workmanship, the most precise machinery and consummate engineering—all have combined to produce a car as dependable and trustworthy as your best friend.

Behind the wheel of this Apperson you can disregard all things mechanical—you are conscious only of the supreme luxury of the car itself.

5-Passenger Phaeton $2800
5 Passenger Sedan 3750
7 Passenger Phaeton 2900
7 Passenger Sedan . . . . 385[illegible]

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.
KOKOMO, IND.

Kansas City
Pittsburgh

ESTABLISHED 1893

Built on KNOWLEDGE

(Continued from Page 142)

German records led all others before the war, but have fallen off greatly in popularity, probably because Germans of American birth are now diffident about acknowledging their nationality. Italian records lead today, and this is counted a happy circumstance, because people of that nationality are considered most difficult to Americanize and naturalize. Curiously, the next hardest immigrant to turn into an American citizen is one for whom no records are made at all—the Britisher. Foreign-language colonies in our cities all have their theaters, music halls, cafés, clubs and other entertainment and gathering places. For each language the phonograph company has one or more scouts who follow the shows, frequent the clubs and cafés, read the foreign-language papers and keep in touch with what is going on. Whenever one finds a composition, an artist or a musical organization that seems popular, arrangements are made for records. Dealers and salesmen also suggest novelties to be recorded, and frequently newcomers from Europe will create popularity for the latest novelty at home, saying, "All Italy is singing that."

Formerly most of these foreign-language records were made in the United States by foreign artists, but now many are imported from European countries in matrix form and pressed here. This is done partly to get cheaper records, for manufacturing costs, with fees and royalties to artists, are much lower on the other side. But people from some of the former enemy countries also show a preference for records made in their native lands, a matter of sentiment and also of helping the old country. Records in certain languages are made chiefly in the United States. The big French-Canadian population in New England is an example. It wants records in Canadian French more than records from France, and French-Canadian artists are regularly brought from Quebec and Montreal to make records in New York.

If You Like to Hear Yourself Talk

Edison's prediction that the phonograph would be used as a sort of family album, to record folks' voices for their children and grandchildren, is now coming true, after more than forty years.

The thing really began as a nuisance. While the phonograph man is scouting for talent at home and abroad, other people are hot on his trail—professional entertainers whose ability and reputation fall below the standard necessary in phonograph records, and amateur singers, players and reciters who want to get into the records to make money or add to their prestige among friends.

Some of the amateurs were so persistent that, largely in self-defense at first, phonograph men said, "We can make a personal record for your own use if you want to pay for it."

"There are many people willing to pay for records bearing our name," said a manager, "as well as for our superior recording facilities."

"Do you put your regular label on the record paid for by an amateur?"

"No—a special label. If we used our regular label it would amount to an indorsement of the amateur's ability, leading people to think that he was on the level of our artists. And people who heard that sort of record would say, 'What rotten records the Blank company is making now!'"

The first personal records were made as a matter of vanity or sentiment. An amateur singer had a few dozen disks made for her friends, like photographs; they cost just about as much as good photographs. Or people recorded some personal message and sent it out as a Christmas card. Or folks recorded their voices as a legacy—one concern actually has among its customers a wealthy old gentleman who faithfully registers his voice every month, stores the new disk away in the archives, and his heirs will fall into about a quarter ton of sage counsel when he passes on.

But old John W. Business soon saw there was something more in it than that. New recording concerns sprang up to make such records for less than the entertainment phonograph companies charged, and developed possibilities which the big companies had to neglect for lack of time. Some of these were gyp enterprises, but others were on a sound business basis, and the making of personal and advertising records promises to grow into a real industry.

Last year one commercial recording company made sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of records for professional actors, particularly vaudeville artists. For thirty-five dollars, the actor, actress, sketch team or musician can have a dozen disks made giving a sample of his work, and these, sent out to managers, bring engagements. If your act can be heard it may be sold in this way; violinists, dance orchestras, male quartets and monologists all sample and sell themselves to their trade. The commercial recording company has more than once taken professional artists refused by the entertainment phonograph companies, coached them in the technic of recording, improved their work, and got them on the entertainment disks. One actress, after such coaching, landed a sixty-thousand-dollar contract with a company that had pronounced her work poor.

People didn't foresee the use of phonograph records to cure stammering; it is done by a teacher speaking first and the pupil repeating, a record being made. Later the pupil hears and corrects his faults. In some schools children are taught penmanship by accompanying music, and are said to make remarkable progress. Nor for evangelistic work. Disks bearing talks on religious subjects are being used regularly. No one foresaw the use of the phonograph for recording wills. Along with his written will the testator can leave a disk upon which he has read off the document, stating his wishes in a way not likely to be misconstrued by conflicting interpretations of words. Nor as a burglar alarm.

A Novel Burglar Alarm

A phonograph connected with the telephone can now be left when premises are shut at night. If a burglar enters, the phonograph begins repeating "Op-er-a-tor! I want to report an attempt at burglary at the premises of —— Op-er-a-tor! I want to report an attempt at burglary —— Oper-a-tor! I want to report ——" Picture yourself as the burglar!

But it is in countless new forms of advertising that the professional record is being most actively developed. The time may come, and soon, when you will take home a whole evening's entertainment for the family in the form of advertising disks from your morning mail.

Here is the way it works: You get a phonograph record at the office. It is a novelty. You are going to find out what it says, and, because your phonograph is home, must take it there. Ergo, the advertiser delivers his message at what is considered the most opportune time—in the home circle, when you can give him the best attention.

The day when advertising records will be as common as photographs is just around the corner. The chief obstacle to be overcome now is cost. Experts are busy on the technicalities, and it is predicted that paper records, rapidly stamped by machinery, will ultimately be turned out so cheaply that they can be distributed as supplements with Sunday newspapers, competing with the radio and the movies.

"By the way, just set people right about competition between radio and the phonograph," added an entertainment phonograph sales manager. "Do you see that new building going up out there? It has bred a widespread rumor that we are going to manufacture radio apparatus and make up the trade we have lost in phonograph records. Radio might affect the phonograph business in two ways: First, people with a radio set would no longer be interested in their phonographs; second, people who like something they hear by radio, wanting to hear it again, would purchase a phonograph record. Actually, what happens is this: When a community first gets thoroughly absorbed in radio there is really a falling off in record sales. But later on, when radio is an old story, sales again rise to normal. Radio and the phonograph are two different things. Neither is a substitute for the other. If the Prince of Wales or Marshal Foch is talking at a dinner tonight in New York, the phonograph obviously will not enable me to hear him, while radio will. But suppose I want to hear Kreisler play a certain selection tonight. Kreisler isn't giving a concert in my town. If he was, that selection might not be on his program. Obviously the only resource I have is the phonograph. Why are we putting up that new building? It is exclusively for pressing records, and we hope it will help us catch up with our demand."

Thirsty?

CALL for the jolly Eskimo kid. Uncap a bottle of his gingery old drink. Fill a glass brimful. Take a good long drink.

Feels great going down the parched throat, doesn't it? That fresh tingling taste just kills a thirst. You like it lots, of course—which isn't unusual; everybody else does too. It's a drink that's popular with just about everybody—young or old or in between, men and women and kids. They all like it.

That's why the Eskimo kid always wears such a genial grin. He's proud of his ginger ale and he has good cause to be—everything in Clicquot Club is the finest to be had. As for the blend—that has pleased folks for thirty-eight years.

Order by the case from your grocer or druggist

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Mills, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

GINGER ALE

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

During warm summer days Florsheim Low Shoes give satisfying comfort. No gapping at the ankle—no slipping at the heel—cool because Skeleton Lined.

Most Styles $10

Look for Name in Shoe

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

The Brighton *Style M 127*

Florsheim SHOE

SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG
your car

SEE how the SIMONIZ Test Car has retained the glowing beauty of its original fine finish after two years of continuous travel in all kinds of weather. At the end of 35,000 miles it recently arrived at historic Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Could proof be more positive and convincing that SIMONIZ is the standard protection for all fine finishes?

New Cars Should Be Simonized

SIMONIZ before you start your tour and include a supply in your travel kit.

Make your car look its quality. Simonizing preserves the well-groomed appearance of new cars. It restores the original lustre of used cars. It makes all cars easy to keep clean and beautiful.

Insist on SIMONIZ—it contains no acid. Obtainable at all good garages, accessory and department stores.

The Simoniz Company, 2120 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill
70th Street and West End Ave., New York City

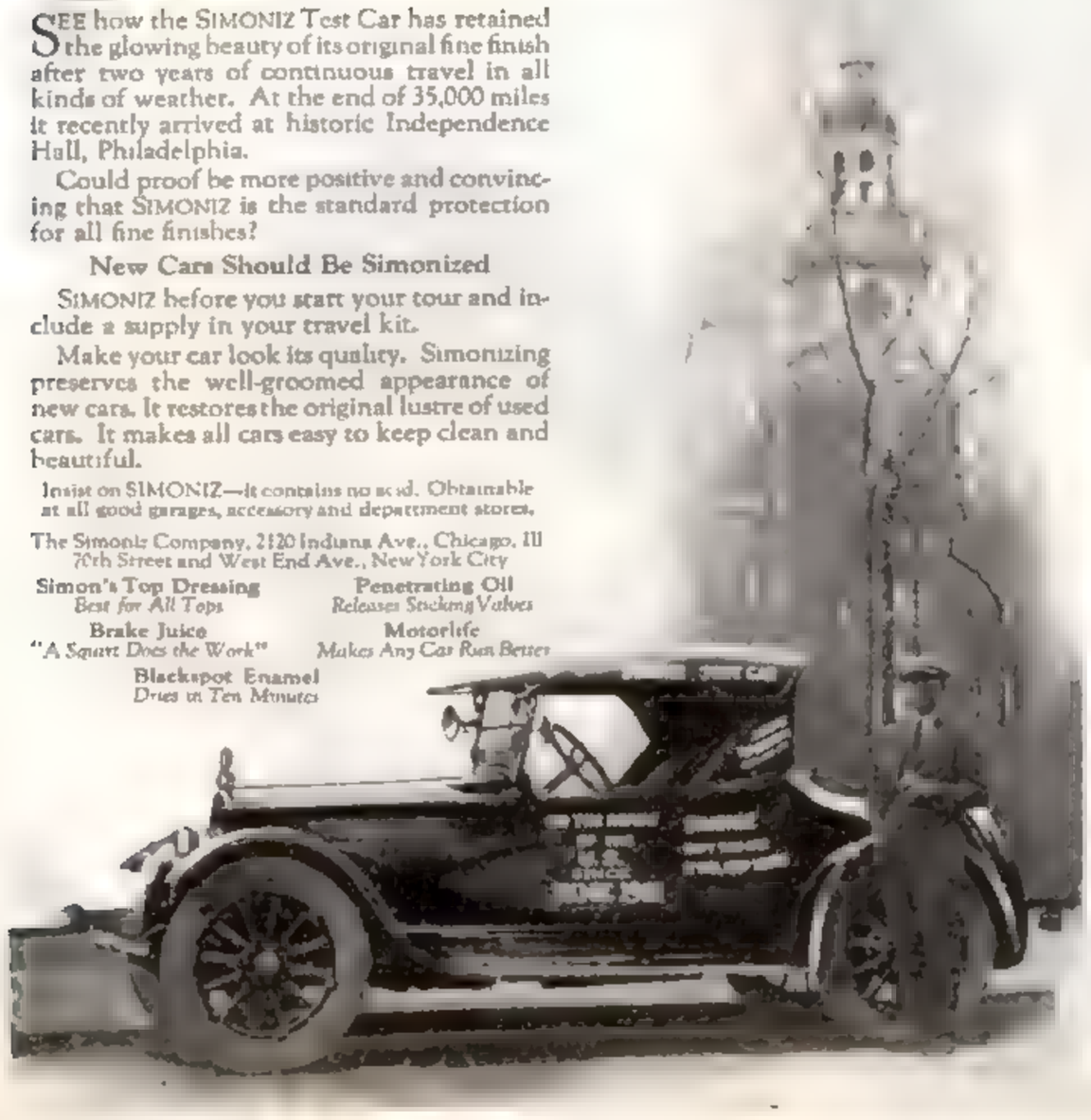
Simoniz Top Dressing *Best for All Tops*

Penetrating Oil *Releases Sticking Valves*

Brake Juice *"A Squirt Does the Work"*

Motorlife *Makes Any Car Run Better*

Blackspot Enamel *Dries in Ten Minutes*



THE OTHER SIDE OF REFORM

Continued from Page 4

her limousine beside a Fifth Avenue curb with her college-graduate secretary.

I said, "Why the inactivity?"

She replied, "My secretary can't remember whether I am going to a lecture on the Gregorian chants or a meeting for Hoover."

I remember that, as far back as the Progressive Party days, a reporter who had been lured by our local headquarters as a publicity man, and who talked to starboard when his cigar had to be to port, gave our district manager good advice.

"I'll tell you, Joe," he said, "in political headquarters there is always the democracy of first names. Yes, I'll tell you, Joe, get a dozen of these society dames on the committees. 'Cause it's this way, Joe: They are looking around for something dead easy, and you can shake 'em down for money if you print 'em on your stationery. But that's not all, Joe. If you get the plush raises there's a lot of women who are outside the fence will come and work for the party without pay in order to get right with the goddesses."

We who have such a long-standing membership in the lunatic fringe have learned that the recruits from this class of women are of two kinds.

One is the majority, and they are fickle. They require a new cause or movement or party or reform every few days or months, and they have a list of activities and interests as long as one's arm.

I remember one who founded a school for boys on new lines. She was showing me the building just completed. I said that I supposed that she had little time to direct the school. She replied that this was the sorrow of her life, that her activities prevented her personal direction.

"But who is the director?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "we have a new one—a very good man. He and his wife have taken that house I built on my own land. Charming people."

"Where did he come from? Where was he educated?" I asked.

She was embarrassed.

"Really, I don't know," she said. "I've been so busy with other new things."

If there is this majority of the diffused ideas, there is also a minority of single-track women. Now and then a reform movement is lucky enough to find one. When it does, there becomes available a personality no less forceful, no less persistent than any man in the organization. If the woman is also practical and wise, she is a formidable asset to any political-reform movement. She may have graduated from the lunatic fringe and have become a weighty factor, as Ruth McCormick, the daughter of Mark Hanna, has been in Illinois, and Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird in Massachusetts.

The Idle Rich in Politics

I sometimes suspect that the reason why we of the lunatic fringe can get so much help from unoccupied women is that our causes and movements come along and offer an occupation. It may be that the best cause a woman can have is children; but if they have not come, or have gone, we reformers fill the need of self-expression. We may not always offer a good cause to attract the generous service of those who still have service to spare. Sometimes we may be the cause of leading good intentions into the paths of hypocrisy or impracticability, or even into movements to take away from human beings their right to decide their own moral conclusions; but, in the main, the lunatic fringe means well, and I have yet to hear of its ever holding out opportunity for the service of those who are intentionally base or selfish.

I have not intended to treat women as if they were to be treated on a basis of sex difference. They offer a good chance—particularly the rich and idle ones—for us lunatics; but so do rich and idle men. And the reason why we can recruit from these classes is, fundamentally, the same reason—we offer a field for self-expression.

If anyone wishes to weigh a tremendous factor in the possible future of American politics let him look to the ever-increasing class of successful men who are tired of being successful while they are still young. The Progressive Party picked up a few of them, but the number has increased rapidly since 1912. I have touched elbows with these fellows. They are multiplying like rabbits, and it is a fine sight for sore eyes.

It is the truth. You probably know men like this; you, perhaps, are a man of this kind. Our industrial, financial and commercial life has been tending more and more to furnish a certain number of men with money success before they are forty, or at least before they begin to grow fat and snore and have hardening of the arteries. A few years ago—not so many—the stupid idea was to keep on way past the mark when there was a wholesome amount to leave the children. Now men are learning that successful business is a fairly monotonous grind; that after a certain point all that goes in one end is soul and all that comes out the other is money. A bad bargain! Such men look around—just as the unoccupied women do—to find bigger game. It's a great chance for the lunatic fringe to sign them on—and we are doing it!

In 1916 and in 1920 I saw the delegates at Chicago nominating Republican candidates for President. I have seen them mopping their faces in the heat and looking for guidance. I have seen pretty cheap petty bosses sheep-herd these delegates and tell them what to do. There was a rather feeble organization somewhere back home of which the delegate stood in mild terror. For more than eight years I have wondered what would happen if I could organize the successful young business men the producers of the country—the men who have a close alliance with the laborers whom they represent.

Settling Old Scores

Suppose I had such an organization so that I could call it into action by telegraphing twenty or thirty towns in every state and finding in each an answering commanding message to delegates from a young, affluent, successful, producing, unsmirched, practical personality who at the bottom of his heart had turned his first interest from personal success, already acquired, to a field of expression where his interest was new and keen. I am reasonably seasoned in the experience of nominating and electing a President. And yet I am still enough of a member of the lunatic fringe to believe that with such an organization I could have a hand in dictating the future of the country. I am not sure that this does not offer the best opportunity at present available to a benevolent boss of the United States.

Of course, the successful young man is not the only one available to the recruits of the lunatic fringe. There is also the pompous old fool who has retired from the bank presidency, or the gray-haired manufacturer who can be made to see that a crusade is now in style.

The trouble with these older men is that they are often rogue elephants. They either want to buy the cause, hide, hair and shoe leather, or else they want to run for governor. Nine times out of ten they come to the lunatic fringe with a grudge engendered by some old business feud or a crankish notion which has been boiling under their surface for years. They will never say to you: "Look here! In 1901 the First National Bank called my loans, and then and there I came to the conclusion that the financial ring was in the business of trying to squeeze out legitimate business. Now I see my chance to get back at them!" No. They come and say: "A new day is coming. We ought to change our whole attitude toward our social organization. Let us pass prosperity around. Let us flock to the banner of our incomparable leader, whom, by the way, I knew when ——"

Such are the classes of recruits upon which a cause may depend with permanent assurance. But I have become more and more convinced that the disease is not only a chronic malady for certain classes; it is a temporary affliction which may come to almost any man or woman. There is no general immunity against becoming temporarily attached to the lunatic fringe. Chance may bring the infection. I remember one morning after an election when one of the chief campaign contributors was asked if he felt depressed.

"Not a bit," he said. "I'm better, and tomorrow I'll be better still. I feel as if I had been due to break all out with this rash, but I'll never catch the durn thing again!"

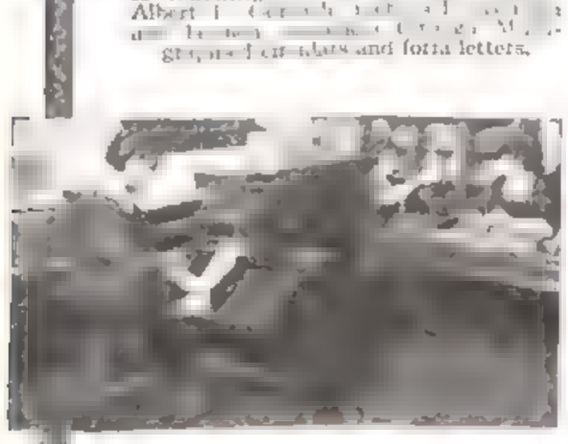
It is these epidemic rather than the chronic cases which form the rank and file of our causes, our movements, our blocs,

(Continued on Page 149)

The East Sells and Saves with THE NEW MULTIGRAPH

[illegible] of national Multigraph [illegible] and Canada

A Washington, D. C., Pharmacist, Albert [illegible] graphed circulars and form letters.



The Scranton (Pa.) Gas & Water Co. [illegible] stationery and states that the Multigraph is one of the best investments they ever made.

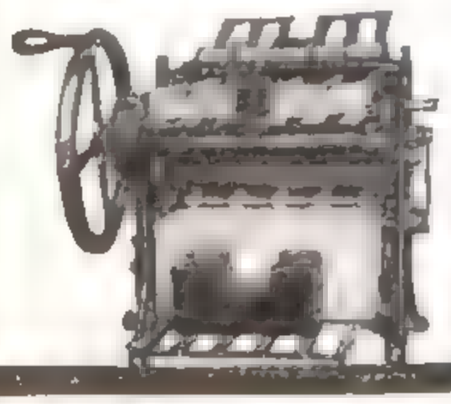
Home Profit Hosiery Co., Rochester, N. Y., in four months have printed on the Multigraph 200,000 labels, etc., 30,000 [illegible] 75,000 letterheads in two colors and 30,000 letters in four colors. And more!

Syracuse (N. Y.) Washing Machine Co. imprint dealer [illegible] part of [illegible] assist

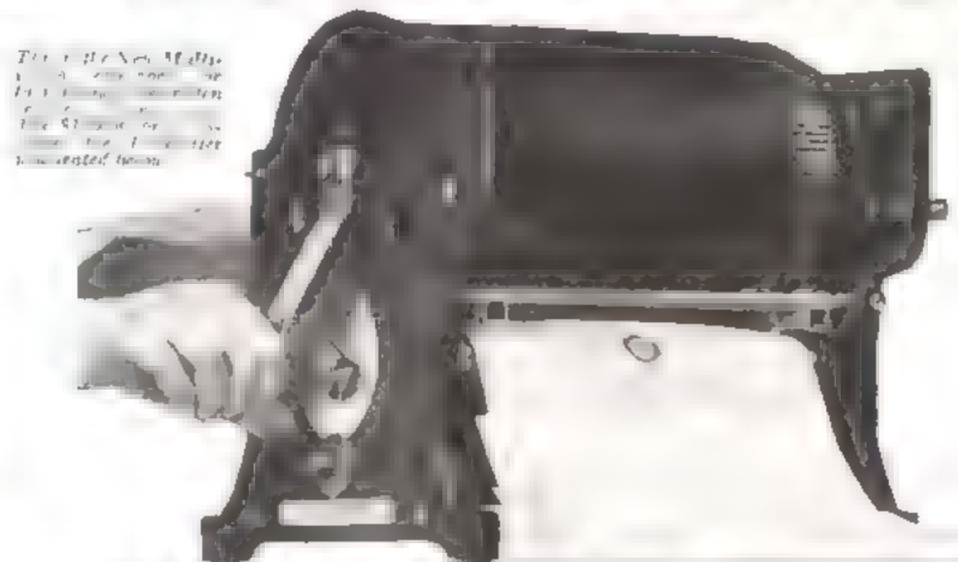
The Multigraph Folder Junior

Convenient equipment to the New $150 [illegible] Multigraph [illegible] folding speed of 4,800 [illegible]

Price $100.00 in U. S. A.



The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment, easily and quickly attached to the new Multigraph, $35.00 additional



The New Multigraph [illegible] the Standard [illegible] Printing Machine [illegible]

$30.00 DOWN Balance on Easy Terms or $150.00 CASH

From North, South, East and West, from far off points in Canada, come stories of praise for the Multigraph. The pictures illustrated in this advertisement were selected at random from hundreds and hundreds of subjects, every one of which tells the same story of helpfulness for the user.

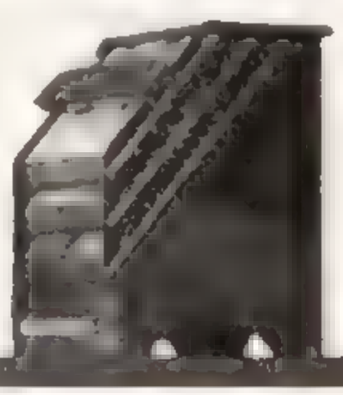
Druggists, grocers, etc., tell how they swell sales with the aid of Multigraph-ed letters alone. Wholesalers increase sales to retailers. Manufacturers aid their dealers and increase distribution—some even say they do business without salesmen, and with *the aid of the Multigraph alone* get orders from every district they circularize.

Bankers increase their depositors, and swell deposits. Insurance companies interest new customers, and keep in touch with old ones. And so the stories run—automobile dealers, water companies, power companies, department stores, etc., all of them *saving money* by printing countless kinds of forms, or *making money* by increasing business, *or by doing both.*

Let us tell you more about the Multigraph. The coupon below will bring you *Definite Facts* that will open your eyes to profits that have been slipping away from you.

Prices in Canada: $38.00 down; cash price $190.00. Printing Ink Attachment $37.50.

This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.



We have thousands of examples of Multigraph [illegible] in our files, any of which would [illegible] its sales power, economy and general usefulness of this office appliance.

M. D. Mosko & Co., New York, employ [illegible] salesmen have [illegible] form of [illegible] dispensing, on the Multigraph [illegible] for [illegible] business and it keeps on increasing.

A. W. Drake Mfg. Co., Hazelton, Pa., says: "You sell our machine and keep it sold. We are [illegible] about our Multigraph [illegible] and department."

Harrisburg (Pa.) Shoe Mfg. Co. find the Multigraph invaluable for sales promotion work, use it every day for letters and cards; and sell shoes with it in quantity

The Engineers Club of Philadelphia saved over $800 in one year by printing on the Multigraph.

The American Multigraph Sales Company

1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Have a representative show me (without any obligation) the new Multigraph and explain its possibilities in the [illegible] business.

Be sure you indicate your business

Name

City State

Street

SEP—6-23

The loading platform at one of the Weyerhaeuser mills. It is such up-to-date facilities as this that enable this group of mills to give efficient handling to orders of any size.

The unit package shed at one of the Weyerhaeuser distributing yards from which emergency shipments can be made on twenty-four hours' notice—an important feature of modern lumber service.

Why So Many Industrial Concerns Are Utilizing Weyerhaeuser Lumber Service

WHEN an old, established lumber organization finds its sales to industrial users increase threefold in a few years, there must be sound fundamental reasons for the growth that are of interest to all wood-using industrial concerns.

Several years ago the Weyerhaeuser organization made a comprehensive survey of the lumber needs of American industries. The results of this survey, coupled with more than sixty years' experience in the lumber business, led to a definite service policy in meeting industrial lumber requirements.

This service has two basic factors:

FIRST—*to find the kind and type of lumber and the grade of lumber that will meet a manufacturer's requirements most efficiently and economically.*

SECOND—*to assure a group of permanent customers a continuous and uniform supply of the exact type of lumber in the correct grade, size and quantities they require.*

SUCH a dependable lumber service enables a manufacturer definitely to standardize his lumber practices and factory operation. Continuous production is assured. There is no unnecessary wastage. Handling costs are reduced. In short, the manufacturer is relieved of his lumber worries. The expert in lumber works with his experts to produce maximum results.

Weyerhaeuser sales to industrial users have shown phenomenal increases because Weyerhaeuser service fills a real need—because concerns who have utilized the service find that it pays.

This high type of lumber service is made possible because of the timber resources, specialized equipment and highly-trained personnel of the Weyerhaeuser organization:

A large supply of mature timber of fifteen different species, and many types within these species, sufficient for decades of cutting.

Scores of logging camps guaranteeing a steady stream of suitable raw material.

Fifteen complete modern manufacturing units.

Seasoning processes that prepare lumber scientifically for each exacting need.

A crew of men at all the plants, with years of experience in producing, grading and shipping Weyerhaeuser quality lumber.

A corps of salesmen trained to think as purchasing agents and buyers have wished for lumber sellers to think.

Distributing facilities backed by fifteen immense mill stocks and two great strategically located storage plants, in the heart of both the eastern and mid-western markets.

THE Weyerhaeuser Sales Company distributes Weyerhaeuser Forest Products through the established trade channels. Its principal office is in Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

The personal service of Weyerhaeuser crating engineers in helping buyers of crating lumber to reduce their packing and shipping costs is outlined in a booklet, "Better Crating," sent free on request.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

(Continued from Page 146)

our third parties and our reforms. Of course, there is a certain persistence in single tax, and the League of Nations has left a lot of pockmarks. A certain group will go on to their graves drawing statistics to show that battleships cost more than public schools, and the independent thinker in American politics will continue to feel the itching of discontent, haste and impracticability. But for many men and women in the lunatic fringe, provided the complications following prominent leadership can be avoided, the prognosis of the disease is that it will take a mild course.

No one can tell what may follow if leadership sets in—or prominence. I have seen men start riding the Republican quadruped, jump lightly through a paper hoop onto the back of the Bull Moose and somersault, amid the plaudits of the crowd, onto the back of the Democratic donkey. Some men can work faster than the public memory. Who remembers that the Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State in the Wilson cabinet, was the same Bainbridge Colby whose Progressive veins, distended in anti-Wilson speeches, had hardly cooled? Who will recall that Senator Borah, who now wants to recognize the communists' government in Russia, not so many years ago was the terrible enemy of communism and the I. W. W. and labor organizations and Big Bill Haywood and all their respective sisters, cousins and aunts? Or that Emma Goldman, once the very priestess of communism, is now said to be in Germany trying to tell the world how bad the Bolshevists really are?

Leadership must be distinguished from reform. The latter is usually a mild contagion, the former is often a kind of habit or craving. I remember a woman-suffrage worker who had enjoyed national prominence. She happened to be in Europe when the news came of the adoption of the amendment.

"Aren't you glad?" said her companion, not understanding the lady's dismay.

It is reported that the other exclaimed: "It's awful! It's too cruel for words! I may never see my name in print again!"

I never have been able to say just what proportion of those who appear as reformers belong to the brotherhood or sisterhood of those who love to lead and see their names in print. Because all human beings have a weakness for these things I suspect that among reformers there is a full quota. Nay more! I suspect that the quota is more than full. I have heard some political associate—I think it was Judge Ben Lindsey—say of a certain movement, "The trouble is that there are no privates. All we have corralled is an army of generals." Perhaps it is wise for me to say that I have almost reached the conclusion that there is very little of the well-known characteristic of the modest violet to be found among those who themselves march in the phalanxes of the purer. The gentleness of reform is the gentleness of the bass drum, the megaphone and the bright-red headlines.

Laurels of the Platform

Take, for instance, the subject of the seat on the platform. I know something about this subject, because I have often found myself in various causes where it was I who had to decide who should be seated on the platform. Hiram Johnson is coming to speak, for instance. Of course, there must be a certain number of platform tickets. Those prominent in the cause like nothing better than to sit on the platform, unless it is to see their very bad likenesses in the Sunday paper. They like to sit on the platform and look into the sea of faces and bow to the shrimps whom they happen to know, and scrape their chairs and pretend to speak in a familiar manner to the great man as he passes on his way to the water pitcher and lectern or shake his perspiring hand when the address is over. I have seen a fat man bring his fat wife and manage to make one platform seat serve for two. The greatest laurels of the platform come to the family who can have at least two members up there where everyone can see them. I have seated many a platform, and if any of my readers has had the experience he will know that it does not pay to occupy the powerful position of one who chooses who shall sit among the mighty. The platform seats are limited in number and they make the party manager lots of good, true, loyal friends. But think of the number of persons who do not get seats on the platform!

I remember hearing a man four rows back singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, in a generous barytone, but alternating with remarks to his better half:

"Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

"Look! Isn't that John Booknighter on the platform?

"We are not divided,
All one body we,

"What in Hades gives him a right to sit there?

"One in hope—bah—
One in charite-e-e.

"No, I'm not jealous or nothing, Alice; only I have as much claim ——

"Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war ——

"Wait till I get down to headquarters tomorrow!"

If I were to be manager of any good cause again I would insist on having two grand functionaries, innocent enough to take the jobs. One would be a platform seater and the other would be grand master of introduction of the great speaker. Perhaps this second position is the more difficult. The platform seater, at least, adds to his prestige among those who get seats; but I have never seen any advantage coming to the man who has to pick out the old fool who will introduce the speakers. The old fool who is chosen is only pleased in advance; after the show is over he always has something to regret and is filled with black ingratitude. Usually the old fool has only himself to blame. He usually prepares an address, lies awake nights, buys a new cutaway, goes to a throat doctor and utterly fails to realize that he is only a kind of oratorical valet, and that no one wants to hear him anyway. The worst thing that can happen to him is to be allowed to make his speech throughout its dreary length.

A Scrambled Introduction

But if he fails to go through with what he has to say he is angry and conscious of the fact that he has been cheated out of an opportunity to throw into the shade the principal speaker of the evening. I remember one famous meeting in the Auditorium in Chicago in 1920. One of the aspirants for the nomination was to speak, and the man who was to introduce this great man shall be unnamed here. The hall was packed, the opening was late, the crowd was restless. The Chicago Four was introduced to exhibit a little barber-shop close harmony. No applause, to say the least! Then the man who was to introduce the great speaker looked around. The great speaker had not come! The crowd began to stamp and whistle its impatience.

"Begin now," somebody said to the chairman. "The senator is outside."

Of course, he was not outside; the main speakers are never just outside. But under this encouragement the introducer arose and held out his hand to create quiet.

He was about to begin "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here tonight ——"

Unfortunately, his gesture was misinterpreted by the band in the balcony who were out of range of the man's voice. With a crash of brass, the band opened up with Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.

The din drove the introducer back into his seat, red to the ears and trying to recall the speech he had once believed was committed to memory.

When the band ceased, an intimate friend who had always appeared trustworthy whispered, "They have nearly made a fool of you. You must get this audience in hand."

The introducer arose; the audience broke out into a roar of laughter.

"We are here tonight to ——"

Just then a man of short, rotund stature, with a frock coat and holding a platform seat ticket in his right hand, came into view.

Someone in the gallery shouted, "Our next President!"

The audience rose to its feet in tumult. Cheers upon cheers. The unknown belated holder of a platform seat sat down. And now the introducer moved forward, filled with the fires of anger and oratory. He was now a tower of determination to launch upon a waiting world the deathless words he had conceived and written down and rehearsed.

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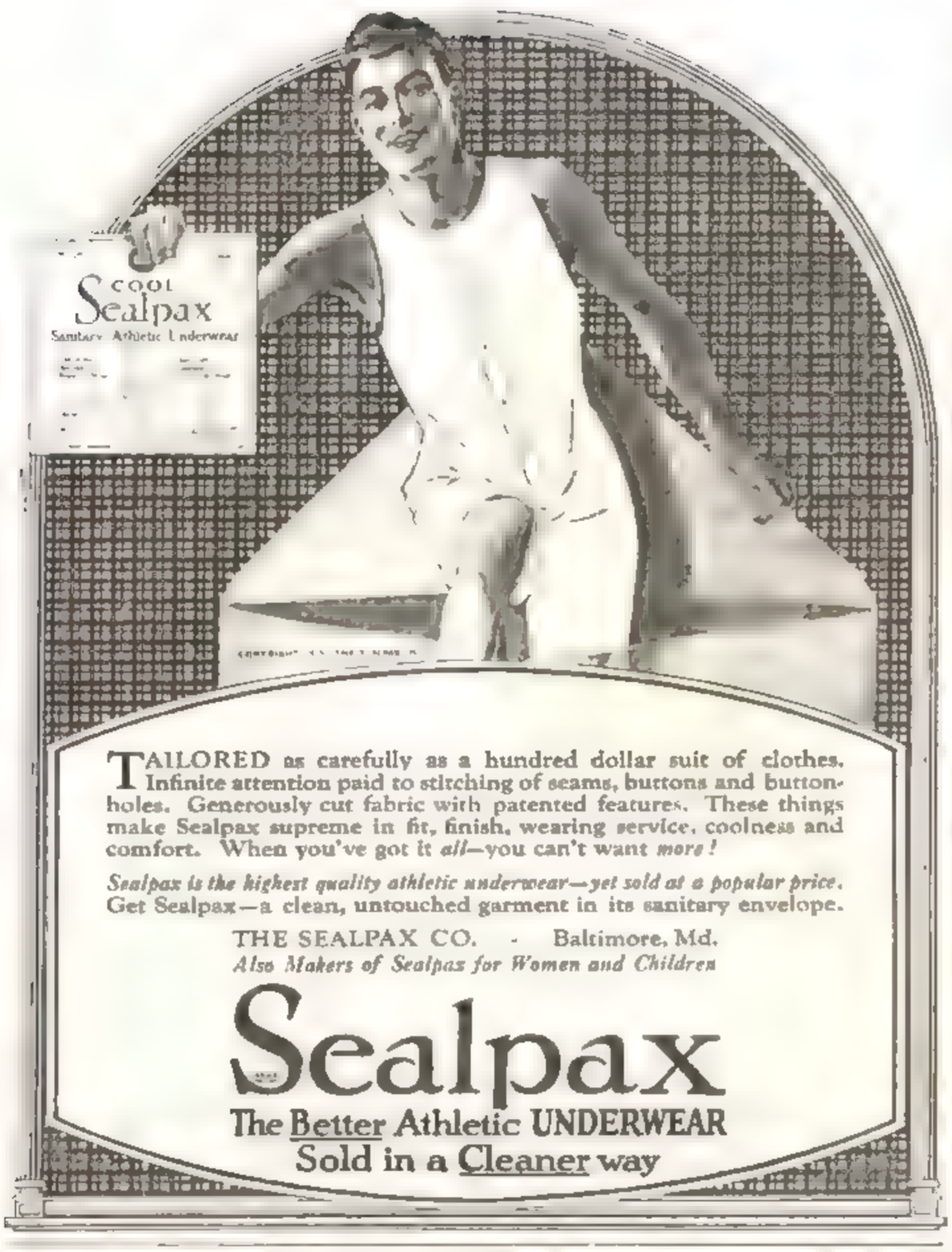

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"We are here tonight to serve a great cause!" he shouted.

But just then the great man came onto the stage, pranced down to the footlights, bowed his head into the storm of cheers, and this time the introducer was buried for good. He sat down, mopping his forehead. His maiden effort as an introducer had been laid in a grave, shrouded by derision and humiliation. He probably cursed the fact that the grandmother of the man who had assigned him the job had not been a boy.

No; in a reform movement a wise man will have charge, as much as possible, of the work of seeing that names get into print. He may not do it with complete success as to the newspapers; but if he falls down with the so-called public prints, there is always the pamphlet and the letterhead.

I have learned that nothing satisfies the soul of a reformer like a letterhead with columns of distinguished names across the top and down the sides until there is hardly room for the typist to get a letter in edgewise. If the front of the printed letter paper fails, put the advisory committee on the back! Just think over the various titles which will satisfy those whose names appear! Honorary presidents, past presidents, honorary secretaries, directors, secretaries and assistant secretaries, corresponding secretaries, treasurers, financial advisers, trustees, honorary trustees, advisory board, executive committee, campaign committee, district chairmen, women's advisory committee, founders, charter members, honorary members. I have seen nearly all the voters in a state—at least those who voted our way—printed on a campaign letterhead!

Everyone knows those letterheads. They are infallible signs of a cause which, like all causes, needs money, but needs it more than other causes; or of one which needs respectability as much as it needs money. When you see those names in tables, columns or—as the printer says—staggered across the top over the address of temporary headquarters, you may be sure that the secretary will tell you that the names are printed to give standing to the organization. But I will tell you that a part of the reason is to keep the persons whose names are printed interested. It is no fun to be a contributor or an adviser or a benefactor of mankind if one's name is not where it ought to be—in print!

I knew a contributor once who took a page of advertising in a magazine published by a cause.

"Just print on it: 'From an anonymous friend,'" he said, with a noble gesture. "Everybody will find out who took the space."

There is a limit to the power offered by tacit promises to put names in print. Even this magic bait often fails to get money. And there is nothing connected with reform or the workings of the lunatic fringe which gives half as much trouble as money. The devil and all his societies, political parties and organizations have a hard enough time to get money; but for some reason which is created by the perverse nature of things the more a cause becomes intrusted to the purer and nobler, the harder it appears to be to get money. Of course, charity and relief are excluded; I am speaking now of reform—of causes which go forth to right things, or those which put their hands patronizingly on the world's head.

The Money Test

If you do not believe this go today or tonight to one of the teachers or preachers who want America to intervene in Europe or help Europe, and think in hazy, vague, foggy thoughts how nice it would be for our Government either to give outright money to Country A, or else put ourselves in the minority situation where Countries A, B, C and D could take it away from us. Ask that man or woman how much he or she will give to start a subscription list. Ask him or her if he or she will sign a petition to the United States Government to double his or her income tax so that we can help Europe. You will then discover the unpopular side of reform. The teachers and preachers often take the bit of talk in their teeth and run with it and feel that they are making America fulfill its noble destiny, until some practical fellow says in a rude, harsh voice, "What will it cost? How much will you give?"

I have learned how easy it is for a reformer to gallop up and down advocating the use of other people's money to carry out plans which are more or less incomplete and impractical, and may or may not create bad morale, or even pauperize those whom it is planned to save. They will talk about starving peoples in lands where there is enough to eat, and seldom be frank enough to say that they are proposing to add to the tax bills of those of us who will never get the credit for being purer and nobler. The credit for being purer and nobler usually goes to the agitator and not to those who pay the bill.

I speak of this particular phase of reform because just now is the era when the lunatic fringe at home and the foreign propagandist statesmen on tour in the United States are working together to get America in—an easier task than getting her out.

I do not mean to speak cynically of the motives of reform: in the main, the instinct for reform in America is one of our finest national possessions. It keeps us from becoming stagnant; it keeps us from becoming selfish; it keeps us from having the edge of our eternal hope dulled, nicked and rusted. But after a long membership in the lunatic fringe, with all my membership dues paid, all degrees taken, and still in good standing, I am a little cynical about the money needed for good causes. I have noticed that it usually comes sparingly—from those who are less seen and heard than the others. The latter class solicits it from the former.

A rich man told me the other day: "I give away a good many thousands every year to various movements, but I never give a cent to those who canvass for money. I am not mean, but I cannot bear to yield my judgment to that of a solicitor; and though I want no credit for my gifts, it irritates me to realize that anyone who solicits contributions for movements and reforms always takes the whole credit for my money."

An Ailing Budget

If there is trouble for the lunatic fringe in getting money, there is none whatever in spending it. Sometimes, as the poetic phrase has it, I turn back the pages of my memory to recall the multiple and diverse parasites which prey on the lunatic fringe and all its causes. I see again the bright, expectant faces of those who have come into my headquarters. It is conservative to say that reform movements are regarded by the petty vultures as dead donkeys whose bones should be plucked clean at once. The variety of these good-natured, rather lovable vultures is hard to describe. They all have ideas.

I remember one of the familiar type of a certain kind of preacher who suddenly was overcome by love of the Bull Moose. He had a new idea!

It was really the old idea. He wanted to give a church picnic or strawberry festival or harvest carnival in his parish. His parish, it so happened, was a colored parish. On the occasion of this church function he was to allow one of our speakers to say a few words.

"Thank you," I said. "Name the date."

"I can't nowise name it until I kin see forward."

"See forward?"

"Yes, sah, see forward. It's the budget, sah."

"What needs to be done to your budget?"

"Well, sah, a hundred dollars needs to be done to it."

"Too bad!"

"Well, sah, twenty-five dollars might fotch it."

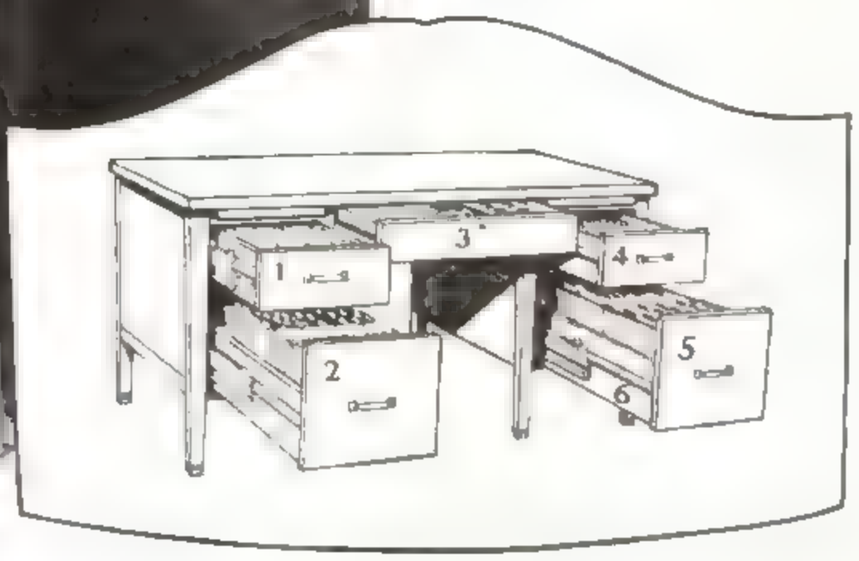
"No."

A long pause.

"Well, maybe if I could git five dollars we might give up this here festival altogether, sah."

And then there is the wise, hardened old sinner who knows politics. Be sure that when he approaches the lunatic fringe he comes with a great moral awakening. He is now going to devote the rest of his life to undoing the forces of evil. He may even confess that he is actuated by hatred or annoyance because the corrupt gang has no gratitude and has not taken care of him. He will almost always work for absolutely nothing—and expenses. He would be glad to pay his own expenses if he had the money. Unfortunately—well, one knows how it is. Yes, of course. Anyhow, he has an idea. And he also has a letter of recommendation—a greasy, limp old thing which he produces as if it were a chart of buried treasure. It is signed "Wm. Askerwith, Chairman." If one has never heard of

(Continued on Page 152)



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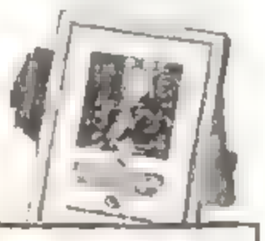

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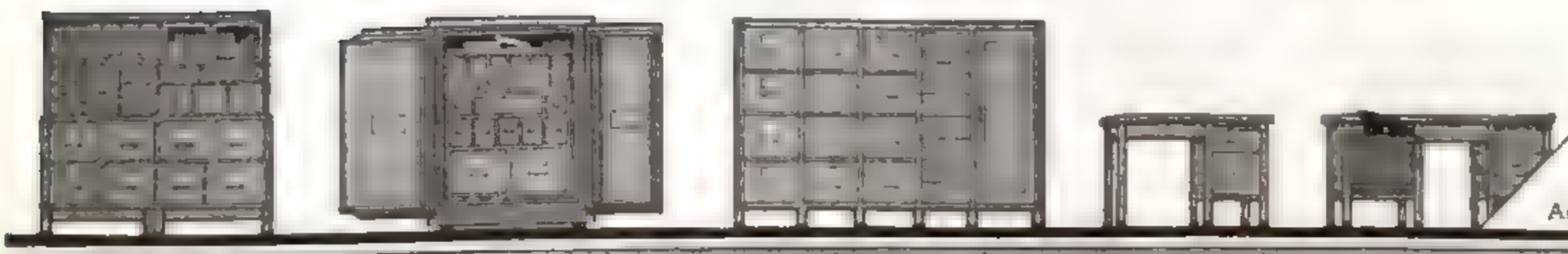

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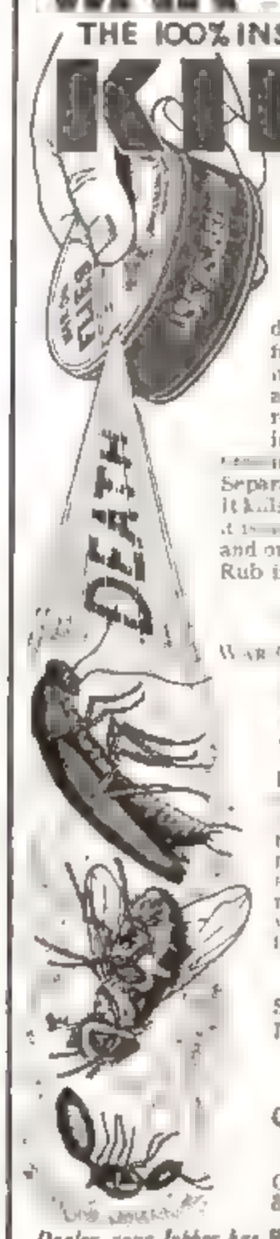

WAR-ON-FLIES is sure death to the annoying, filthy fly and to all other insect pests. It comes in a handy bellows box ready to use. It is puffed into the air by simply squeezing the sides of the box. Separate sprayer not necessary. It kills all flies and insects where it is puffed. Sprinkle in cracks and on fowls for mites and lice. Rub into fur of pets for fleas.

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Nickels & Lauber

(Continued from Page 150)

Wm. Askerwith, chairman, the applicant does not conceal his contempt.

"Don't know Bill?" he inquires superciliously.

Among these work-for-expenses fellows there are always a few who claim a long experience as detectives. The idea that such organizations as the single-tax movement or the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to the League of Nations needs detectives persists forever.

Then there is the gentleman of independent means. I recall one named Cyrus. Cyrus was tall, graceful, reeking with good manners, and talked glibly of deals and his interests and of what he had spent on the cause. He used to say in an offhand manner that during the campaign he had drawn and donated to certain secret party funds upwards of eleven thousand dollars. He showed check stubs to prove it. He borrowed eighteen dollars from one of our stenographers!

The vultures are not objectionable compared to those who are not vultures but also have ideas. The latter have all the advantage over a reform manager. The vultures are practical; the innocents are so impractical that they always want an opportunity for a morning's talk. The vulture often stands in the office with hat in hand, but those who have the advantage of a clear conscience put their hat over the inkwell and sit down in the deepest chair.

One has written a song. This song is to be sung all over the United States and half the immense royalties are to be given to the cause. What is the song? It is to have the photograph of the Statue of Liberty on the cover and the chorus goes like this:

Oh, the minimum wage! Oh, the minimum wage!
Come workers, come patriots, come the wise sage!

And so on.

But I remember a lovely white-haired lady in black who told me with trembling voice that her sister had painted a beautiful figure of Truth with her foot on somebody's neck. She wanted me to lease a vacant store and exhibit this lovely work of art for admissions of ten cents paid by persons who would go away converted.

"But I fear no one would pay ten cents to see Truth," I said.

She sighed.

"Well, I don't know," she said, folding her hands. "My sister—I hardly know how to tell you—she—she—started this picture for a Venus."

Campaign Poets and Sculptors

And the poets! Who, except those who know from the inside, has any idea of how much reform moves human beings to poetry? Headquarters themselves produce no end of it. The telephone girl blushingly confesses to a sonnet which, the office boy says, "will burn Senator Lodge alive!" Stenographers sometimes knock it out during luncheon hours. I have even seen a candidate for the state senate who came in, turned the key in the lock and said: "Listen to this! It's a little thing I wrote. I know it's simply foul; but my wife, who reads a lot, said I ought to give somebody a chance at it. I said to her 'No, Amy, I'm goin' to tear it up,' and she says 'If you throw that in the fire I'll be the maddest woman!' and so here it is, and it begins like this——"

Then there are the inventors of devices. There is the sculptor who brings in a sample paperweight cast in the noble lines of our great leader. He says that they can be made for a dollar-eighty apiece and should be given away in doubtful districts. After convincing him that it would cost four million eight hundred dollars to swing the election by his method, he goes away and, no doubt, votes with the opposition.

And I have not forgotten the manufacturers of celluloid buttons, canes, hatbands, metal watch charms, shoehorns, whistles, pocket knives, paper caps, sashes, hatpins, blotters, pencils, penholders, and all the other pretty little vehicles to spread abroad the face of the thinker or his thought or the symbol of his thinking. Not to mention the man who always comes in to offer at so much a thousand a blank card or blank sheets of paper or blank book headed, What Our Opponent Has Done in Congress

It is the day of publicity. There are not wanting offers to produce a document off the whole convincing story of the tariff and all its schedules in one grand slam. The best plan to expose that the best way to spend the country's money is to radio-broadcast the statistics showing the deficit in the budgets of foreign countries, which need our help so that they may go on loaning to other countries that need more uniforms and machine guns and aeroplanes.

In the salesmanship which aims at the treasury of a cause there is a blithe and happy originality, bespeaking the hopefulness with which guile approaches innocence. I remember well the man who brought into a certain headquarters during a certain campaign of progress a good idea. It was a proposal to make and furnish a certain campaign auxiliary which could be distributed by an original plan.

I told him the truth. There was no money left.

"On the level?" he said.

"Not enough to pay the salaries."

"Gee!" he said, crestfallen for a moment. "No more money! An' I came all the way from New York!"

Then his eyes took on a new light.

"Listen!" said he. "Here's an idea! If you'll say you'll spend the money with our firm, and give me a list of your members, I'll go out myself and get the money. If you don't mind my saying so, you don't look much like a live wire. Let me at 'em and I'll turn 'em over until the money falls out of pockets where they didn't know they had it!"

The Sensible Lunatic

Perhaps the sunniest side of reform and reformers is the rank and file. When we who belong to the lunatic fringe grow a little mellow with experience we may have found along our queer impassioned pathways many a good friend and many a fine soul. But one of the finest things about movements and causes is the rank and file. The rank and file is made up of the men and women who believe heartily, who hope cheerfully, who are unwilling that things should not grow better. They are often wrong and sometimes deceived. But the rank and file of the lunatic fringe is the backbone of our change and progress and eager conscience, just as the rank and file of those who oppose them is the backbone of our national common sense and practical stability. Call the efforts of the lunatic fringe nine-tenths half-baked, silly or even dangerous—we still may thank our stars that the fringe still maintains an unfrayed appearance, because where one bangle drops off another hitches on.

All I say is this: If you are going to be a lunatic, be a good one; be reasonable. Ask yourself these questions:

Do I know what I am talking about? Have I the facts?

Am I following a real cause, or am I following some other benevolent fellow's personal ambitions to be generous or famous at my expense?

What is the A B C of the idea? Am I listening to phrases, or is there a real bill of particulars?

What will it cost?

Anyhow, regardless of the lack of sense or the presence of it, there is an excellent chance of success. Look around you and see if this is not so. Any positive, cranky idea may go over at any time. Why? Because the proposal to do something is almost always organized and on its way these days before opposition can catch it. Often opposition never has a chance to come into being.

I remember that someone has suggested that a national law might be passed at any time requiring the release of all canary birds.

It is a noble cause! It sounds generous! The founder could look forward to a tombstone inscribed, "He fought for freedom and right."

And before the canary birds could get word to our legislative bodies that they refused their liberty and considered freedom as a threat at their existence, the law would be passed and the people hoodwinked by sentimentality into a hasty confirmation by referendum.

Bless me! All it would need would be two members of the lunatic fringe—and an ex-minister for their lobbyist!

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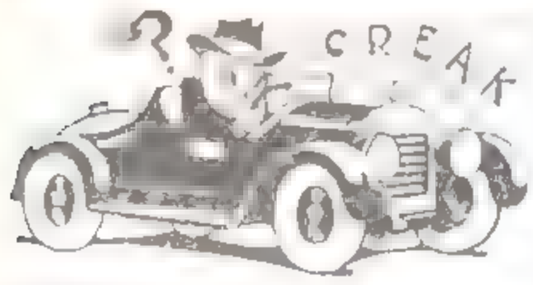

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The Flood
WATER CIRCULATING PUMP FOR FORDS

JAZZING THE CONSTITUTION

Continued from Page 14

sovereignty which could do as it pleased; rights and obligations went hand in hand for the sovereign as much as for anybody else. That is as true when the sovereign is a majority of voters as it was when the sovereign was an individual.

When the Long Parliament met four hundred and twenty-five years later, King Charles I was the radical. For eleven years he had been engaged in a highly progressive scheme of dispensing with Parliament in the government of England, raising revenue by forced loans, ship money and other novel devices. Aside from the question of religion, Hampden and his Puritan companions just stood pat on the ancient right of Englishmen to be taxed only by their own representatives in Parliament. Forty-eight years later James II was chased off the throne and out of the kingdom, not at all because he refused to progress, but because his progress trenched on old law. And in the next century stand-pat American colonists resisted George III in the name of the old right of Englishmen to be taxed only by their duly elected representatives.

"No taxation without representation" was their rallying cry—which would have sounded perfectly familiar to Englishmen who fought Charles I more than a hundred years before.

The outstanding feature of it all has been reaction against new tyranny—going back to an old pattern. The one persistent idea has been government by well-settled principles of law, binding upon everybody. Judging by such accounts as we have of ancient Anglo-Saxon society, it began with a large degree of personal liberty. The great struggle has been to keep radical innovators from grafting tyranny upon it.

The colonists did—reluctantly, months after the first armed clashes at Lexington and Concord—adopt the new idea of renouncing all allegiance to the crown and setting up a government without king or nobles, with sovereignty vested in the people. That they made a great mess of it at first everybody knows. Thirty-five years ago John Fiske, in his well-known volume The Critical Period of American History, pointed out in detail how great the mess was. He prefaced the volume with Jay's statement to Washington, in June, 1786, "I am uneasy and apprehensive, more so than during the war." That was the feeling of most intelligent Americans at the time. For the colonists had carried their notion of popular sovereignty to extremes.

Our Critical Period

The Federal Government had fallen to the last stage of imbecile futility. Its authority was flouted everywhere. Continental currency had long ceased to circulate as money—one stage lower than Russian rubles. The Government could not raise enough money by taxation to pay its operating expenses, let alone interest on debt and long overdue arrears to Washington's soldiers. As early as June, 1783, some eighty soldiers, led by a couple of sergeants, broke from camp at Lancaster, marched to Philadelphia, insulted Congress and heaved stones through its windows. Congress, helpless itself, appealed to the state of Pennsylvania for protection; but the state was helpless too. So the majestic Federal Government sneaked out of the back door and fled to Princeton, where the college gave it a roof to sit under. The states fought each other with retaliatory import duties and imposts. Connecticut formally boycotted New York. At least twice troops were moved by one state against another and war was narrowly averted. There were popular insurrections in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In the latter state Captain Shays' followers turned unpopular courts of law out of doors and shut up the courthouses.

Their theory was that, being the sovereign people, they were entitled to have their own way. Finding various court orders and judgments very inconvenient, they simply tore up the papers, turned the courts out of doors and locked the doors behind them. At about that time an old gentleman died near Berlin who had, through his long life, held the same idea of sovereignty. He was sovereign, his name being Frederick, surnamed the Great. When a Prussian court gave a judgment that irritated him he sought out the judge and caned him vigorously in public, as a reminder of what would happen if he did it again. Frederick in Potsdam and Shays' men in Massachusetts had the same idea of sovereignty, but it is not an idea that secures liberty.

Under such alarming conditions delegates met at Philadelphia to draft a new scheme of government although, to allay popular suspicion, they pretended to be merely amending the old Articles of Confederation which had proved so hopelessly bad. It was one of the most remarkable political gatherings ever held, and the most remarkable thing about it was the proportion of able men it contained. On that point I wish that younger readers, if they haven't already done so, would take a look at Sir George Trevelyan's History of the American Revolution. Of late years it has been rather fashionable to regard the Fathers of the Country as funny old duffers whom no up-to-date radical, with a Marxian lip stick in his vanity case, would dream of taking seriously. Naturally, Trevelyan writes of the American Revolution from an Englishman's point of view. As a nephew of the great Macaulay, who considered the American Constitution all sail and no anchor, he may be presumed to have imbibed the prepossessions of his class. But he repeatedly speaks of colonial statesmen and statesmanship in terms of praise which Americans nowadays might hesitate to use lest they be considered boastful.

Washington Interposes

Only fifty-five delegates, representing a country of some three million inhabitants, met at Philadelphia; but the small hall in which they gathered surely held much more statesmanship than has appeared in the United States altogether in the last quarter century. One thing about them needs notice: It was by no means a conclave of elder statesmen. On the contrary, it was decidedly a gathering of young men. Benjamin Franklin, to be sure, was venerable, and Washington, the chairman, was fifty-five. But James Madison, than whom no delegate bore a greater part in shaping the new document, was thirty-six. Alexander Hamilton, who did more than any other one man to get the new Constitution adopted, was thirty. Gouverneur Morris, who declared that he wrote the final draft with his own hand, was thirty-five. Rufus King, one of the leaders, was thirty-two. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, another leader, was twenty-nine. Somebody has figured up that, including Franklin's eighty-one years, the average age was forty. But many of the star rôles were played by men under that. It was a young man's convention.

Their country was visibly going to pot. They proposed to save it and they did save it—by reaction. Almost their first move, in view of the unsettled, explosive state of public opinion, was to decree profound secrecy for their proceedings—a decree which, to their honor, was strictly kept even when strife was hottest indoors and temptation, on one side or another, to appeal for public support was greatest. At any one of several crises delegates could have wrecked the undertaking by publishing what the other side proposed and getting up popular clamor.

Early in the proceedings this question of public opinion of the moment came up. Though the convention contained an extraordinarily high proportion of able men, it also contained some ordinary politicians. When it was urged that timid, ineffectual measures would be more popular—but let me quote the passage from Fiske:

> Washington suddenly interposed with a brief but immortal speech which ought to be blazoned in letters of gold and posted on the wall of every American assembly that shall meet to nominate a candidate or declare a policy or pass a law so long as the weakness of human nature shall endure. Rising from his presidential chair, he exclaimed in tones of unusually solemn with suppressed emotion [illegible] too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

That settled it.

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states and big states demanded a share in the new government proportionate to their population. Inland was suspicious of tidewater. North and South almost went to smash over the slave trade. There were strong-government men and states'-rights men. Outside there was a suspicious, rather hostile public opinion—agitated now and then by canards, such as that the convention proposed to set up a monarchy. In four months shipwreck was in sight more than once. The final test of the convention's statesmanship is that in the last pinch it was always able to compromise, members surrendering or modifying cherished theories in order that the great common purpose which all had in mind might not fail. Lincoln, you remember, compromised on details time and again in order to save the big purpose. Ability to know what the vital point is and to compromise on other points is the test of statesmanship.

The work of the convention was statesmanly even on the merely literary or verbal side. The Constitution which they finally presented to the country contained only about four thousand words. They contented themselves with laying down a clear and sound ground plan. Essentially it was reactionary. They had seen the country all but ruined by a notion of popular sovereignty which implied, in various practical applications, that a very numerous group of people could do anything they pleased, just as Frederick the Great's idea of sovereignty was that he could do anything he pleased. They went back to the idea of government by well-settled principles of law, under which a majority, at the time being, could no more run amuck than a king could. They knew by practical experience that current public opinion may be volatile, whimsical, unsound. So they very carefully set up some dams between opinion of the moment and government. Deliberate, settled opinion—opinion persistently held by a majority of the people—would mold the course of government; but they had no more use for the notion that the voice of the people, as expressed by a majority of shouts in a time of excitement, is the voice of God and must be immediately obeyed than their forefathers had for the similar notion that a king rules by divine right which mortals must not question.

Bill-of-Rights Amendments

That is the essence of the difference between them and the bogus democrats of our day who preach the divine right of a majority, at the time being, to do whatever it pleases.

Their Constitution erected a framework of government. The most formidable opposition to it—composed in a general way of those who a few years later organized the Democratic, or Anti-Federalist, Party, under Jefferson's leadership—urged that it did not, in express terms, sufficiently safeguard the common citizen against oppression at the hands of the new government. For example, it did not expressly forbid the new Government to set up a state religion or an official press censorship. They insisted that a bill of rights must be incorporated in the organic law. This was agreed to, so the first ten amendments, comprising the famous bill of rights, may be regarded as having been practically adopted along with the original document and to be a part of it.

Now, what a constitution means in practical effect to plain everyday citizens is exactly the subject that I am trying to write about, so it is worth while to spend a couple of minutes on these bill-of-rights amendments. They say that Congress shall not establish a state religion or abridge freedom of speech or of the press or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, nor infringe the right of the people to keep and bear arms; that in time of peace no soldier shall be quartered upon a citizen without his consent; that people's houses shall be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures; that in a criminal case the accused shall have a speedy and public trial; that excessive bail shall not be required, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

That is all good political doctrine, and at some time during the last century and a quarter some plain, everyday citizen may have been protected in his natural rights against oppression at the hands of the Federal Government by those amendments. I do not happen to know of any such case, but I do know that those amendments did not prevent quite arbitrary arrests and imprisonments in the excitement of the Civil War. I know also, as you do, that during the excitement of and immediately following the World War the land echoed with passionate complaints that Attorney General Palmer was suppressing peaceable assemblies, unreasonably searching and seizing, denying free speech and otherwise making light of the Bill of Rights. Some excellent lawyers opine that many of the complaints were constitutionally well founded.

But let us turn back to the Fifth Amendment—which was designed, like all the ten, to safeguard plain everyday citizens. It says that no such citizen shall be compelled in a criminal case to be a witness against himself. "Nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." I do not know what plain, everyday citizen—if any—has ever found protection under that amendment. But I do know that a whole flock of shivering corporations have sought and secured shelter from obnoxious legislation under its motherly wings. That little due-process sentence has saved many a dividend.

Which means simply that this business of amending the Constitution ought always to be approached warily, in a spirit of extreme caution, taking plenty of time for deliberation; for an amendment to the organic law may have consequences unforeseen and quite opposite to those intended. The Eleventh and Twelfth Amendments are technical. The original machinery for a presidential election proved faulty and was corrected. Then, for more than sixty years, the organic law stood unchanged—until the end of the Civil War. The Thirteenth Amendment says that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in the United States. Good doctrine, of course.

Dead Letters Pernicious

The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, adopted in the flush of Northern victory over the South, were intended to secure to negroes in the South an absolute political equality with whites. As to that intention, they have been dead letters from the day they were written to this day, and they will remain dead letters for a long time to come. Everybody knows that ever since carpetbag reconstruction days, one white man in the South has outweighed a score or a hundred negroes politically. In Mississippi the negroes outnumber the whites. In Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana the numerical white margin is comparatively narrow. White men believe that full political equality would subject them to the danger of domination by an inferior race. This race feeling—the feeling of our kind as against the other kind—is one of the stubbornest things in human nature. In 1914 Protestant Irishmen in Ulster were ready to defy the British Government and embark in civil war rather than accept a government in which Catholic Irishmen would outvote them. A hundred thousand Japanese in California set three million whites by the ears. It is a thing deeper than any constitution can reach. As to their main intention of securing full political equality for negroes, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments will remain dead letters for a long while to come.

And that again should instruct us to be wary in the matter of constitutional amendments, for a constitution with a dead letter in it is much worse than one with a blank. The dead letter weakens the whole instrument. When prohibitionists—and many others—appeal for obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment in the name of respect for organic law, wets reply, "For fifty years one part of your Constitution has been a mere scrap of paper, anyway; enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments before you talk to us about the sacredness of the Eighteenth."

Many dead letters would kill the whole document by making it contemptible

Somebody has said that there are more than seventy thousand laws in the United States. In view of the facility with which our legislative mills grind out statutes, I should say, offhand, more than seven hundred thousand. At any rate, thousands of these laws are dead, or moribund—freak enactments tossed out on the spur of the moment to satisfy a clamorous whim, or quack attempts to exorcise the cause of some public dissatisfaction by waving a piece of printed paper at it. Naturally, with more laws than any other great nation, we have more lawlessness. Many laws are the

(Continued on Page 156)

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way to disrespect for any law. When it comes to the organic law, the same rule applies. Spattering it up with [illegible] moment amendments will disgrace the whole document. It would be a stronger and more useful Constitution today without those dead-letter amendments. But once in, they cannot be got out; Northern sentiment would prevent it. So they remain, weakening the organic law.

Forty-odd years passed, then came another amendment, the Sixteenth, whose history is instructive. During the Civil War, Congress levied an income tax which proved an important source of revenue while the war lasted. A generation later the Supreme Court held a similar law to be unconstitutional because the Constitution says that direct taxes must be apportioned among the several states according to their population. The Sixteenth Amendment is supposed to have been written by the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who was then President. It reads, "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

That sounds clear to a layman. All he can make of it is that Congress shall have power to tax incomes "from whatever sources derived." But he is now assured on high authority that it is necessary to amend it in order to enable Congress to tax incomes derived from state and municipal bonds, such income not being within the scope of the words "from whatever sources derived." Which sounds to the puzzled layman just like being told that the words "all your fingers" do not include those on your left hand. If a man with the legal training of a Supreme Court justice writes an amendment consisting of thirty words which fails to accomplish the purpose those words plainly state—well, we might also take warning from that and be very careful about amending the organic law.

When this Sixteenth—or income tax—Amendment was proposed the Constitution had not been changed in more than a century, with the exception of the Civil War additions mentioned above. But the success of the Sixteenth Amendment showed that it could be done, and encouraged other amenders. Immediately the Seventeenth Amendment was proposed, and quite promptly ratified by the requisite number of states. It provides for direct election of senators by the people and is the first formal departure from the original plan of government, for practical direct election of the President by the people came about without any change in the organic law.

When the Million is Mistaken

The original Constitution says that each state shall be represented in the Upper House of Congress by two senators, chosen by the state legislature. What the framers of the document had in mind is clear enough. In the first place, they fondly dreamed that the new Federal Government would be nonpartisan—above the strife and turmoil and general beer and balderdash of party politics. The people would choose the best men among them as their representatives in the state legislature. The members of the legislature, being capable and experienced men, acquainted with the respective merits of the state's leading citizens, would then pick out two of the best for senators, a senator being a sort of ambassador to represent his state at the new national capital.

There was only one fault in the plan—namely, it reposed too much faith in the people. A hundred years rolled around, and many constituencies, especially in the most populous states, were cheerfully electing to the legislature, not the best men among them, but a lot of third-rate party hacks, including many cheap rogues. At session after session some state legislatures included gangs, deliberately elected by the people, who could scarcely be trusted not to steal a red-hot stove. Anybody who has read Madison's report of the debates in the Constitutional Convention need not be told that the framers of the organic law were under no rosy delusion of the infallible wisdom of the people. They knew it was just as easy for a million people to be mistaken on a given subject at a given time as for one. They were always reminding one another of it, and trying to set up safeguards against it. But if they had returned to earth a century later and witnessed the proceedings of some state legislatures they would very likely have regretted that they left anything to the free choice of the people.

Senatorial elections by state legislatures developed some odorous scandals. So the Seventeenth Amendment, providing for direct election of senators by the people, was proposed. Its theory was that though the people, in free elections, deliberately chose state legislatures that could not be trusted to pick out senators, the same people, voting directly, would choose wise and good senators. When voting for members of the state legislature, they'd pick a skate, but when voting directly for senator, they'd pick a winner. It was a very popular theory and the Seventeenth Amendment slid through quite easily.

It was popular because people were vaguely dissatisfied with the Government and receptive to any patent cure-all that promised to remedy it without expense or effort on their part. Various state legislatures had long been a scandal. Mister Good Citizen deplored and resented it. Perhaps, way down in his heart, he suspected that it might be remedied by effort and [illegible] part. He had common sense and [illegible] about among people, he knew perfectly well how the bad political machine [illegible] was constructed and how it operated.

In the first place it was a going concern, on the job all the time. Looking out for the [illegible] and all the small details as diligently as for the grand presidential campaign. And above all, the very staff of its life was personal contact, the human touch. Dubious Alderman Mulcahy, in Mister Good Citizen's own ward, was always making it his business to know people personally, shake hands with them, do them little favors that usually cost him nothing but his time, and nine times out of ten involved no breach of law or morals—a persistently friendly, obliging cuss.

The Seventeenth Amendment

Perhaps Mister Good Citizen suspected that by the same methods he might help to construct and operate an even more powerful opposition good machine. But what a bore! How many evenings, that might be so much more pleasantly employed, spent in stuffy halls and committee rooms; all that running around to call on people whom one didn't really care a whoop about. And that human touch—getting personally acquainted with a raft of men and women, not only shaking hands with them but taking care, whenever occasion offered, to be helpful and neighborly. How could one's dignity endure all that? To be sure, One whose dignity has not suffered in the long run seems to have been quite as promiscuous with His friendship as Alderman Mulcahy. He says that He was called a friend of publicans and sinners—evidently a very open person, ready to meet anybody with kindness and helpfulness. And Lincoln's dignity suffered no convulsions in meeting a hodcarrier or a bartender, speaking friendly to him, doing him a little favor if opportunity offered. Of course, Mister Good Citizen realized that that is the democratic ideal—and possibly wondered a bit whether Alderman Mulcahy, who besides being a bad machine politician was a naturally genial person, wasn't nearer the democratic ideal than he. But what a bore! Mister Good Citizen simply wasn't up to it.

But in this dilemma along came the bland Progressive to pat Mister Good Citizen on the back and hearten him with the following counsel:

"You are all right as you are. You are the quintessence of wisdom and patriotism. We'll bowl this bad machine over for you with no effort or sacrifice on your part beyond merely dropping two pieces of paper in the ballot box instead of one. You voted for a blockhead or a rascal the last time, and the time before that, because you had only one ballot; but with two ballots you're sure to elect a statesman."

Whereupon Mister Good Citizen gave three cheers and a vote for the Seventeenth Amendment.

It was duly ratified and became part of the Constitution in May, 1913. Everybody knows that it has not raised the ability or usefulness of the Senate by a hairbreadth. On the contrary, along with direct primaries, it has probably made the Upper House less able and useful to the country than it was before. In most states at present a successful senatorial candidate must go through the sweat and dust of two popular elections, either of which may finally turn on whether his mother-in-law is a

Catholic or his brother-in-law a railroad president. No man of first-rate ability will ever relish that prospect.

The Eighteenth Amendment, like the speaker of the evening, is too well known to need an introduction. Too well known also is the fact of its continuous and wholesale violation. And there, again, we might well learn caution. A vast and pestiferous school of politicians and reformers clamor without ceasing for political action—for a law about this and that, as though the way to remedy everything or to settle everything was just to pass a law about it. Of course that is the patter of their trade. Law is always a strictly limited instrument and always a clumsy instrument. No law can make water run uphill or create a penny of real wealth or change the elemental stuff of human nature. National prohibition is not only law but organic law, part of the Constitution, which means that it is law in all the majesty and sacredness with which the American people can vest it. Yet it is not obeyed; it is openly flouted many times a day.

The melancholy fact is that before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted an orgy of muddle-headed lawmaking had weakened respect for law. That an article of our Constitution is by a great many people treated as a joke is part of the price we pay for our habit of passing joke laws.

Judging by some casual inquiries, I should say that about half the literate population of the country is under the impression that amendments to the Constitution stopped with the Eighteenth, forgetting that the Nineteenth Amendment was duly ratified on the heels of the Eighteenth. This is the woman-suffrage amendment. The original Constitution left the question of suffrage to the states. Objection to woman suffrage in a few states was overcome by this amendment. It is my impression that a great number of ordinarily well-informed people have forgotten that there is such an amendment.

Which indicates to me at least that constitutional amendments are taken lightly nowadays, and that several may be slipped over rather easily unless there is a stiffening of public resistance. Amending the Constitution should always be so difficult that only a well-settled conviction, persistently held by a decided majority of the people, can change the organic law; for a majority at a given moment is just about as likely to be wrong on a public question as to be right.

The Bogus Democracy in Vogue

That is the nub of the matter. The framers of the Constitution intended a representative form of government under which the people would choose honest, capable, informed men to operate the Government—somewhat as the stockholders of a corporation elect directors to manage the business. If a representative or senator is not much better informed on current public questions than the body of his constituents is, and much more capable of giving an intelligent opinion, what is he doing at Washington? It was intended, of course, that public opinion should be the final authority and guide; but settled, deliberate public opinion.

The framers of the Constitution had but recently seen opinion, or sentiment, of the moment approve ruinous wildcat-currency schemes and suicidal tariff wars between the states. They proposed that people should think twice, or even three times, before their opinion became effective.

But at present a bogus democracy is in vogue. It imports into modern politics something essentially as mystical and as repugnant to common sense as the seventeenth-century doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule as they please. This bogus democracy makes a sort of infallible Delphic oracle out of a ballot box—count the votes in it and you are sure to have the right answer. The theory of this bogus democracy is that a majority of the people, at any time, on any public question, must be right; the true function of government is to ascertain majority opinion, or sentiment, at the moment and give it immediate effect.

Now anybody with common sense and two eyes, who sits down and thinks it over a moment, knows what tommyrot that is; for the public is just you and I multiplied—with some who are wiser and better informed than you and I, and a good many who are much less informed. No doubt you have a business or profession, as I have; no doubt you muddle along with it about as I do, making plenty of mistakes on the way, and—unless your brains are ossified—often changing your opinions in the light of better information and fuller experience. We get mad or fall under the sway of some other emotion and go off half cocked; our hindsight is much better than our foresight. But stick a slip of paper called a ballot into the hands of a million of us and we become infallible—not!

You get your information on public affairs mainly from newspapers. Look over a file of your favorite newspaper for a month and see how much information on public questions it contains. After checking off the divorce cases in high life, the murders, the hold-ups, the baseball and the gossip, you will find but a scant handful. I now live in a very intelligent New England community, with a public library in the village and all the sources of information that are to be found in any rural community. But if I were required to give an opinion on any one of twenty subjects—or maybe fifty—that occupied the center of the stage at one time or another during the life of the last Congress, I should be obliged to make a journey to New York or to Washington, and spend anywhere from a day to a fortnight in order to get hold of information on which to base an intelligent, informed opinion.

The Presidential Electors

Of course I can shut my eyes and supply myself offhand with impressions on almost any subject. Or I can get my emotions stimulated and follow their lead. I remember receiving a powerful emotional kick from Mr. Bryan's celebrated cross-of-gold speech when he delivered it in Chicago in 1896; but no amount of emotional stimulation will make a fifty-cent dollar equal a hundred-cent dollar, and nine-tenths of the domestic questions now prominently before the American people are economic—finally questions of arithmetic. Emotions are a profoundly important part of the human equipment, but nobody was ever helped to do a sum in long division by them.

If you will examine the political literature that comes your way in the course of a year—campaign speeches, franked orations in Congress and the like—I think you may be surprised and shocked at discovering how much of it is just an appeal to emotion and prejudice, and how little real, trustworthy information it contains.

On only a few of the many questions with which the Government deals can the public be even half informed, and those few are not by any means necessarily the most important questions. The others must be left to the judgment of the people's elected representatives, anyhow. Usually only a very few questions, or issues, are debated in a campaign; and more often than not after the votes are counted it is impossible to tell what opinions a majority of voters actually held on a large number of very important public questions. Here the election may actually turn on the wet or dry sympathies of a candidate, there on Ku Klux Klan, and so forth. All that anybody can make out of the last presidential election, in the way of expression of public opinion, is that the country was sick of Wilson and the Democrats, so Harding received almost 70 per cent of all the votes cast—not a great way short of two votes for his chief opponent's one.

Now, on this bogus theory of pure democracy, implying that a majority at the time being has a right to do anything it pleases, President Harding and his party—pointing to their enormous popular vote and overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Congress—would have been entitled to wipe out the old Constitution and write a new one to suit themselves, Article One providing for a retroactive and perpetual ship subsidy. The President and his party have carried on the Government about as any intelligent person would have expected them to. The country has come back to normalcy—that is, to a high state of prosperity—taxes have been reduced, and so forth. Yet Progressives say that in the last congressional elections the people repudiated the President—on the strength of which some of them would like to write a new constitution to suit themselves.

The public is ill informed; it is swayed by temporary emotions, by prejudice, by local issues, by collateral issues; it is subject to rather sudden revulsions of feeling and changes of mind, as electoral history shows. It is always impossible to say what opinions a majority of the people actually

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hold on many really important public questions. That a nation of one hundred and ten million people, spread over a continent and with world-wide interests, can be operated on the pure democracy of a New England town meeting which dealt with local affairs that everybody was familiar with is a gross and palpable absurdity. Mostly the business must be left to the people's elected representatives

Turn it as you may, make all the magic passes over it you please, you cannot have satisfactory government unless you will take the time and pains to elect satisfactory representatives at Washington not though you print ballots in every color of the rainbow and cast one every twenty-four hours. With few exceptions, our elections are reasonably fair now. The men at Washington are the free choice of the people—free to be indifferent to politics if they please. If they don't function as you would like to have them, look at home, look to yourself.

We don't need more elections, primary or other; we don't need more ballots: we need to use the ballots we now have more intelligently. As many laws breed disrespect for law, many elections breed indifference to elections. Experience with the initiative and referendum shows that. But radicals seem to dote on ballots for their own sake. They want a presidential primary now—with two national campaigns every four years instead of one. They want Supreme Court decisions voted on by Congress. They say the children of Israel are held in bondage by the Egyptians of Wall Street, and radicalism will lead them out to the promised land—provided it has a perpetual snowstorm of ballots to operate in, for when the sun is shining it can't tell northeast from southwest.

A majority is you and I multiplied, and as apt to be wrong on a given question at a given moment as you and I. By and by with reflection, fuller information, fuller experience, above all, with time to cool off when it is excited, it will probably come around to a pretty sound judgment. But even then there is no infallibility, no divine right about it; even then there is a higher rule, derived from age-long experience and embodied in settled principles of government, which it should not exceed and cannot exceed without becoming tyrannical.

For a majority may be as tyrannical as any czar. Innumerable lynching mobs have been a majority in their time and place. Fifty-one per cent is a majority. On any question at any time you and I are as apt to be in the 49 per cent as in the 51. The checks and safeguards of the old Constitution keep us still on the political map, able to put up a vigorous resistance, and able on any important question to make 51 per cent think twice. And even though it thinks twice alike, 51 per cent cannot now override certain long-settled rights. Without these checks and safeguards you and I might be painfully steam-rollered. That is what it means to everyday citizens.

It is impossible for me to believe that the American people really want the Constitution long acknowledged the masterpiece of its kind spattered up with impressionistic, half-baked amendments. This rush to amend is part of our bad habit of tossing a law at anything and everything; also part of the postwar nervous disorder that wants to move all the furniture for the sake of having it different. It may be that an amendment to amend the Sixteenth Amendment and stop the flood of tax-free bonds is necessary. Lawyers say so; but I should tell them to look it over again. The Supreme Court, I believe, has never passed on the subject. Perhaps an amendment is not actually necessary. As to any amendment, I should be as deliberate as the horse which was not really balky but which, on cross-examination, was admitted to have a habit of pausing to contemplate the scenery.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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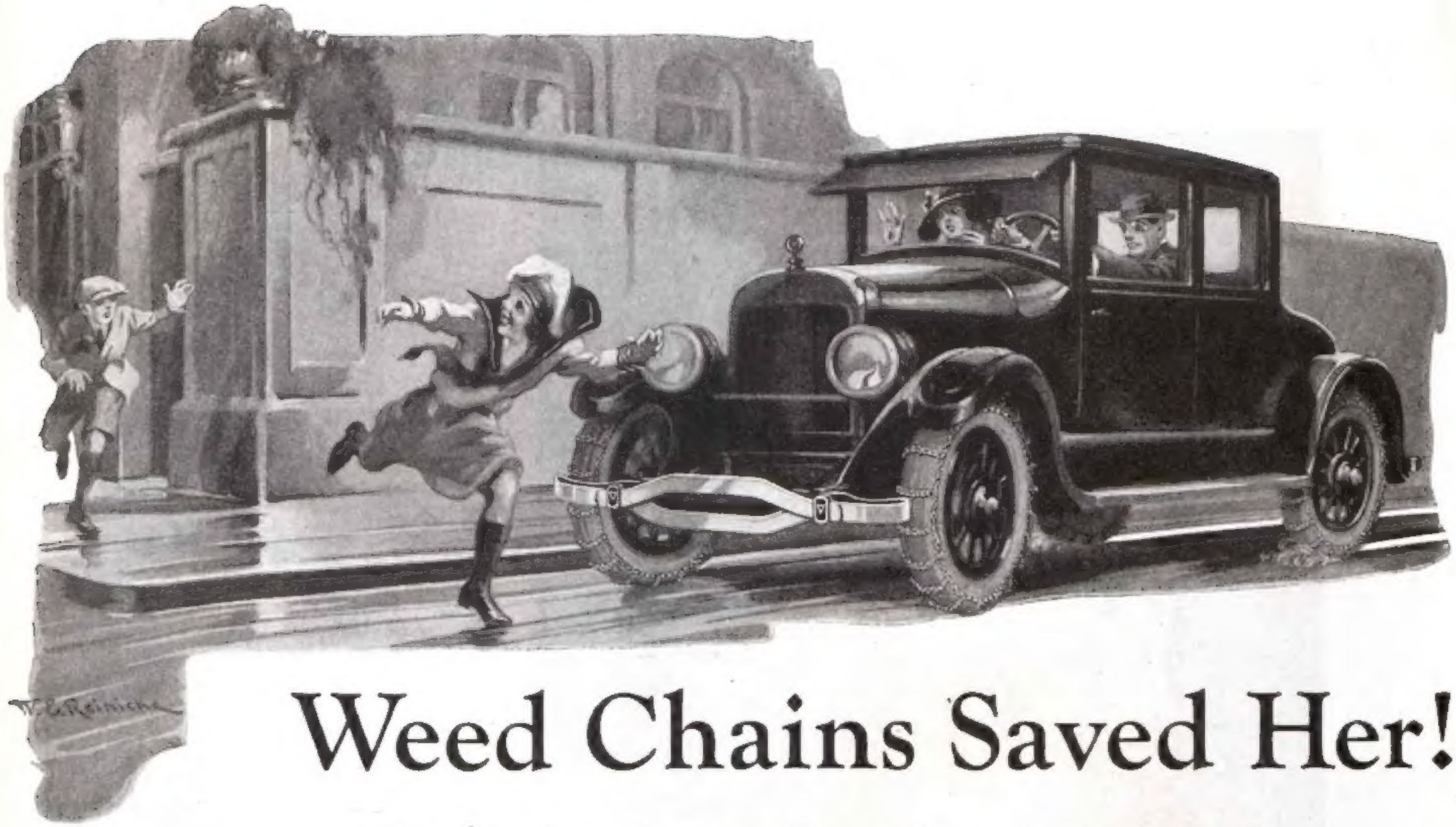

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In the old days, when the captain and the umpire argued, their goatees bobbed belligerently, and always offered temptations for departures from good sportsmanship.

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As the game developed, however, it became evident that only metaphorical pulling could be considered ethical. Something had to be done about it when shortstops began to retard the progress of base-runners by clinging to the tawny tufts upon their chins.

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